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1902
VOL. 6 NO. 4
PRICE 25 CTS

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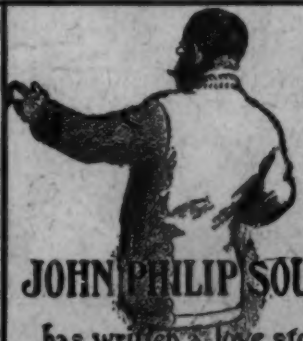
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# THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

Vol. VI APRIL, 1902 No. 4


## CONTENTS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The Ambition of the Baron | *Marvin Dana* | 1 |
| The Moon and the City | *Clinton Scollard* | 39 |
| Red Rose of Margaret | *Richard Le Gallienne* | 40 |
| The Pilgrimage of Lucy | *Gertrude F. Lynch* | 41 |
| "My Lady Plays with Hearts" | *Theodore Roberts* | 46 |
| Under the Rose | *Madison Cawein* | 47 |
| Love Unuttered | *Edith M. Thomas* | 48 |
| A Morning Shower | *H. E. Hepner* | 49 |
| Sanctuary | *Charlotte Becker* | 52 |
| The Word of the Ground People | *Bliss Carman* | 53 |
| In Arcadia | *Ruth Parsons Milne* | 55 |
| A Lover's Song | *Frank Dempster Sherman* | 66 |
| Truffles and Tokay | *Edgar Saltus* | 67 |
| Illusion | *George W. Shipman* | 71 |
| Extravagant | *Clinton Burgess* | 72 |
| The Rôle of Helen | *Elizabeth McCracken* | 73 |
| A Universal Error | *Carolyn Wells* | 77 |
| Wisdom | *Charles Hanson Towne* | 78 |
| Miss Perfume | *Onoto Watanna* | 79 |
| Inertia | *Theodosia Garrison* | 85 |
| An Enchantment | *Edwin L. Sabin* | 86 |
| In the Place of Another | *Tom Hall* | 87 |
| The Time to Woo | *Samuel Minturn Peck* | 95 |
| A Ballade of Many Loves | *Edward W. Barnard* | 96 |
| "Willowwood" | *Baroness von Hutten* | 97 |
| To a Modern David | *Elsa Barker* | 101 |
| The Turning of the Worm | *Tom P. Morgan* | 101 |
| Appreciated | *Felix Carmen* | 102 |
| The Science of the Sea | *Prince Albert of Monaco* | 103 |
| My Wilderness | *Mabel Greenwood* | 106 |
| His Delicate Mission | *Cecil Charles* | 107 |
| Resurrection | *John Winwood* | 116 |
| The Ring in the Box | *Ralph Henry Barbour* | 117 |
| Good-night, Sweetheart! | *Myrtle Reed* | 121 |
| Somebody | *Venita Seibert* | 122 |
| Exile | *Albert Bigelow Paine* | 122 |
| The Vanishing Millionaire | *James Hazleton Willard* | 123 |
| Dreamer's Land | *Clarence Urmy* | 134 |
| Corrected Proverbs | *John Eliot* | 134 |
| A Glimpse of the Garden | *Mary L. Pendered* | 135 |
| Once More | *Julia C. Walsh* | 146 |
| "Time Lost in Sleep" | *Clinton Dangerfield* | 146 |
| Une Nouvelle Maladie | *E. Osmont* | 147 |
| The Prodigal | *E. Pauline Johnson* | 149 |
| The Maxims of Nizam | *Albert Lee* | 149 |
| My Share of all the World | *Nannie Byrd Turner* | 150 |
| At the Army and Navy Club | *M. T. Maltby* | 151 |
| A Willing Prize | *Roy Farrell Greene* | 156 |
| Miles Standish, of Arizona | *J. Frederic Thorne* | 157 |
| Getting Her Divorce | *William F. Kirk* | 160 |



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*Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class mail matter*

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# THE AMBITION OF THE BARON

By Marvin Dana

"I AM unspeakably bored," said the count, with a sigh of dejection.

"Come with me to the Alhambra," suggested Lord Ensley.

The count shuddered, visibly. "To have people climbing over one on their way to their seats, or to the bar," he scoffed.

"We'll take a box."

"And sit in a fog of tobacco-smoke."

"Nonsense! That merely gives the soft blue tint of an Italian landscape."

"And corks popping continually, like Maxim guns."

"See here, old chap," Lord Ensley remonstrated; "don't talk folly. There's nothing in the world more cheering to the ear than the popping of corks."

Thereat the count smiled, and consented to accompany his friend.

They had been but a few minutes in the theatre when Ensley touched the count's arm. "I say, look there—" he indicated an opposite box—"isn't she a wonder?"

The count followed the direction of his friend's eyes, and saw that two persons had just entered a box hitherto empty. One of them, a man, remained within the shadows and was not distinctly visible; but the other, a woman, had seated herself in the front of the box, and the count could see her face very clearly. He gazed at it with an interest and admiration equal to Ensley's; indeed, an admiration greater, as it was more subtle and passed beyond the beauties he saw to a loveliness of mind and spirit his soul divined.

The woman was obviously young, not more than five-and-twenty at the most, with all that exuberant grace of youth which no arts of the toilette can duplicate. Her face was a perfect oval, lighted by large eyes of shining brown, above which the dark brows curved in tapered arches. The mouth, neither large nor small, had lips swelling and scarlet; the nose was slightly Roman, and gave to the expression a dignity enhanced by the wide-apart setting of the eyes and the queenly poise of the small head. This effect of haughtiness was still further heightened by the arrangement of her hair, which was piled in conical coils, a diadem of beauty. The abundant masses completed the spell of her loveliness, for they were of sunny gold, in vivid contrast to the shadowy splendor of her eyes.

"I'm afraid the color of her hair is a triumph of art," Lord Ensley drawled, with cynical brutality.

The count answered, impatiently: "I prefer to believe it natural. It is so, sometimes."

After a little pause, he continued: "That girl, seen as we see her now, is perfectly beautiful. I'm filled with joy at the sight of her. I'll permit no skepticism to mar my pleasure. I'd rather never see her again, nor see her nearer, if by so doing the effect of her charm would be lessened."

"Go ahead and enjoy yourself," Ensley laughed. "I'll pick no flaws, real or imaginary."

"Let us go now," the count said, after another period of silence, during which he had held his eyes fixed on the woman opposite. "I've photo-

graphed that beautiful face on my brain. I'm afraid to look longer, lest I find, or fancy, a defect. Come."

Ensley assented, with a sarcasm or two as to his friend's finical methods for safeguarding an impression of beauty.

"I've promised to join Dutton's supper party at the Savoy," he said, as they left the theatre. "Won't you go? He asked me to bring you."

"No," his companion answered; "I'd be dull company to-night; and I have letters to write."

As the count was not to be persuaded, the two separated, Ensley going down Charing Cross Road, while the count turned toward Leicester Square.

He walked slowly along Coventry street, his eyes darting here and there to scan whatever in the crowd of passers-by caught his fancy. Yet with intervals he stared unseeing, while he recalled the face he had studied so intently in the music-hall. And with each effort of memory he breathed a sigh of satisfaction, for he found that the picture rose clear and distinct at his bidding. It was, he reflected with great complacency, a valuable addition to his happiness, this delightful vision of beauty ever ready in his brain.

Thought of the woman's loveliness persisted in his musings, and turned them toward meditations on beauty. In this mood the glare of lights and the noisy bustle of the streets grated on him, and he was glad when he entered the comparative quiet of St. James's street. It occurred to him that a stroll in the Park below would harmonize well with his mood, so he passed by his street, and went on, down to the Mall.

Here he paused for a moment to consider whether he would walk to the bridge or keep to the Mall. Finally he decided to go the length of the Mall and back, for it occurred to him that thus he would be in touch with more varieties of life. On his left were trees and turf and still waters, a solitude of pampered nature, where dwelt only fowls of the air. On the right were two palaces and other royal residences besides. Beyond them lay the richest part of the richest city in the world, the most civilized spot on earth, the most aristocratic, the greatest. Close by him as he trod the gravel walk rolled hansoms and carriages, that were like pulse-beats of the city's higher life. Overhead the moon shone and stars glimmered brilliantly. At this late hour the smoke-pall had vanished, and the air was fresh and clear.

The count's thoughts roved from earth to heaven, from the mighty life of the town to dreams of life in other spheres. And then his ideas centred in something that seemed in its sole self to join the two—the face of the woman. Again her image was before him, unsummoned, and again he beheld it with rapture.

A little cry caused him to turn swiftly toward the line of carriages. There, just before him, was the reality of his memory. From out the darkness of a carriage window it shone on him for one instant—the face he had shrined.

But it was now strangely unlike that he had so carefully placed in remembrance. His mental picture was of a woman cold and still, with all possibilities latent in the wonderful depths of her eyes. But here the face was changed by stress of emotions. The red lips were parted, as if to call to him. It flashed on the man that it was from her the cry had come. The eyes met his in one swift glance, and the agony of appeal in them thrilled him to the soul. A moment more, and the face disappeared from the window suddenly. The count thought he saw a dark form thrust itself before her.

But as she thus disappeared from his view a white hand fluttered out the window, and a bit of white dropped to the ground. The count sprang forward and picked it up—a lady's visiting card. In the light of a street-lamp close by he read the name engraved on it. But through the name a heavy pencil-line had been drawn. The count turned the card over. On the back were a few words,

hurriedly scrawled. He read them, and as he read, wonder and pity filled him. This was the writing:

Follow me and save me.

## II

THE count read the words a second time, and his wonder increased. But instinctively, while he wondered, he turned to gaze after the carriage. It was being driven at a smart pace, and was already close to the curve by the Green Park. If he would obey the mysterious message he must follow at once, or it would be too late.

"Hansom, sir?"

A passing driver without fare, seeing a gentleman in evening dress standing thus by the wayside, had pulled up his cab.

"It is fate!" the count murmured, and he mounted into the hansom.

"Follow that private carriage just going round the corner," and he pointed. "Quick!"

The driver's long whip hissed through the air, and the horse plunged forward so abruptly that the count was thrown sprawling on the cushions.

"I think he'll do it," the count muttered, as he straightened himself on the seat.

The hansom dashed on, and as it turned by Buckingham Palace the count saw the carriage he followed. Between it and the hansom were only two cabs. He spoke to the driver through the trap:

"Keep about this distance behind it. If it stops anywhere, drive on by it, slowly. Don't on any account lose sight of it."

"Very good, sir," the driver answered, happily, for he anticipated a large fee.

"Is your horse fresh?" questioned the count, as a sudden thought occurred to him.

"Just out of the stable, sir," came the reassuring answer.

"Well," was the count's last remark, as the hansom reached Hyde Park Corner, "if you manage carefully, there'll be a five-pound note for you."

"Thank you, sir," the cabman replied, and he then and there vowed that nothing should cause him to bungle this mysterious quest. "We'll find out where the woman lives, or I'll never drink beer again!" he muttered to himself, with desperate resolve. For his explanation of the affair was that the gentleman, smitten by the charms of a stranger, resorted to this method of learning her address.

The carriage rolled on at a steady though not a conspicuously rapid speed, down alongside Hyde Park, toward Kensington. Behind it the hansom followed persistently, at a cautious distance. The count leaned in a corner and speculated on the meaning of it all. His pulses beat more quickly than was their wont. He was young yet, and the adventurous spirit of youth rejoiced in this extraordinary event. Moreover, he experienced a deep emotion, born of the conviction that fate had thus joined his destiny and that of the woman whose face had charmed him beyond any other he had ever seen. The count had quite forgotten his expressed wish never to behold that face save the once, lest he might find flaws in it. The fleeting glimpse he had caught as she leaned from the carriage window had filled him with the certainty that every new view of her would be a revelation of new loveliness. Her face had been beautiful in repose; it had been still more beautiful under the stress of fear. What would it be when joy lighted it?

With an effort the count put a period to these speculations, and set himself to pondering his future course. Here he was beset with difficulties. He could not fix on a plan of action. He took a cigarette from its case and set a match to it, but the fumes failed to stimulate his wits to a satisfactory determination. Thus far his knowledge was insufficient. He only knew that the woman prayed for help. Very well, he would help her — how, he must leave events

to show; only, he would not fail her need; he would surely rescue her.

Meantime the carriage passed on. It reached Putney Bridge and crossed it. There were now no other vehicles in sight, and the count spoke again to the driver.

"I think you'd better drop back a little further. Don't let them guess we're following them."

"Very well, sir."

The driver went more slowly, until the space between the hansom and the carriage was doubled. Then a new uneasiness seized the count.

"Don't run any risk of losing them," he warned.

"No fear, sir," the driver replied, with earnestness, while he winked to himself at the gentleman's anxiety, and then resumed his gloating over the promised note.

The carriage continued at even speed, until it was on the country road, and the count wondered if Richmond might be its destination.

But suddenly the quarry stopped short. There were no houses in sight on either side. But on that side toward which it had drawn, a high wall ran, evidently enclosing extensive grounds. The count judged that the carriage had halted before the gates; but he could not see, for his driver, in disobedience to his injunction, had pulled up abruptly, taking advantage of a shadowed strip of the road. Evidently, the cabman was a born strategist, for the moment he stopped he cast his blanket over the two lamps, and the hansom was thus rendered invisible.

"I'll drive by if you prefer, sir," he whispered, hoarsely, through the trap.

"No, no; this will do," the count answered, hastily. "Wait here."

Forthwith he jumped out of the hansom, and advanced, very cautiously. But before he had taken half a dozen steps the carriage moved onward again, and a moment later it vanished from sight beyond the wall. He could hear the roll of its wheels on a gravel drive. The sound died away gradually instead of ceasing abruptly, so that the listener knew the grounds must indeed be very large.

When all was still again, he went forward to the gates. These were of solid wood, and without any opening. He could gain no sight of the park through them. But he managed to make out the name of the mansion—Barnat House.

The count was at a loss. It was obvious that he must obtain entrance to the grounds, if he would persevere in his work of rescue. But it would be folly to ring. To do so would, in all probability, defeat his purpose by warning the woman's enemies. No, he must get in by stealth. Yet how? The wall was fully ten feet high. To scale it would require a ladder, but a ladder in this remote place and at this hour was an impossibility. Then, happily, he had an inspiration. He turned and hastened back to the waiting cab. When he had come to it he spoke sharply:

"Cabby, I wish to get into those grounds. I *must* get in!"

"Blow me, this is a-rushing it!" the driver soliloquized; but he maintained a wise silence.

"Now," the count continued, "you seem to understand a thing or two, so I'm going to use your help further. In the first place—" the count took out his pocket-book—"here is the note I promised you. In the second place, you shall have two more of these if I succeed tonight. I'm going into those grounds. You will stay here two hours. If at the end of that time I have not returned, drive to the nearest police-station and send them to make a search. Here is my card."

The cabman received the piece of pasteboard, and studied it by a straggling ray from one of his lamps. When he had made out the name, he answered with, if possible, increased respect:

"Very good, sir."

Then his frank spirit overcame discretion, and he remarked, with evident relief:

"Of course, sir, I knew all the time as how you couldn't be a burglar, sir."

The count smiled as he said:

"All the same, I'm going to trespass."

"Oh, you're not going to ring, sir?"

"No. I'm going over the wall."

"Indeed, sir!"

The driver looked respectfully at the count, but he looked still more respectfully at the high wall.

"You must help me over," the count continued.

"Ye-es, sir," the other answered, doubtfully; "meanin' you're to stand on my head, sir?"

"No; I prefer to stand on the hansom. You can manage to back into that ditch without overturning, I think."

"Oh, yes, sir; I can do that," the driver agreed, pleased at this solution of the difficulty. "Bless me, if that ain't an artful dodge, now!" he muttered.

Without much trouble the hansom was brought close to the wall. Then the count scrambled to the top, and thence easily drew himself up on the wall, which was unprotected by spikes or broken bottles.

"But how'll you get back up, sir?" the cabman inquired, with some anxiety.

"Never mind about that yet," the count replied, carelessly. "Time enough for that when I have to do it."

Without more ado, holding to the top, he let himself down inside the wall to the full length of his arms, and dropped into the shadows below.

The count fell no more than a foot or two, into a tangle of ferns and bushes. A few steps brought him into a littered coppice, through which he made his way slowly, for the gloom was profound. The branches struck his face, as if to beat him back, and the underbrush clung about his feet, so that he went stumbling; but he persevered, and forced his way toward the open place, of which he could catch glimpses a few rods beyond.

Finally he emerged, panting, from the coppice, and stepped into the open. The first glance showed him a line of trees to the right; doubtless, he reflected, they lined the driveway. He ran across to these and found that he had judged correctly, so he went forward, following the road, but walking on the turf beside it to avoid noise. The drive curved a little and led, after about a quarter of a mile, to the top of a slight hill. When he came to the summit he saw that a house stood back some distance, in the midst of ornamental grounds, on the high, level place.

The count paused within the shadow of the trees to survey the situation. The mansion was large, of modern architecture, and from a careful study of it he could derive no clue as to his next movement. Nowhere was there a sign of light in any window—a fact natural enough, considering the lateness of the hour, but remarkable in view of the short time that had elapsed since the arrival of the carriage.

It was clear that before making a decision as to his plan of action he must reconnoitre more thoroughly. With this purpose he started to make a circuit of the house. It was easy to do this secretly, for back a little way from the mansion trees grew on all sides, and he kept himself hidden in their shadows. On the right wing at the back he found nothing, but he made a discovery when he came opposite the other wing.

A light shone through the curtains of a window on the second story. The count gazed at it with delight. Here, at last, was a sign of life. And at this hour was it not reasonable to suppose that this must be the chamber of the woman he sought, since as yet she could hardly have had time to retire for the night? But the count took little trouble to justify his belief by reasons. He believed that the light shone from the room in which was the woman he came to rescue. On that belief he would act.

His duty, then, was clear. First, he must establish communication with her; that once accomplished, he must next manage to get her out of the house. As to the first item, the method was simplicity itself; a few

pieces of gravel against the window-pane would call her attention. It occurred to him that she might not be alone, but he decided to take the risk. He crossed over to the drive and picked up a handful of small stones. Then he went back and stationed himself beneath the lighted window. He waited a moment to make sure that none was stirring anywhere, within the house or out. Then he threw a little stone toward the window. It struck one of the panes with a sharp click.

The count listened in breathless suspense, but there was no apparent result. Suddenly, he became aware that, standing thus fully exposed to view in the moonlight, he was sure to be detected should another than the one he sought respond to the summons. There were abundant reasons why he must not be found there by others, chiefly because such discovery would thwart his purpose of freeing the woman. He therefore resolved to seek a spot whence he might see without himself being seen, before he repeated his throw.

A clump of lilacs growing near at hand offered a convenient shelter. The count stationed himself within the shadows cast by these. From this vantage ground he took careful aim, and hurled a second tiny stone full at the window. The missile struck hard against the glass, and fell to the ground with a gentle thud.

Through a long interval of silence the count stared, expectant. Then, of a sudden, his heart bounded madly, for the curtain was drawn aside, and the light of the chamber streamed out into the night.

While he gazed, dazzled for a moment by the radiance, it vanished abruptly. At first the count could not understand this change, but soon he understood that the occupant of the chamber must have extinguished the light the better to see whatever might be without. The window was now as dark as were the others in the building, and he could distinguish nothing in its obscurity save the single fact that the curtain remained drawn back. Impatient of this inactivity, he threw another stone against the glass.

This time the answer was not delayed. Hardly had the click of the gravel sounded when the window was thrown wide, and a white form stood there, outlined clearly against the darkness.

## III

THE count remained in the shadow, studying the figure. Quickly he made out that the white form was that of a woman. Beyond this he could not distinguish, for the features were invisible through the night. However, boldness seemed to him his only course, so he stepped forward toward the window, into the moonlight.

As he advanced, the figure remained motionless and silent. When he was come near he stopped short and waited, but no voice broke the silence. This, instead of disheartening, filled him with satisfaction, for another than the one he sought would, he fancied, have been likely to call out in alarm at his mysterious presence, while the object of his search would, in all probability, welcome any appearance, however unexpected, that suggested a chance of succor. So, with increased confidence, the count spoke, softly:

"I had the card in the Mall, madame. I am here to offer you my aid; I am wholly at your service."

"Who are you?" breathed a low voice, the sweetness of which thrilled the count's ear.

He gave his name, and then added:

"I inferred, madame, that your plight was desperate, so I followed, to save you from your enemies, if such good fortune be my destiny. Will you tell me your will?"

"Oh, to get away from here! to return to my own home in safety!"

"Exactly. But can you suggest how?"

There was a brief pause for meditation. Then the voice came again:

"I cannot get out, nor can you get in. You must have a ladder."

"Can you give me any guidance as to where I shall search?"

"Oh, yes. I was here only a few days ago—by my own will, then. I saw one leaning against a tree, close by a little Summer-house, in the plantation at the back."

"I shall get it if it is still there," the count said, and straightway hurried in search of it.

The plantation was clear of underbrush, and almost at a glance he caught sight of the Summer-house. Hastening to it, he was delighted to find the ladder standing as described. He pulled it from its place and hoisted it on his shoulder. Thus he carried it easily, despite its weight, for he was strong and in the best of training.

When he came again to the window he raised the ladder and set it against the house. It was more than long enough, so that it ran past the window. The count tried to move it back, in order that the upper end might rest on the window-ledge. But the weight made it an unwieldy thing to manage, and as the ladder swung in air it came crash against the raised window.

The sound of splintered glass made an appalling noise in the silence of the night. At the din the count was filled with horror. He knew that the uproar was enough to bring all the house about his ears. So, at the very last, when he had believed success certain, he had caused disaster by his stupid bungling. Then he pulled himself together, for another sound came to his ears—a sound that was amazingly like a burst of laughter instantly stifled. It flashed on him now that the catastrophe had its ludicrous side. But the thought did not soothe him. It was bad enough to have failed; almost it was worse to have made himself ridiculous in the woman's eyes. At least, he would show her that he was not wanting in energy, however great might be his lack of skill.

Forthwith the count quickly brought the ladder into the required position. Then he swiftly mounted it, until he was at the window. Now he was so close that he could distinguish her features, and his heart beat faster as he looked into the face he had described as perfectly beautiful. Viewed thus, it seemed that of an angel hovering there.

But he controlled such thoughts, and asked:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then be quick, madame. I am afraid my awkwardness will have left us no time to spare."

The woman took his hand, and stepped bravely out on the ladder. The touch of her fingers thrilled the man, and as he slowly descended backward, guiding her steps and gazing betimes into the lovely face that was now lighted by the moonlight, he was filled with wild fancies of happiness. The *motif* for a new symphony sounded in his ears, a symphony of joy. He saw her amid countless exquisite scenes, scenes of splendor and delight. Then his foot touched the ground, and he remembered again the exigencies of the moment.

"Thank heaven, they are slow in getting about," he said; "we may beat them yet. Come."

With the word he set out running back the way by which he had approached, bearing the ladder hung on his left shoulder and holding the woman's left hand clasped firmly in his right. She ran with him, keeping easily the pace he set, for the ladder was a heavy burden to his flight. Soon they came to the coppice through which he had passed, and here they were compelled to pause in order to drag the ladder through the thicket. The count went first, pulling the ladder behind him, for it was impossible to carry it here among the branches, and the woman followed.

At last they came to the wall, and the count, now breathing heavily, hoisted the ladder into place. Then he mounted, bidding the woman follow him. When he had come to the top he looked over anxiously, and was

relieved to see the hansom still waiting for him, a little to the right, in the road.

"Is that you, sir?" came the driver's low question.

"Yes."

"Shall I back up to you, sir?"

"No; wait there. I have a ladder."

The count climbed up on the top of the wall, and then turned to help his companion. With his aid she succeeded in stepping from the ladder to the narrow ledge, and there stood by his side, clinging to his arm.

"I think you would better sit down while I get the ladder over," the count suggested. "You won't find it hard to keep your balance then."

The woman obediently attempted to seat herself, and after a little difficulty the task was accomplished.

"But you must put your feet over," the count explained, firmly. "As you are placed now, you would probably topple off the moment I let go of you."

Reluctantly, the woman did as he bade her. When she had thus adjusted herself the count said:

"Now I think you will be quite safe." He relinquished his clasp on her hand. "Are you steady?"

"Yes."

The count turned and laid hold on the ladder. He pulled it up until it balanced on the wall; then he dropped the narrower end to the ground outside. "It will do just as well wrong end up," he thought. "Fate is on our side, or they would have been on us before now—after that awful uproar I made." His heart was filled with exultation now as the ladder stood ready and he held out his hand to raise the woman to her feet.

In a moment more the two were on the ground and hastening toward the hansom. The cabman regarded their approach with delight, and cast a curious eye on the woman. But he uttered no word of surprise; he only asked:

"Will you leave the ladder, sir?"

"That I will," the count answered, with a laugh. "I've carried it enough for to-night. Our friends may move it as they please."

He assisted the woman to enter the hansom.

"Drive toward town," he directed the driver. Then, as he took his place in the cab, he said to the woman: "I take it for granted you wish to go back to town. Am I right?"

"Oh, yes."

The driver turned his horse toward London, flourished his whip, and the hansom rolled onward, briskly. "Must be an elopement," the Jehu soliloquized. "Like as not she had the ladder ready for 'im. Funny, though, 'e didn't know where she lived. P'rhaps 'e did, all the time—you can't never tell;" and with this sage conclusion the driver lapsed into beatific musings on the virtues of fifteen pounds.

Within the hansom there was a little period of silence, in which the count reveled in self-gratulations on the happy issue of his expedition. He had saved the woman from her peril; henceforth she must owe him a debt of gratitude. Fate had brought him into her life, suddenly, mysteriously. Nothing could alter that fact. Whatever their future might be, destiny had established this intimate relation between them. In the heart and in the memory of this superb creature must rest always a place for him. She could never wholly dissociate him from her life. For the moment the count was content to have achieved so much. Now that he sat quietly beside her, unable to see her face, but with the folds of her gown in subtle contact with him, the hinted perfume that stole from her like incense floating about him, with all the strange charm of her thrilling him to rapture, now, in a swift clarity of self-analysis, he realized that he was in love.

Perhaps, he meditated, he had fallen in love with an ideal woman of his fancy's creation when he first saw her in the theatre. Perhaps, unconsciously, it was reverence for that ideal which had caused him to hurry away, lest it be soiled by any

suggestion of imperfection in the woman herself. But when he saw the woman again, and yet again, the ideal was forgotten; the real usurped its place. The ideal had been beautiful, but oh, it was nothing compared with this reality, this splendid woman of flesh and blood and spirit! As yet he knew nothing of her mind, of her character; but he regarded this ignorance with the true disdain of the lover. Had he not seen her? had he not touched her hand? had he not heard her voice? These were enough; he loved her. Hitherto he had known fancies and passions. Now, at last, love had come to him.

Then the count was filled with a great longing to speak to the woman, to hear her voice answer him. And yet he found himself sadly at a loss. A constraint that was novel checked his speech; he could hit on nothing worthy of the occasion. Once already to-night he had excited her mirth, he believed, against himself; he had no wish to provoke her to new amusement at his expense. He recoiled in horror from the thought that she might consider him stupid, or, worse, a buffoon. She might owe him gratitude for his timely help, and yet consider him a fool in most things. Court fools had sometimes earned the gratitude of royal masters, but their follies speedily eclipsed the memory of a single wise action. The count was not usually a vain man, but just now he was filled with eagerness to seem altogether admirable in this woman's eyes. He felt that he must say something; the silence was growing unbearable. Evidently, she would not speak first. He must make a remark of some sort; even a stupid speech would be less stupid than longer silence.

The count cleared his throat, and spoke:

"You are not cold, I hope. The night air is fresh. Would you prefer the window down?"

"Oh, no," the woman answered. "I am not cold, and I love the feel of the air damp from the fields and odorous with earth."

The count forgot his desire for brilliancy, and inhaled the pure air with joy, because she loved it. Himself, he was quick to respond to influences of the kind, but to-night he had not noticed the fragrance of the breeze. How could he heed the scents of earth, when the aroma of heaven breathed from the lovely being at his side?

And now the woman turned toward him, and began to speak quickly, with curious emphasis.

## IV

"Oh, you have been so good to me, Monsieur de Lugnan!" the woman said. "When I threw that card from the carriage I did not for a moment suppose that you would see it, or if you did, that you would make any effort to rescue me. Your promptness and your perseverance were wonderful. I am very, very grateful to you."

"Do not trouble yourself with thanks," the count answered. "My success is my reward. Indeed, as a gentleman I could have done no less."

"It is natural you should say that," his companion declared, with charming emphasis. "But many modern gentlemen might have acted otherwise—or failed to act, I suspect." Then she laughed a little. "Chivalry is not so common in our day as you may believe, monsieur. It is not difficult for me to imagine an ordinarily well-mannered man, getting that card in the way you did, as taking some pains to turn it over to the police, and believing that thus he had done all possible. Or, even, I can picture a formal and stately gentleman expressing surprise and indignation at such an appeal from one to whom he had never been properly introduced." She ended in a dainty peal of laughter, in which the count joined happily.

"For my part, I don't think you are right as to that," he said. "But as to the fancy about the police part,

the idea is not wholly impossible. I was so fortunate as to find a hansom, in which I could follow on the moment. That was my good fortune; without it success must have been very doubtful." Then, after a short pause, he added, with some hesitation: "As to the introduction part, you know, I didn't look on you as exactly a total stranger."

"Exactly a total stranger? That phrase requires explanation."

"Well, I had seen you once before."

"Indeed! When?"

"To-night, at the Alhambra. I was in the box opposite you, but you did not see me. I noticed you—particularly. I knew you again, of course, in that glimpse I had of you in the Mall."

"None the less, we have not been properly introduced."

"You can hardly blame me for that," the count answered, boldly; "I told you my name the very first time I spoke to you."

"So you did. But for myself, I think we have had enough of informality for one evening. If you will give me a card with your address, my father will call on you to express his gratitude for the service you have done me. He will invite you to our house, and there you will be properly introduced."

"But you will at least tell me your name?"

"No."

"But——"

"You will know it to-morrow. It is a whim of mine."

"It is cruel thus to tantalize me, but I bow to your will. I have already placed myself wholly at your disposal. I am only thankful that I accomplished results so far superior to what my efforts deserved. Fate aided me most kindly, or I should have failed miserably."

"To me you seemed full of resources."

"Ah, madame, I dare not accept your compliment. It is quite undeserved. Without the ladder I was helpless, and it was you directed me where to find it."

"Oh, the ladder, yes."

There was a note in the woman's voice that recalled the count's suspicions, and he questioned, eagerly:

"Tell me, madame, did you not laugh?"

"Laugh?"

"When I smashed the window."

"Oh, monsieur!"

"You did."

"How can you imagine me so heartless!"

"I am sure of it."

"When I was in pressing danger!"

"You cannot deny it."

"Monsieur, how can you accuse me of such want of feeling as to laugh when you were using so great efforts in my behalf?"

"I do not mind, now. For the moment I was in despair; I thought I had spoiled all. Then your laugh nerved me to new resolve. I am glad you laughed. Had you not, I might have failed."

"You are determined to believe me guilty of such monstrous conduct?"

"Madame, I will cease to believe when you begin to deny. I will take your word as readily as your laugh."

"You must think me very thoughtless."

"On the contrary, I detest a lady who lacks a sense of humor."

"A sense of the fitness of things is more important."

"It is equal. One cannot have a sense of humor unless one possesses a sense of the fitness of things. In the appreciation of the unfitness of certain things is the cause of humor. It was an absurd thing—my breaking that window—the thing most unfitted to the moment. I really don't wonder that you laughed. Fortune must have stopped the ears of your captors, for your sake."

The count paused for a moment's thought, and then continued, seriously:

"Madame, may I assure you of my continued devotion?"

"Fie, monsieur!" the woman retorted, with vivacity; "you are not about to make a declaration?"

"Indeed, yes, with all my heart—if madame permits."

Through the words of badinage ran a tone of feeling that touched the woman. She turned her eyes on the count for one quick, searching glance that thrilled him to the heart. Then she looked away, and continued, coldly:

"Pray forgive my jesting—I am over-excited to-night. You were saying——?"

"I wished, madame, to let you know that I remain ready and anxious to serve you by all means in my power. If in anything I may be of use to you, I beg that you will lay your commands on me."

Again the woman turned and looked at him, her eyes gentle and favoring.

"You are very kind," she murmured, and the formal words were charged with meaning.

"I wish you to understand," continued the count, "that since I have, under Providence, been permitted thus to aid you, the charge is one I would gladly retain. Surely it was more than chance that caused the card you dropped to fall at my feet, rather than at the feet of another. I welcome the fatality. Let me continue in your service, I pray you."

"But I have no more to fear. I am safe now."

"Pardon me. Your enemies have been thwarted. Will they not persevere?"

"I do not know. I think not. I cannot tell."

"Without knowing the facts I cannot judge, but it seems to me reasonable to suppose that the peril must continue. May I not beg you to give me your confidence?"

"No, no, I cannot. Do not seek to know more than you know already."

"It shall be as you will," the count answered, gravely. "I do not desire to intrude myself on your affairs. I asked only for your own sake."

"Yes," she answered, gently, "I believe that. I did not for a moment doubt it. Forgive me for my reticence, but I cannot now give you the explanation of this night."

"At least, remember that you can always call on me for help, and that I will respond to the extent of my power."

The count took out his card-case and wrote a few lines in pencil.

"Here," he said, "is my card, with my addresses, both in London and in Paris. I shall remain in London for the season; then I may travel, returning sometimes to Paris, perhaps, even before the Autumn. Anything addressed to Paris, after I have left London, will be forwarded to me at once."

"But before you leave London," the woman said, "we shall, I hope, see you often."

"If you should be so good as to permit me that pleasure, madame."

The woman made no reply to the count's words—spoken with involuntary warmth—but leaned forward to look about her.

"We are in the Kensington High street!" she exclaimed. "Will you tell the driver to go to 90, Green street, Park Lane?"

The count gave the order, and then there fell a silence between the two that lasted until the hansom stopped. The count got out and gave his hand to the woman. Then he rang the bell for her, and stood waiting for the door to open. Soon steps were heard moving in the hall. The woman turned to him; her beautiful face was pale and sad, but there was warmth in the smile with which she spoke:

"Good-night. Again I thank you. I am, indeed, more grateful than I can ever say to you. Good-night. Perhaps you will come to see me to-morrow. Good-night."

"Good-night," the count answered. All his pulses were thrilling from the contact of her hand as it lay a moment in his. But he repressed the signs of his emotion, save for the tremor in his voice, as he repeated, "Good-night."

## V

THE Baron von Tollen sat in the library of the handsome furnished house he had hired for the London season. He was sitting before a writing-desk, on which reposed a large despatch-box, and the contents of this were being sharply scrutinized by the Austrian nobleman. For that matter, the baron did all things sharply. His nerves were perpetually in evidence; his vitality was enormous, his activity unending. He was always in movement, without and within. His body hastened constantly, and his mind hurried likewise. This was the more impressive because the bulk of body and the bulk of mind were both very large. The baron was fully five feet, eleven inches in height, and he was broad-shouldered and large-boned. A little repose would have developed afflicting obesity, for, despite his constant vivacity, he already carried more than his due weight. Intellectually, the baron was a very clever man. Doubtless his ideas were too erratic to permit of his accomplishing much substantial good in the world, but he had education and experience, brilliancy and originality, and he had ambition. Thus far he had, by reason of his instability of purpose, failed to win more than ordinary distinction in politics at home. Indeed, for nearly two years Vienna had seen very little of him. Yet, save persistence, he lacked no requisite to success. In his own versatility lay his chief danger. His manners were often, though by no means habitually, noble, despite a habit of abruptness. His position was of dignity, his family illustrious, graced by a remote royal descent on the mother's side. As to money, his estates were vast, and his mines gave him an income that many an English landholder might well have envied. Last of the baron's qualifications, he was not hampered by any scrupulosity in considering means for his ends.

Just now, as always, the baron was working feverishly in his examination of the papers before him. He pulled them here and there, he sorted them hastily, he tossed them haphazard into the box, only to pull them out again immediately. He stared at one fixedly through the eyeglass stuck into his right eye. Then he threw down the paper and dropped his monocle. But the next instant he caught the glass to his left eye, and studied the document anew. At the same time he kept up a running fire of comments:

"Everything is right—the whole matter—he is the one—it's plain enough—pedigree to spare—time ripe—she's a trump—a queen among women—aye, lay plans—love and war—there isn't a shadow of a doubt—must have his help—it will sharpen my wits to talk——"

The baron broke off abruptly, to ring the silver hand-bell on his desk. Then he glanced toward the door, which remained closed. The baron muttered words, and rang the bell twice with violence. A servant now entered, and was greeted with his master's strong opinion.

"*Teremtete!* I see you are not hurrying. Haven't I given you careful instructions that when I ring this bell you are to come at once? Yes, at once—and yet you dawdle. But it is the last time. You are dismissed—dismissed at once for intolerable slowness and incredible insolence. Are you sure Captain Tanner has not called?"

The man answered quietly, wholly undisturbed by his master's outburst, for it was said in the household that the baron always dismissed a servant before giving him an order.

"The captain has been here for some time, waiting, my lord."

"*Kutya teremtete!* This is monstrous!" the baron exclaimed. "I have been waiting for him. Why was he not announced at once?"

"Your lordship gave orders that under no circumstances whatever should anyone enter the library."

"Don't stand there gaping, but bring the captain at once, as I bade you."

"Yes, my lord."

A moment later the servant announced Captain Tanner, and that gentleman entered the presence of the baron. He was a man about forty years old, of medium height, with erect military carriage and a face handsome indeed, but worn by dissipation, and with eyes too small. In those eyes lurked an expression calculated to make the astute observer doubtful of the captain's honesty.

For that matter, the captain's character was not above reproach. Having run through a considerable property in a very short time, he had since resorted to many devious ways for securing cash. As a result of one peculiar financial transaction he had been compelled to leave the army. In consequence of a second affair, one concerned with the promotion of a company in which the baron had lost heavily, that wily noble had the captain at his mercy. The baron held proofs of the captain's fraud sufficient to secure conviction. He had, however, abstained from rendering up the culprit to justice, and through his influence the guilty had thus far escaped punishment. He retained the proofs, and he thenceforth employed the captain as his tool in such matters as required more shrewdness than exact honesty. The captain was well content that it should remain so. He had no objection to doubtful transactions, and the baron was liberal in payment. His position as confidential agent was one from which he could not escape, save by exchanging his servitude for prison; but this did not matter, since he found the place suited to his temperament.

The baron's greeting was characteristic:

"Why the devil didn't you let me know you were here?"

"I tried my best to do so," was the nonchalant answer; "but I thought it hardly worth while to kill your servant, and he swore I could enter only over his dead body."

The baron snorted contempt, and changed the subject by ringing the hand-bell. The servant reappeared immediately, and to him the baron spoke rapidly:

"Get me a hansom and my things. What are you waiting for? Get a hansom at once!"

The servant retreated, and the baron turned again to the captain.

"We will go to luncheon—at Dieudonné's. There we may be sure of no secret listeners—and, too, I am fond of the place."

"Oh, I've already had my luncheon," the captain said.

"Heavens! how obstinate you are!" the baron retorted. "What did you do that for? Then you must eat another. I will not be thwarted at every turn."

As a result of the baron's imperious will, the two men were soon installed at a corner table in Dieudonné's. The place was almost empty, and the nearest group was two tables distant, so that the baron was free to speak without fear of being overheard when the waiter was not at hand.

"Now, what is this mysterious affair of which you have said so much, without saying anything?" the captain inquired, curiously.

"All in good time," the baron replied, complacently. "You shall know all details when necessary. But first, were you speaking truth or were you only boasting, when you said that you loved active military life?"

The baron paused for an answer, with his keen eyes staring at the captain. Under that scrutiny the other colored, but it was with anger at the contempt in the baron's tone. By an effort he controlled his temper, for he would not quarrel with his patron, and answered, bitterly:

"I am not a coward, sir. I spoke only the truth when I told you of my regret at giving up a military life. I really love campaigning. It is in the blood, I think. In the history of my family there are records of many who were pretty bad, but there was never a coward of our blood. They were all good warriors. With me the service was a passion. When I had to give that up I gave up everything. Nothing else mattered then, or now."

"Well," the baron said, with a smile, "perhaps I can gratify your ambition and my own at the same time. You are not too particular, I suppose, as to the cause for which you fight?"

The captain laughed, recklessly. His momentary mood of feeling seemed to have passed, and he was again the conscienceless adventurer.

"What matter is it to me, if there is profit in the affair? But do you mean, baron, that you propose to make a war somewhere?"

The baron sat silent for a moment; then he answered by a question:

"Are you thoroughly skilled in strategics?"

"I think you know," was the assured answer.

"Well, yes, I think I do, or I'd not be talking to you of these things. Certainly, your criticisms and prophecies concerning every war since our acquaintance began have been wonderfully accurate. Well, I think I shall give you your heart's desire."

A strange glow burned in the captain's eyes.

"My heart's desire," he repeated, and there was a new gentleness in his voice.

"If you do your part in this affair it will—" The baron broke off abruptly, for the captain was not listening. His eyes were staring past the nobleman, and a deep frown knitted his brows.

"Oh, the devil!" the baron cried, testily. "You'll make a commander-in-chief to wonder at. Why do you let your wits go wool-gathering like that? Here am I discussing affairs of State, overturning kingdoms, founding dynasties and the Lord knows what, and you straightway fall idiotic. Good heavens, man! what are you glaring at? Are you going to have a fit? You ought to have better taste than to be epileptic in a public place!"

The captain turned slowly and met the baron's gaze. The Austrian started in dismay at the malignancy of that look.

"Why, Tanner," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

The captain made a violent effort at self-command, and then, after a little, replied, in a tone that he strove to make careless:

"Oh, really nothing of any importance. I chanced to see a man who once did me a bad turn; that is all. The sight of him made me angry for a moment."

"Yes, I should say it did," agreed the baron. "Who was it?" and he turned about in his chair to glance over the occupants of the room. As he did so, his face, too, lighted with a sudden interest, but of pleasure, not of rage.

"Ha!" he muttered; "there he is! I'll—no—this afternoon—never mind." Then he addressed the captain again:

"Who was it? Where's he sitting?"

"He's not here now; he has gone out. I caught sight of him as he was going through the door. Very likely I was mistaken as to the man."

"What's his name?"

"Saunders," the captain replied, without hesitation; but for some reason the baron, who was a shrewd man in most things, believed that his confidential agent was lying. However, the private enmities of the captain were of no importance to him, he reflected; so he returned to his subject.

"I wish to know if you deem yourself competent to command a large army. Properly led, that army will attain victory. You, for your reward, will be at the head of the military forces of an important kingdom. If you fail to lead your forces to victory you will probably be put to death as a rebel. I shall try to save you, but you will run a great risk. If you have entire confidence in yourself you will take that risk without hesitation. It is playing for great stakes, but the game is worth all the danger."

The captain was staring at his patron with eager eyes, but he spoke quietly:

"Aren't you talking great nonsense?"

"Nonsense!" the other retorted,

angrily. "You forget yourself, Captain Tanner." Then he continued, more mildly: "But I can pardon you; I suppose this is a surprise to you, and you have no imagination. I can't stop to tell you all about it now; I have three engagements, and I had forgotten—here, waiter, the bill! And do make haste."

Then, while the attendant was absent for a moment, he turned again to the captain:

"The whole thing is simple. I've had the entire affair going for a long time, but I've been delayed for lack of one piece in the game. Now that piece is mine, and with it the game is mine. I've found my man."

"You mean that you needed my services?" the captain asked, with a smile of complacency.

The baron cast a glance of surprise at the speaker, and then laughed heartily.

"You! Hardly, my dear captain. There are many like you. But in all Europe there was only one man who could make my success complete. That one I have found, and he is mine! Meet me at the Wellington to-night at eleven."

"I had promised to join Barrett and some others for supper at——"

"You are perfectly insane," the baron interrupted. "Do you dare talk of Barrett and suppers, when it's a matter of kingdoms? Why do you always set yourself to worry me? Meet me at eleven without fail."

"Oh, very well," the captain agreed, sulkily.

The baron entered a hansom the porter had called for him, and as he nodded farewell to the captain, he reflected to himself:

"Yes, I've got him—the one man in Europe—and by all the honor of my race, he's mine, body and soul!"

## VI

WHILE he was still at breakfast on the morning after his mysterious adventure, Count de Lugnan received an express letter that filled him with anticipation of delight. It was dated from the house where he had left the heroine of his quest, and written by her father. It contained warm expressions of gratitude for the service the count had rendered, and invited him to dinner that night at half-past eight, *en famille*. The letter was signed "von Tollen."

When the first flutter of pleasurable excitement was past, the count, with that tendency toward suspicion born of much experience with Continental titles, consulted his "Almanach de Gotha," and there verified to his satisfaction, by the arms on the letter, that the writer was a recognized Austrian noble of high position. Straightway the count fell into a train of reverie, in which love, matrimony and the maiden were chief factors. From this he roused himself to write a formal acceptance of the invitation to dinner.

At ten minutes past eight he entered the drawing-room of the Green street house. Fräulein von Tollen greeted him with a gentle gratitude that was like a crown on her regal beauty.

"Monsieur de Lugnan, we are so glad that you could come thus informally. My father is all anxiety to express his thanks to you."

The words were little, but the manner was much. The patrician face was alight with pleasure, and the velvet eyes glowed with tender warmth. Beneath their gaze the man thrilled hotly, and his clasp on the hand she gave tightened.

"You are too good, mademoiselle," he declared, with the inevitable disclaimer; "I must thank you for giving me the dearest memory in my life."

At this moment the baron entered, with a rush.

"Let me present you to my father, the Baron von Tollen," the girl said. "Father, this is Count de Lugnan, to whom we owe so much."

The two men clicked heels and bowed formally. Then the baron advanced a step and took the other by both hands as he spoke:

"You have done me a service of which I cannot speak without emotion, Count de Lugnan. I can never forget it; I am in your debt for all time." He turned to his daughter. "Annetta, I beg that you will discharge Alex in the morning. I must have my meals served promptly."

Ere he had finished speaking the offending butler appeared and announced that the dinner was served, exactly at the scheduled moment.

The count offered his arm to the Fräulein von Tollen, and with the baron muttering threats behind them, they passed into the dining-room. During a dinner that was exquisite in form and substance, the baron chatted desultorily with his guest, and with much tact led the count to speak of his life and purposes.

"And have you ambition?" the baron asked.

"Who has not?" the count retorted. "To be without ambition is to be without hope, and I hope much."

"And may one ask its direction?" the baron ventured.

Under the softening influence of this domestic dinner-table, where both host and hostess were so kindly disposed toward him, the count spoke with a freedom to which he was at other times a stranger.

"Surely, yes. I have my dreams of many things, but most of music."

"Music!" cried the baron, aghast; "a de Lugnan a musician!"

But the fräulein looked at her guest with new and pleasant interest.

"Oh, I love it so!" she cried, softly.

"I believe that you must be musical—most musical, mademoiselle, or Nature had contradicted herself."

The girl blushed and her eyes deepened, but the baron was disturbed.

"Oh, of course, as an amateur," he interjected, disconnectedly, "but as a pastime, a recreation only."

"No," was the serious answer, "I would love best to give my life to original work in music. I have my ideal. I would be a composer, and set that ideal before the world."

"And your ideal is——?" The girl's eyes were eager.

De Lugnan laughed gently. "To tell you would require too much of you. But I may tell you one plan. It is to write a cycle of music-dramas, the fall of Lucifer, the tragedy of Eden, Cain, the Magdalene, the Passion, the Transfiguration of Christ. Some world-truths mean so much. All art should rendezvous for their interpretation, yet music has done so little. I would use every skill of it to interpret profoundest thoughts, deepest emotions; make each central idea the theme of a drama where book and setting and harmony might unite to sway my audience to new knowledge, to new feeling."

"Yes, yes," the baron assented, without enthusiasm; "but for myself, I prefer other things. You would sway men through their emotions; that is well, but it is temporary. While they listen they are moved by the music; afterward they remember dimly, very dimly. The power you wield, however great, by your art is an intermittent one, that loses its spell as the echoes die. Your fame may live, but your power revives only from time to time as your compositions are heard. This is not an argument—" as the count would have spoken—"I do not belittle; God forbid. I am not musical. The baroness, God rest her soul—" he paused and crossed himself reverently, though swiftly—"gave to my daughter her musical fibre; but if I am not musical I am sensible; I never deny facts. I know music's power; but I know also its ephemeral character as to direct effect. The like is true of all art. As for me, I love power that abides, power that is insistent and incessant—that of the monarch, the minister of State who rules a kingdom. On my estates I am a king—" and in so saying the baron spoke without exaggeration—"I command men, body and soul, for it is a folly to deny that men's souls are most often the slaves of their flesh. I can fill the souls of

my subjects with joy or anguish, with love or hate, as I will. That is power, and power I love. And it is my ambition to govern wisely, to realize my ideal in the happiness of my people."

The count looked with new respect on his host. Hitherto he had regarded the burly and boisterous baron with a certain doubt, but the words he had just heard suited the trend of his own thoughts so well that he at once gave to the speaker a high place in his esteem.

"You speak truth," he said; "I could almost envy you your position. I, alas, am deprived of all authority over my fellows. Perhaps it is as well, yet I have dared to believe that I would have done wisely for those dependent on me. If I lacked wisdom, at least I would have been desirous to give them comfort in life, to give them development toward better things."

"Power is a priceless possession," the baron declared, as the count paused, "but it must be rightly used, or it should become a scourge through eternity." He smiled as he added: "I fancy, after all, that you would enjoy the wielding of a sceptre."

"Indeed, yes—for some reasons; yet the responsibility——"

"To be afraid of responsibility is the curse of the coward. You are not a coward—you would rejoice. Come with me into the drawing-room; we shall have our liqueurs and cigarettes there, while my daughter sings to us—I enjoy music, though I am not musical."

"And will you play something if I sing?" the girl challenged.

The count assented, and when she asked his preference, begged her for a Magyar folk-song. As she sang, to her own accompaniment, he realized that another grace was hers, for her voice was round as her throat and warm and rich as the color of her cheeks—a beautiful mezzo, cultivated to perfection.

He kept her singing for a long time, and then he, in turn, seated himself at the piano.

"If I would play well," he said, tenderly—the baron had left the room for a moment—"I must remember the effect your first song had on me; it was a revelation, an ecstasy, an inspiration."

As the baron returned, he began playing the song she had sung. Then he took the theme of it through all the development of a symphony, in a web of masterly harmonies, until at the last he swung into the barbaric mode of the gypsy and ended in a czardas that sent the baron's blood tingling and filled the girl with a fierce desire of the unknown.

As he finished with clanging chords de Lugnan swung about and gave one imperative glance at the Fräulein Annetta. His eyes met hers and held them—held them until they fell, and a warm blush crimsoned her face.

"Yes, yes," the baron cried, "you can play! I do not wonder at your ambition; yet remember what I have said of power."

"You have moved me as I was never moved before—by music," murmured Annetta. "You are a master. It is your duty to make art your mistress, to give her all your soul!"

But no sooner had she spoken the words than she regretted them.

## VII

After this the count sought the fräulein's society whenever possible. He was able to conceal the extent of his feeling from the world at large, but the girl easily saw the worship in his eyes, and the woman in her rejoiced.

As to himself, de Lugnan understood that he was in the grasp of an emotion as new as dominant. Hitherto he had loved idly, now he loved with the wild energy of the Latin, with every activity aroused. Hitherto he had loved many, wisely and well, so that the women in his garden of memory remained flowers of abiding beauty and fragrance. He had forgotten none; he had naught save tender remembrances of each, as indeed had they of him. He had

been a developer rather than a breaker of hearts. He had done wrong to no woman, nor to his own manhood. But no woman in the past had moved him very deeply.

One had charmed his senses, another had delighted his mind, a third had even inspired his soul; but thus was each limited. Now he found the triple being of his nature become a unity, vibrating under the fräulein's touch. The beauty of her dazzled and ravished him; the justness and strength of her mind filled him with respect, while the singular fervor of her nature moved him to a new zeal toward spiritual things. She did not cause him to forget all other women; on the contrary, countless new beauties that she daily revealed — the chord of a laugh, the grace-curve of a smile, the deepening of her eyes when he looked at her, the swing of her satin-shod foot as she traced the time of a *valse à deux temps* when they stood awaiting their movement—these so trained him and developed him that he found much for admiration in all other women; he saw their beauty more clearly, because the study of her had opened his eyes to the vision of loveliness. He knew now that most women were both good and beautiful; before the fräulein came into his life he had not considered the subject. But of one thing he was sure—absolutely sure; no other woman compared with her!

One day the count was sitting in the Park, when the baron's carriage stopped opposite him. The Austrian nobleman helped his daughter out; then, while the carriage waited in the line, the two walked toward the greensward.

The count hastened to meet them, his face aglow with pleasure.

"My driver is a complete, dribbling imbecile!" the baron announced at once. His burly body was swollen with rage.

"Pray, what is the matter?" the count asked, politely, as he walked with them to the chairs.

"He can't drive, that is all! Thank God! he'll run away as soon as we get to the house. I'd like to have him for a little time on my Hungarian estates—they are remote, and there I rule!" The last words were spoken with significance.

"But what did he do?"

The baron mumbled a few excellent Magyar oaths before he answered. Then he raised his voice.

"What did he do? Well, you'd never believe such stupid insolence possible. He let his hat blow off in Piccadilly—in Piccadilly, of all places! —at the foot of Old Bond street. And, count, you would scarcely credit it, but it went directly into my face."

"Father struck it," the fräulein explained, with a smile, "and then it went out on the pavement, where an omnibus ironed it—oh, yes!"

"And I had to sit there, yes, before the eyes of all London, while that bare-headed monster drove us home—for another hat! I was never so grossly insulted."

"I wonder you did not prefer to walk," the count said, speaking with seriousness, though strongly enjoying the narrative.

"And so I did prefer to walk," the baron retorted; "only I didn't think of it until we drew up at the house. Hello! there is the captain. I wish to speak to him." Forthwith he bowed punctiliously to de Lugnan and hastened away.

The count turned inquisitively, for he had heard often of this gentleman, but had not as yet met him. A cursory glance failed, however, to give him any exact recollection.

"His face seems familiar, somehow," he remarked. "I suppose I've run against him somewhere, some time."

With such light words he dismissed from his thoughts the man who was to mould his destiny.

As the count looked into the smiling eyes of the girl regarding him so kindly, he remembered the disdain of face and pose she had revealed that time he had first seen her in the Alhambra. He had admired her then, as a beautiful picture, a statue; but now—her living, breathing love-

liness filled him with a madness of adoration. Hardly could he restrain himself from tender protestations. But his training bade him wait; soon he would make formal petition of the baron. And then, if there were no obstacles, he would be free to pour out before her all the measure of his love.

The fire in his eyes disconcerted the fräulein; she blushed and sighed, and her scarlet lips parted languorously.

The baron had accosted the captain with particular rudeness. It was, perhaps, because his gentlemanly instincts, as well as his most cherished projects, led him to treat the count with elaborate politeness that he now rejoiced in venting the vagaries of his present unhappy mood on his devoted factotum.

"By heaven, Tanner!" he exclaimed, savagely, "I never saw a gentleman in the Park before in such a hat. It's disreputable! God defend us, you'll make a stunning commander-in-chief!"

"What is the matter with the hat?" the captain responded, tartly, removing it for examination.

As a matter of fact, there was a mild ruffling of the nap on one side, though nothing really degrading. However, it sufficed the baron.

"The devil's in all hats to-day—especially yours, of course," he added, with a chuckle of keen satisfaction. But he reverted swiftly to rage, telling of his coachman's mishap.

The captain was so ill advised as to laugh.

"How! you dare?" the baron questioned, angrily. "You dare mock at my misfortune? Remember that you are my lackey, my dog—you . . ."

"Baron von Tollen, I must ask you to apologize."

"How! apologize? Bear in mind, sir, that you can eat my words as you eat my bread—or you can go to jail. You are a felon, sir, as you are aware. I feed you and shelter you, because you are useful to me. But a word from me— What! you have the astounding audacity to ask an apology from me? You are mad as well as criminal." The anger of the hereditary autocrat shone purple from the baron's face. "You were once an English gentleman, you are now—nothing! I speak as I please to *canaille*."

For a moment the two glared at each other. Then the captain's eyes fell.

"I did not mean to annoy you, sir," he said, slowly, softly, and as he spoke he swore an oath to his own soul.

For a clever man the baron was most indiscreet. It is the peril of a choleric temperament.

## VIII

THE count gave a dinner at Dieudonné's. He himself sat with the fräulein on his right, while the baron was with Mademoiselle de Lugnan, the count's sister, who managed his house for him.

"The *chef* here is far superior to my own," he explained earnestly, to the fräulein. "We'll go round to my house afterward, if you will so honor me, for a little music. Perhaps you will understand the meaning of a nocturne I have just composed."

The ardor of his glance quickened her heart-beats, and she sighed, dreaming of what the music might mean.

As he watched the ebb and flow of color in her cheeks, he determined to ask the baron at once for a formal interview on the morrow. He hardly dared hope she loved him, yet there was the promise of much in the sweet simplicity of her manner to him.

The count glanced toward Marie, his sister, and smiled as he caught her eye. Evidently, she was enjoying herself. The baron spoke now and then, briskly, in the pause between mouthfuls; but, for the most part, he left her free to talk with Lord Ensley, who sat on her right.

The dark and charming face of the girl was wreathed in smiles as she listened. Ensley's eyes were eager

when he turned toward her. The count wondered idly whether Marie would coquet with the Englishman as she had with others, merely to gain their allegiance, withholding all return. Just now the count was himself so tender of heart that he believed she would not again be cruel. She would make Ensley happy. Well, he deserved it. He was a splendid fellow, clean, strong and honest, the best type of his class; an independent gentleman, not clever, not great, but manly and gentle and true.

Lord Ensley had been an intimate friend of the count for some years, but this was only the third time he had met mademoiselle. That young lady had escaped from the convent six months before. Her appearance as the mistress of the house her brother had taken for the London season was almost her first formal appearance in society. The count, like many Continentals, was fond of London in its season of sunshine, and, too, he was thoroughly at home there. For that matter, he had spent some time in an English public school, and spoke English rather better than does the native. He had, however, a little anxiety as to his sister's social powers, and it was for this reason, in part, that he gave this, his first dinner of the year, at Dieudonné's. But he might have spared himself any concern. Marie, with the matchless instinct of her race, was born to the possession of all social arts. As the count watched her, he was amazed by the tact with which she dutifully attended to the baron, yet managed to absorb all Ensley's attention. Judging by his face, the English nobleman, if not yet hopelessly in love, was in a fair way to become so.

The count looked now and then at another of his guests, Captain Tanner, who sat with Frau von Tollen, an ancient relation of the baron, who rarely appeared in public, though nominally acting as the fräulein's duenna. A faint suggestion of familiarity rose in the count's mind whenever his eyes rested on the captain's face, but he could never find any clue to when or where they had met.

Fragments of the various conversations came to him, the gay badinage of Marie, who flouted all things English to the disconsolate British peer, the somewhat stilted "duty-talk" of the captain to the duenna, and the amazing efforts of that lady in return. Already the fräulein had explained Frau von Tollen's eccentricity to the count, but to Ensley it was strange and appalling.

Years before, she had unintentionally told an untruth—with tragic results. Deeply religious, her remorse for this innocent offense had filled her soul with sorrow, and her words forever after were painfully chosen, to avoid any possibility of exact interpretation—they were, indeed, more Pythian than the pronouncements of a *Captain Bunsby*.

"The weather has been perfect to-day," the captain said to her.

"I would not for a moment deny," worthy Frau von Tollen rattled away, always without commas, "that the day has been perfect but on the other hand I do not wish you to understand that I express my opinion that it was a perfect day—by which you need not infer that I esteem it an unpleasant day—the weather has been just as it has been—I don't assert that but of course I don't deny it as you may quite understand, Captain Tanner, but I ought not to say you understand—I beg you to think as you please whether you understand or not—quite so—I do not assert nor do I deny."

Ensley tore his attention from Marie, screwed his glass into his eye, and stared at the speaker. When she paused to take breath he turned to mademoiselle.

"What on earth does she mean?"

"That's just it," the girl replied; "she doesn't mean anything. That is her sole object in life;" and she explained.

"She is much like some others, then," Ensley said. "I hope you, mademoiselle, are one who can speak clearly on occasion."

"Too clearly, often, especially when in a temper."

"I would like to speak clearly," Ensley continued; "perhaps you'll let me by-and-bye." But Marie's attention seemed providentially attracted to the baron.

When the chartreuse was finished, the party walked the little distance to the count's house, and there their host played for them, holding his guests victims to the subtle spell he wove with flying fingers.

In the interval afterward, Marie agonized Ensley by smiling sweetly into the captain's handsome face. Then and there Ensley determined that sometime ere he rested in the grave he would thrash the captain. However, he might have remained calm had he known the eagerness with which the captain watched for an opportunity to leave Marie, in order that he might get speech with the fräulein. When, finally, the count left Annetta's side for a moment's speech with the baron, the captain took advantage of Ensley's glowering approach, to withdraw and seek a place by the fräulein, who had moved over to the duenna.

A close observer might in that instant have learned the secret of the captain's heart: he loved the fräulein. The somewhat small eyes, his one bad feature, were brighter than before, and his face was paler. As the girl looked up with a smile, his heart leaped. The kindness of her glance filled him with joy.

Annetta rather liked the captain. His handsome face and tall, military figure, broad shoulders and deep chest, satisfied her woman's instinct toward strength. Then, too, he was very amusing, with jolly songs and all the entertaining arts of the mess. For the rest, he was always good to her, "dependable," and, too, she felt a certain sympathy for him, owing to the way her father treated him. She had no suspicion of the errors in the captain's life. It was typical of the baron's heedlessness that he, who loved his daughter more than anything else in heaven or on earth, should allow her association with his venal agent. Yet the baron had never even thought of any wrong in this.

To-night the captain skilfully led the girl to speak of her ideals, and at last of her ideal man.

"He must be of great ambitions," she ended, "and of great achievements."

"Would you not marry a man who had done nothing of importance save love you?"

"No," Annetta replied; "I could not love an ordinary man. I am too much like my father. I must have power, not in myself, but in him I love."

"You would love a conqueror?"

"Oh, yes, if he were handsome and clever, and good as well."

The girl was speaking carelessly, on the spur of the moment. But the captain took her words very seriously, and thought happily of the baron's mysterious army that waited for him to lead it to glory. He thought, too, of his admittedly handsome face and form.

"As to her hero's goodness—I'll not let her know too much concerning my standards of right and wrong," he told himself, jubilantly.

As yet she had no suspicion as to his feeling toward her. It was better so, he reflected; until a rival appeared on the scene it was as well that she should continue in ignorance of his passion. To reveal it might cause premature complications. He could well bide his time for such a reward as the winning of her. As to the baron's consent, that must be gained by artfulness; time would provide the exact method. One who held ambitions so lofty as those of the baron might be, if absolutely necessary, coerced!

To the baron the count spoke explicitly:

"Monsieur, I beg the favor of an interview at your house to-morrow morning, if that be agreeable to you."

The baron threw a sharp glance at his host. What he saw there impressed him deeply, so that there was a tremor in his voice, and his accent

was more marked than usual as he replied:

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear count. Will twelve suit you?"

"Yes."

"At twelve, then;" and the gentlemen clicked heels and bowed courteously. Each of the two saw before him, looming close, the realization of his life's chief ambition.

## IX

THAT night, after their return home, the baron called his daughter into the library, where he spoke to her, exultingly.

"It's exactly as I told you it would be," he asserted, triumphantly. "The count is fascinated by you. I really think that he would have fallen heels over head in love with you in the ordinary course — you are beautiful enough!" He paused to gaze with fond pride on his daughter's loveliness.

Then he continued, hastily, as usual: "But it was safer to fix his attention. By that plan of mine you were at once invested with the charm of mystery; you became a heroine to him; he rescued you from a great danger, and so he was interested instantly, profoundly. It doesn't matter at all that there was no danger — because he doesn't know that, and he never will. Oh, but that was an ingenious idea of mine, new and effective, worthy of the great master, Machiavelli! And how neatly he fell into the trap! He never dreamed that it was all a plot of mine, that he himself did all the kidnapping that was done! He'll go to his grave rejoicing over that romantic rescue of you from prison. Yes, it fixed his interest in you, which was all that was needed; your beauty and charm did the rest."

The baron meditated in silence for a moment. When he spoke again, it was with a change of manner to great gravity, and he pronounced his words with rare deliberation.

"The count has spoken," he announced.

As he made this statement, the baron regarded the fräulein with anxiety, to note the effect.

Annetta blushed, and a new brilliance grew in her eyes, but she controlled all other signs of emotion, and her voice was its usual monotone when she questioned:

"Yes? And what did he say? You mean——?"

The baron, thwarted, was not in good temper.

"What did he say?" he repeated, petulantly. "What does a man usually say at such a time?"

But Annetta was never dismayed by her father's querulousness. So now she replied, mischievously:

"I can hardly say. Such experience is not quite in my line, you know."

"Listen, Annetta. This is no time for jesting. The count has asked permission formally to call on me in the morning — that can mean only one thing. You know my purposes, fully; but I promised you that, if the man should be repulsive to you, I would not require your coöperation. Now, what is it to be? Answer me. You know just how much all this means to me. I do not see how you can refuse, yet I would not force your inclination. I have promised you complete freedom in the matter, and though I lie to many—for reasons—I speak only truth to you."

"This is almost a matter of life or death to you, is it not, father?" the girl asked, gently.

"Yes," the baron made answer, and there was a tone of somber intensity in his voice that moved Annetta.

"I consent," she said.

The baron rose and went quickly across to where his daughter sat. He dropped the glass from his eye and bent and kissed her.

"God bless you, my dear!" he said, tenderly. "No man ever had a better daughter. I hope you will be very happy; I believe you will be. You will be among the great of the earth."

"I would rather be one of earth's

happiest." The girl spoke musingly, a sort of wistfulness in her voice.

"Do you not believe the count will make you happy?"

But Annetta gave no answer, save a little shrug of doubt.

At twelve the next day the count arrived, punctual to the minute, and was shown at once into the library, where the baron received him.

As soon as greetings had been exchanged, the count promptly declared his wishes.

"I love the fräulein, Monsieur von Tollen, and I respectfully beg your consent that I may pay my addresses to her."

Having thus spoken, he paused and awaited an answer, but the baron remained silent. After a moment the count continued:

"I have no great fortune—merely enough to live on, quietly; but my family is good, as I believe you must know."

"I think," the baron remarked, slowly, every word measured, "that I know every detail of your family history through all its generations, as well as do you yourself. I have made it my special study for a full year."

At that the count stared in amazement.

"But—why—for what reason?" he exclaimed. "We met only a few weeks ago."

"Yes, it is fate," the baron declared, irrelevantly, "that you should have thus fallen in love, at first sight, with my daughter. It is providence working for the right."

"Then you will give your consent?" the count cried, joyously, catching at this implication amid the baron's mysterious words.

"Yes, I shall consent," the baron said, gravely.

Then, as the count would have risen, he made a repelling gesture. "But on a condition. Unless you are willing to agree to a proposition I am now about to make you, you will never marry my daughter."

The doubt on the count's face changed to alert expectancy.

"Name the condition," he cried. "There is nothing I would not do for her sake—if she does but love me."

"That question must remain for her decision," the baron asserted, glibly. "But I may tell you that no other holds her heart; so I see no reason why you should not win her."

"Pray tell me the condition," the count repeated, and new hope sounded vibrant in his words.

"You must agree to become King of Leutala."

The count sat perfectly quiet, staring in undisguised amazement at the baron. Gradually, an expression of alarm shadowed his features; surely the man must be mad. But soon the Austrian continued:

"I had best tell you all, that you may understand, and decide intelligently. It is something of a story, and you must not grow too impatient. Cheer yourself by the fact that you can fulfil the condition, if you will. After all, it is but a high test of your love."

The baron dropped his monocle and blinked for a moment; then he reinserted it, and continued, speaking rapidly:

"I have told you of my love for power. I would accomplish mighty things, and, too, I would use my power for the good of men. I have a certain confidence in myself; I believe in my capacity for the doing of great, of noble work. Besides, I am emulous; I confess it irks me to see others in a dignity of station that is denied me. It is true that I am a great noble; on both sides my family is of the oldest blood in Europe, and I retain large estates. Yet all this does not content me; I desire a place in history. I have little chance to win distinction at home, where warring races are the curse of progress. So I have looked abroad."

The baron paused, helped himself to a cigarette from the open box on the table before him, and lighted it. His face, usually so ruddy, was pale, and his eyes glittered. The count, watching closely, realized that, sane or crazed, the man was absolutely in

earnest. When he recommenced speaking, it was with a rapid vehemence that held his listener spellbound. The barbaric impetuosity of the Magyar strain in the baron dominated him in the emotion of this hour, and aroused in his speech the rude eloquence of complete conviction.

"Yes, I looked abroad; I searched all the world, its continents, its islands, its ungoverned wilds, its worn-out sovereignties. And everywhere I failed to find that for which I searched. The Latins of South America, eager always for some new thing, were too unstable. The North was hopeless — for countless reasons. China, too difficult for the concert of Europe, must surely prove too difficult for me; it is too incoherent for a united government. Turkey, Asia, Africa—all the East is watched by the Powers, as a mouse is watched by the cat. They are always waiting for a chance to pounce. And the like is true of Europe throughout; nothing can be done with any single part, for each fragment is integral in the whole.

"So I was disconsolate, always searching, never finding—until, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, by a glorious chance, or, it may be, by the good gift of providence, my thought fell on Leutala. Yes, Leutala, the little, the remote, the uninteresting, the unheeded! There's the secret: Leutala, the unheeded! No one pays any attention to Leutala. She is tiny and weak, and far. She is useless, so nobody cares for her. She is not a keystone in any arch; she is not even a fragment in any foundation. She is vital to no other nation's schemes; so she rests solitary and despised."

Again the baron paused. He relighted his cigarette in leisurely fashion, and passed his glass thoughtfully from one eye to the other. He could afford a moment's breathing space, for now, at last, the count had become absorbed in the chimera, and sat silent and intent. As the baron spoke again, it was with added impressiveness.

"Leutala is not worthless. Once she was a power in the world; she may be such again!"

Then he brought forth a mass of details, out of which he built sure proof of the country's possibilities. When, finally, he ceased, he had convinced the count that his projects were both reasonable and worthy. He had demonstrated the fact that maladministration of the government and lack of any effort toward development of the natural resources of the country were responsible in great part for Leutala's insignificance. Moreover, he had made known the people's discontent with their royal rulers, their ripeness for revolt, their readiness to accept the right man as their leader.

"And you are, under God, that man!" the baron declared.

"I?"

"Yes. You do not understand? You are of royal descent; your ancestors were kings in Jerusalem centuries ago; reigning princes in Italy in modern times. And, too, you are of a papal family; you will come to them with the dignity and authority of their church for your allies. Trust me. For two years I have studied this nation, and I know you are the man! They will accept you—will you accept them? I determined a year ago that you must be the instrument of this country's salvation. I should have sought you out in any event, but when you fell in love with my daughter, I saw again the fate that opened the way. Thus I would use your love as a means to influence you at once to accept this splendid destiny. And now, I ask again, will you accept it?"

The count remained silent for a long time. When he spoke it was slowly, hesitatingly.

"I am, as yet, confused. It seems to me that I cannot quite understand this—all in a moment. It is stupendous. To be king! I love your daughter, baron, but this amazing condition you impose is something so strange, so overwhelming——"

"Reasonable, nevertheless," the baron interrupted. "There is every

certainty of success. To me this means life; it is the goal of my ambition. I have studied every phase of the subject. I have spent a million in preparation."

"Yet it does not give you the sovereignty?"

"No; but I am content. That my daughter will be queen suffices me. She, too, can boast of royal blood on her mother's side—from Charles VI. and from Prince Arpad. But I wish you to select me as your prime minister. You yourself will admit that this is hardly too much for him who has conceived and carried through the whole work. But enough of anticipations. Tell me first what I long to hear—that you will accept."

Again there was silence between them for a time. Finally, the count spoke decisively:

"In justice to myself, I must take time for careful consideration. To-morrow at this time, and here, if you please, I will give you a formal answer."

The baron, great as was his disappointment at the delay, forbore to press the count further, and the two men separated.

At noon of the following day the baron received his visitor with eager, questioning eyes. The count said, simply:

"I accept."

## X

THE count duly proposed to the fräulein, and was accepted. At once thereafter the baron set out for Leutala, and with him went the captain.

"You will wait until I send you word," he said to the count, as they paced the platform at Victoria Station, on the eve of his departure. "Do as you please here. Do not worry in any way; be happy with Annetta until you receive the word. Then come instantly. I shall calculate on your arrival at a certain time; do not fail me. Oh, there he is!"

He broke off abruptly, to stare through an accusing eye-glass at the captain, who was arriving in ample time for the train.

"Demons and angels, sir, *terem-tete!* You are hopeless!" he continued, addressing the captain. "Empires might totter to the dust, but you'd dawdle. Good-bye, *cher comte, au 'voir!*" and he bolted into his compartment.

The count followed the baron's advice, and forbore, to the best of his ability, any anticipation of royal cares or the conditions precedent to them—insurrection and civil war. But it took little effort on the count's part to hold his thoughts thus diverted from the future, for there in the present was the fräulein—beautiful, radiant, absorbing. Every instant that he could thus contrive, the count passed in her loved society. And daily the love, so suddenly sprung into being, overflowed into richer, nobler life. She realized all ideals he had ever dreamed, and stimulated his soul to the possession of others toward which he had never hitherto aspired.

Often, too, he was with Ensley, who sought the count's society ever more frequently, for the sake of meeting Marie. To Ensley's rather phlegmatic English nature, the baron's plan of seizing the throne of Leutala appeared the vagary of a scatter-brained plotter, and he persistently deplored the count's participation in any such mad scheme. Yet, having given his views at length once and for all, he rather avoided the subject, for he could venture no cause of quarrel with mademoiselle's brother.

As the weeks passed without any warning word from the baron, the count, following an old desire, went to Ventnor in the Isle of Wight. His party included, besides Ensley, mademoiselle and the fräulein, under the chaperonage of Frau von Tollen. There the time passed in the usual gaieties of the place and season, so that the count was still too occupied for many reflections concerning his royal career, until one day Ensley,

who had brought down his four-in-hand, tooled them over to Carisbrooke Castle.

Ensley had Mademoiselle de Lugnan beside him on the box, while the count and the fräulein were together on the seat behind. Thus the lovers were—both pairs—free to make whatever confidences they chose, though Ensley's attention was at the outset demanded by the horses, of which the leaders, particularly, were far too frolicsome.

However, the rush and dash of the four were in no wise dangerous, under Ensley's skilled hands, despite that the grooms were hard put to it to swing on after they let go the horses' heads. As the coach went bowling out of the town along the shore-road of the island, the swift movement and the spirit of it all moved in the moods of each of the four like wine in the blood.

The count drew a deep breath of joy—joy in the hour and the scene—and the fräulein sighed happy sympathy of appreciation. As their eyes roved the prospect, the count's hand stole softly to hers, stealthily, that the grooms behind might not detect the caress; and his fingers closed firmly on hers, a contact tender and inspiring to both. Thus hand in hand, silent, delighted, they rode through the glory of the morning.

Around them the subtle splendors of the Summer air floated, a soft virus of contentment. They were passing now through a suburban street, lined on either side with walls or hedges. The hedges were restrained by art to a decorous regularity of grace in their green abundance. But the walls everywhere were covered with draperies of vines and flowers; most of all, the ivy masked with verdant coils the rigidities of brick and stone. But often there were flaunted festoons of flowers—thick-clustering, vivid, delicate, prismatic in the distance. And beyond the walls one caught delicious glimpses of turf, darkly, radiantly green as a rajah's favorite emerald, tending toward velvety blackness in the shadows. The shrubberies of many forms were all alike pleasing to the eye, and through the level beauty of each park and lawn wound, like a river of silver beneath the sun, the graveled whiteness of the driveway, in a sheen toned to latticed umber where the morning beams fell filtered through the trees. Far in the distance, here and there, the houses betrayed themselves by bits of red or gray, seen within their lairs of foliage. The song of birds flowed daintily from the plantations, and the sweet accord of their notes was a harmony that truly interpreted the joyous peace of earth and air. The odors of many blossoms were wafted in faint, gently enervating perfumes that smote the sense with an insinuating luxury of delight.

Beneath the spell of such beauties in earth and air the lovers were moved to added tenderness toward each other. The mystery of earth's gladness, and the triumph of it, woke in their hearts a new realization of love's mystery and sublimity. They leaned each toward each by a single impulse of attraction. And as the slight contact thrilled them, it seemed that their souls, too, embraced deeply, nobly. They were silent, for words are but cumbersome to the spirit's higher flights.

A little later the coach swung out into the open space of the country. On the right stretched miles of downs, an even brown save where patches of heather touched to vivid color or grass showed tufts of green. Beyond the downs the timber of preserves rose darkly solid, and beyond these again the varying landscape of a valley, in which parks and fields, herds of cows and flocks of sheep showed in successive charm. On the left a cliff dropped sheer to the sea, and beyond the line of earth the waves of the Channel shone multichrome beneath the sunbeams. A light breeze rippled the waters here and there to a dancing fantasy of tints. Elsewhere the sea lay calm, like polished malachite, or in panels of countless tints as the liquid re-

flected the sky's varying lines—here a mass of rose, there a mosaic of topaz, and between them a great space of luxuriant blue. On the horizon air and ocean merged in a line of opaline gray, luminous, suggestive of unearthly loveliness beyond the veils of sight.

The four thoroughbreds dashed up a short ascent, where the road wound directly toward the sea. The water was hidden by the rise of ground—five hundred feet above its level. Over the crest of the hill one could see nothing save the vastness of the sky.

There flashed on the count a memory of old beliefs as to a flat earth and its outer edge, whence fell the bottomless abyss. In this instant he seemed speeding toward that end of all things. A tremor of imaginative excitement passed through him, and his fingers closed more tightly on the fräulein's. At that warm contact, the tremor became an ecstatic surge. Oh, thus to pass with her out into the unknown, out into the greater glory of things not petty or gross! To wing with her a course of holy bliss, through unnumbered spheres, through cycles of ravishment!

A shudder of loathing seized him at thought of revolution and intrigue, wars and plottings, a tottering throne—all the evil absorptions that must drain his energies from deeper things to an uncertain struggle for rule over other men. What could he do for them, after all? At the best, firmly established as their master, could he, more than another, rule their lives so that they might grow greater in spirit? That last test of the individual must always remain one for his own making, untouched, finally, by any extraneous condition. Why should he give up his own happiness, the perfection of life that he might know with her love, in order to be a puppet king for the sake of others? What could love give him in aid of his sovereignty? Merely an asylum whither to fly from cares of state. The greatest rulers were ever the coldest, those whose sole love was for their people.

And his art—music!

All the world about him declared the supreme worth of genius. In music, indeed, love would be his companion and helpmeet to achievement. His every thought of the girl was a cadence. He longed to interpret her loveliness in melody and harmony, in themes winding through many complex resolutions. Oh, to translate her beauty and worth and goodness to the world by the magic of music! Thus he might indeed aid men toward the best things. Without any vanity, he reflected that many could govern a kingdom, but few could reveal the profounder majesties of sound, its more hidden truths, its more mighty forces.

As the coach swung to the summit the breakers showed twinkling rhythmically far below, for a moment ere the horses darted away to the right, along the brow of the cliff. The count turned and spoke to the fräulein.

"I want only you! I would I might give up the ambitions of your father. I want only you!"

His dark eyes glowed with tenderness. The ardor of his glance stirred the girl to the depths of her being.

"And I want only you," she answered, with passionate softness; "only you, forever!"

When the coach pulled up before the inn at Carisbrooke, Ensley's hands tingled as he held those of Mademoiselle de Lugnan in aiding her to alight. To the stalwart and blond Englishman, a trifle slow, there was something inconceivably delicious in this French girl, so little, so laughing, so dusky, so swift in thought, word and deed. Her very coquetry was a perilous charm. One instant she beamed on him so warmly, so tenderly, that his heart beat double in the anticipation of happiness; the next she had naught but curt words and cold glances, whereat his soul lay in despair. Ensley could not, for his life, tell whether or not mademoiselle cared for him. Her caprices were beyond his power to understand. He knew only one single thing: that he adored her!

It was after they had finished the somewhat meager luncheon the inn afforded, and had wandered through the ruins of the castle, that Ensley made effort to search her heart. They had gone into the quaint well-house, where is the great wooden wheel, turned by a donkey to wind up the windlass. Mademoiselle insisted that they drink there. The man in charge, obedient to the lady's wish and to Ensley's shilling, started the windlass whirling, that the bucket might descend to the water far below. As the big wheel revolved the donkey shrank into the corner out of the wheel's way, and mademoiselle noticed that as the beast stood thus the wheel softly brushed his hide.

"See," she said, "he is quite bald, there where the wheel touches."

"Yes," said Ensley, with sudden boldness. "The constant attack, though so slight, has worn out the hairs' resistance. That is always the way. The suitor who would win must persevere. He must wear out the maiden's reluctance. Persistence is my only virtue. Is resistance a virtue of yours?"

"Oh, I never resist; it is rude," mademoiselle laughed. "But I avoid the need of it."

"For example?"

"See, now the bucket is down—the donkey will get in the wheel!" cried mademoiselle.

Ensley, with a sigh, admitted that mademoiselle was right. A diplomatic diversion made resistance unnecessary.

The donkey took his place within the wheel, standing on the broad felly. As he advanced, the wheel moved and turned steadily, winding up the windlass. The donkey, however, skilled by long practice, paused often and allowed the wheel's momentum to carry him backward, until he was near standing on his head. Then, at the last moment, he would jump forward, saving his equilibrium and gaining new impetus for the wheel.

"Some time he'll wait too long and come a cropper," Ensley prophesied. But he was obliged to translate the last word for mademoiselle, and the conversation continued in French.

"If he is so stupid as to wait too long, he ought to fall," mademoiselle remarked, and with the word she cast at her companion a glance so provoking that he straightway vowed not to delay a moment in his love-making.

As they peered down into the stone-bound depths of the well to watch the bucket crawling upward, he strove to press his cause, subtly.

"Truth lies at the bottom of the well."

"How can one get it, then?" mademoiselle questioned.

"You see, sometimes a donkey draws it up. Now——"

"You would be the donkey?"

"I believe I am just that," Ensley admitted, with reluctance. Evidently, mademoiselle was not in a mood for serious converse. Yet she thanked him with a tender look when he gave her the glass of water, clear and cold from the well's deep recesses; and a dainty blush, that was not of displeasure, flamed in her cheek as their fingers touched when she returned the glass. Evidently, again, mademoiselle did not altogether hate him. There was place for hope at least. He stared at the delicate beauty of her face with longing eyes. Mademoiselle, looking up, met and returned his glance, and in hers there was a hint of something softly happy, infinitely sweet, something beyond the arts of coquetry. Yes, there was place for hope.

## XI

While they were yet at Ventnor, a despatch came from the baron requesting the count to start for Bonio at once.

Great as was his doubt, the count had passed his word, and could not refuse the summons. One supreme satisfaction he had in setting out on the journey, and this was the companionship of the fräulein. That insistent young lady had coaxed the

baron's consent to her making the trip, though it was obvious that the scene of a revolution could be no fit place for gentlewomen. However, the fräulein had begged so prettily that the father had consented to her traveling to Bonio with Frau von Tollen, under the count's escort. But the baron gave his permission on a condition, which was that she should leave the country the day before the time set for the outbreak of the revolution. Until then she would be quite safe, as there was little likelihood of any premature discovery by the government. The few men to whom the baron was known were too desirous of success for their own sakes to be guilty of any treachery, while without treachery there was no danger, until the open beginning of revolt.

Mademoiselle de Lugnan, too, was eager to join the party, and finally won the count's consent, on terms the same as those imposed by the baron for his daughter. Ensley, also, despite his distaste for the whole proceeding, insisted on allying himself with the plot, so far as to remain with the count—a course to which he was induced primarily by regard for his friend; secondly, and overwhelmingly, by love for mademoiselle. He would cheerfully have set out to overturn all Europe for the sake of her bright eyes.

They took ship at Southampton, and after a pleasant journey over smooth seas, came duly into the Judo River, without any adventure. At the pier they were met by the captain, who shook hands with each of the party, gravely, as befitted the dignity of a commander-in-chief.

"The baron's not able to meet you," he explained; "he sends his regrets and his apologies. He is at Carre, fifteen miles northwest from here, for a conference with the native leaders." The captain spoke softly, with an air of mystery. Then he turned to the count, somewhat awkwardly. "Have you, sir—" his face cleared, since "sir" is sufficient for the highest dignity—"any commands?"

"I have no *commands*," the count answered, with visible annoyance in his emphasis on the word. "Let us get on to the place where we're to stop, whatever it may be."

"I have two suites at the best hotel, sir," the captain answered, complacently. "That is all one can do here. Of course, I considered your dignity in the light of future events."

"For heaven's sake, choke him off, if your majesty pleases," Ensley whispered, in an aside to the count.

Fortunately, the captain did not continue his remarks, but busied himself with the luggage, and when he had attended to this he escorted the party to the carriages he had engaged.

These were of a style superior to any usually seen in the Leutalan capital, and the horses were thoroughbreds. The driver was in plain livery, as were the two footmen behind. Naturally, the captain arranged for the count and his sister and Ensley in one carriage, while he rode with the fräulein and the duenna in the other. This arrangement displeased the count, and a look he detected in the captain's eye as he spoke to Annetta roused in him a swift and bitter dislike of his commander-in-chief.

The captain was, however, happily unaware of this, and as they rolled toward the hotel he chatted fluently with the fräulein.

"Your father still reviles himself for permitting you to take this journey."

"Oh," laughed the girl, "I could not have been kept away." Then she checked her too candid words, and blushed divinely.

The captain misinterpreted her speech, to his own satisfaction. He believed that the reason for this eagerness was—himself. She loved him, then, without doubt. What ecstasy! It had never occurred to him that the count might be a rival. In the magnificent robustness of his physique and the beauty of his face, he never dreamed that the fräulein could turn to the smaller, darker man, one he deemed comparatively insignificant. He quite forgot that

women may desire something beyond bone and brawn in the man they love, however fair these may be to look on.

Therefore, carried away by longing, when he had the party safely sheltered in the hotel, the captain set out toward Carre, for an interview with the baron.

He found his chief in the single ground-floor room of a cottage on the outskirts of the town. The Austrian was seated before a table, on which were spread a half-dozen maps and a mass of papers.

As the captain opened the entrance door the draught sent these documents swirling about the room. The baron sprang up, his face purple with passion.

"Curse you! Why did you do that? Why didn't you knock? Oh, it's you! Why did you come blundering back to-night? Why don't you pick up these papers, instead of standing and staring like a witless, goggle-eyed fish? I've some news for you."

"And I for you—perhaps."

"What?"

"I prefer to tell you more formally, when you are quite at leisure."

"The deuce you do!" the baron muttered, savagely. But a discreet cough interrupted him. He wheeled swiftly, and found Marcus, his body-servant, standing respectfully. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, fretfully, in Magyar, "what is it? Hurry up, before you have a hemorrhage."

"The señor presidents, your excellency," the man announced, and at a nod from the baron withdrew to usher in the head of the revolutionary party.

"Do have the exceeding goodness, captain, to get out of the way," the baron remarked in English. "Sit on a chair, or do something besides standing there, occupying the whole room."

Then, in an instant, his whole manner changed. He was no longer the querulous, tyrannical master; no longer the sneering, insulting despot, lashing with words his servant or tool; but the polished nobleman, receiving with courteous attention the man he would impress and control. With a haste that was none the less dignified, he stepped forward to welcome the newcomer.

This was a swarthy man of about the baron's age, active, alert, impassive, save as glittering eyes or wreathing fingers told his emotions. Now he locked hands with the baron, and a moment later the two embraced, kissing once on either cheek. Then the baron waved his hand courteously to the captain, who was not yet seated, and the salutations were repeated by the newcomer, though less heartily.

"We are fortunate in having his excellency the commander-in-chief with us to-night," the baron said, politely, for he treated the captain with all outward tokens of profound respect in the presence of the Leutalan conspirators.

"In order that he may assist more intelligently in our deliberations," he continued, "let us, if it be your will, señor, continue our conversation in French," for hitherto they had spoken in the tongue of the country.

The native assented, and thereafter the three drew close to the table, and set about an exhaustive study of the situation. As they rehearsed the work accomplished and the plans for the future, it must have become apparent to a qualified observer that here were three men singularly adapted to the task before them. Señor Farola possessed, it was clear, an encyclopædic knowledge of his country, its topography, its resources, its personnel. Name after name he stated as that of a personal friend; he knew every individual on whom he depended, intimately—men military, men civilian, priests, cabinet-officers, professors, noblemen of the towns and of the provinces—all trusted and tested. It had been the dream of his life to guide this revolution, toward which he looked for the salvation of his people from un-

just burdens of taxation and the countless evils of a cumbrous and incompetent administration.

The baron, too, seemed almost equally the possessor of Señor Farola's knowledge. That was because his prodigious memory, which made him a skilled polyglot, enabled him also to retain each separate item of information. His mental superiority was apparent when it came to the adjustment of certain political questions, matters of executive arrangement. In the disposal of these he betrayed the qualities of a great statesman. Whatever one might suspect as to his stability—and in this matter his rapidity of movement and versatility of thought gave grounds for doubt—it was clear that his mind was of the first order, able to see distinctly, to devise and to carry out.

As to the captain, he said little on other subjects, but when it came to military strategics he discussed them with enthusiasm and power. He directed all the final plans for the assembling of the armed bodies of peasants, their exact movements from day to day; he outlined with precision the concentration of the companies that had been seduced from loyalty to the crown. He elaborated his directions for seizing the capital, and overcoming the remaining troops by surprise, effected through treachery. As he spoke, making every point obvious, answering easily every objection, the other two listened with attention as respectful as deep.

When at last the conference ended, Señor Farola rose to go.

"Next Tuesday night, your excellency," he said to the baron, "will, with God's aid, witness the inauguration of my country's happiness. Ah, you can never know the joy beating in my heart to-night, as it beats in the hearts of thousands of my countrymen! And to-morrow I may meet *him*, to lay myself at his feet? to offer him the homage of his subjects?"

"Yes, to-morrow night, here, at the same hour."

There were tears of delight in the señor's eyes, as he went out silently into the night.

"You said you had something to tell me," the baron remarked, when he was again alone with the captain. He spoke without his usual offensive manner, for the influence of the recent serious discussion was still on him.

Encouraged by this kindliness of tone, so unusual in their privacy, the captain took heart of grace and plunged into the affair.

"You have a daughter, my lord."

"Well, then—*teremtete!* I am quite aware of it. You need make no mystery of that. Oh, the devil! what do you mean?"

The baron was spluttering with quick rage. He dropped the monocle from his right eye, where it had remained steadily during the serious conversation, winked viciously at the captain, then screwed the glass into his left eye, and glared.

The captain was disconcerted, but he was not wholly dismayed; he was accustomed to the baron's harshness of manner.

"You have a daughter, sir. She is very beautiful, sir. I wish to speak to you concerning her."

"What can you have to say concerning her?"

The baron's voice deepened and softened; he had suddenly become dangerously calm.

"I beg your formal permission, sir, to become a suitor for her hand."

"Have you spoken to her?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"That is well. That reticence is your salvation. Had you dared pollute the Fräulein von Tollen's ears by one word of love, I had killed you where you stand. You have curiously misjudged me, Captain Tanner. I have, I think, consistently shown you what place you hold in my esteem; and yet you aspire to become a member of my family! You dare hope that I may entrust to you the pride of my life, my daughter, my one child! God! I thought you clever in your way, but you are a fool to dream that one of my blood could mate with

a scoundrel, a *chevalier d'industrie*, one whom I only suffer near me because he has brains with which to serve me. Hereafter you shall never speak to the Fräulein von Tollen. Your presence near her is a profanation."

The captain's face had grown white, and now the expression of it was such that the baron regarded this man he objurgated with new attention. Suddenly, the bonds of habit were rent asunder, and his intelligence caught the tremendous folly of his course. Without any hesitation, he spoke in a changed voice, more gently, kindly.

"There, there, captain, I regret if I have spoken with too much heat, in the shock of surprise. I ought not to insult honest feeling. I do not doubt your love. But you must understand the impossibility of your dream. Let us, however, be friends, though we cannot agree in this. I have done much for you." The baron dropped his eye-glass to speak with great emphasis. "Whatever I may have seemed to think of you, I have confidence in you to this extent: I have placed you in a most important position. You must be content with that."

He paused for a moment, and wondered why a subtle satisfaction replaced the expression of despair on the captain's face. The consolation of ambition driving away the tortures of hopeless love, he decided, cynically.

But the captain was thinking:

"I can wait. As yet I am nothing. When I am indeed commander-in-chief of the royal troops, I may dictate terms to you, my insolent Magyar savage. Yes, so long as I have no rival, I can wait."

## XII

But four days now intervened before the night appointed for the outbreak of the revolution. The count was frequently with the chiefs of the conspirators, who already treated him with the profound deference due a sovereign, and in this the count, to his surprise, found a satisfaction he had not anticipated. In the intervals between these cares of state he took the fräulein riding in an automobile he had hired for a week. The dust-coat, glasses and cap he wore as *chauffeur* made a sufficient disguise, so that there was little fear lest the populace would too soon become familiar with his face, while her veil equally masked the future queen. Thus they took long rides through the environs of Bonio. Their favorite route ran from the square along the river's bank toward the sea, as far as Medem, where they always delighted in the quaint old monastery and the ancient tower looming majestic by the waterside; then, turning, they drove the machine up the hills, where from the heights they could look out over the red tiles of the city; thence back by the boulevards oftenest, but sometimes wandering about through the little, narrow streets, where a hand outstretched would have touched the green-painted window-casements or doors of the gray stone and stucco houses.

Sometimes, but more seldom, they went walking, when the count scrutinized with paternal interest the lounging men and the busy women, each with kerchief on head. Both Annetta and her lover became expert in the inevitable phrase flung to beggars, "*Ñao tengh nada*," and shook their forefingers skilfully, in the local manner of refusal.

It was arranged that the ladies of the party were to sail by a small steamer leaving Bonio for the north on the eve of the rising of the revolutionists. Thus they would escape all danger, and a telegram would await them at the first port of call, to inform them as to the progress of events.

At noon, on the day preceding that set for the outbreak, the count was sitting with Señor Farola in the council-room of the house at Carre. The señor was telling his future sovereign many things he should know concerning the people of the kingdom. In an adjoining

room the captain was playing at cards with Señor Farola's nephew, a young man intimately associated with the enterprise. The stakes were rather large, considering all the circumstances — so large, indeed, that the captain was very anxious to win. The count, walking back and forth as he listened to Señor Farola's descriptions, paused for a moment before the open door, and his eyes rested lazily, carelessly, on the two players.

Then, as his glance caught the expression on the captain's face, a sudden swift interest grew in the count's scrutiny. He stared for a moment intently; afterward his expression settled and hardened. He turned to Señor Farola, with an imperious manner that was new, and raised his hand. The señor paused abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"Be so good as to send Captain Tanner to me," he said.

The native retired quickly, and in a moment the captain entered and stood waiting.

The count remained with his face turned aside.

"Will you close the door, if you please, Captain Tanner?" he said.

The captain closed the door, and again stood waiting.

There was a long pause before the count spoke. When he did his voice was so emotionless and cold that at the first word the captain started in disquiet.

"Captain Tanner, at last I remember you—perfectly! At the time I first saw you, your hair grew low on the forehead; it was thick and untouched with gray; you were not so stout as now. I hardly saw you then for more than a minute. Vaguely I have remembered your face, but never, until this moment, could I place it. Now I remember you — perfectly! You remember our first meeting, possibly?"

"I do not remember," the captain stammered, and in his eyes there was the furtive glance of the disconcerted liar.

"I will refresh your memory, then. It was in the card-room of the Cercle des Étrangers, in Paris. I strolled in very late one night in search of a friend. He was not there. The room was deserted, save for two men playing écarté. One of the two was an acquaintance of mine, Léon d'Ixe; the other was yourself. I paused for a moment to watch your game.

"Then it all happened very quickly. Monsieur d'Ixe accused you of cheating. You insulted him; there was the inevitable talk of a duel. I warned d'Ixe of the folly of meeting a cheat on the field of honor. I knew you for a cheat, for I, too, had seen you slip the king. But d'Ixe was a fool and gave you your opportunity, though I thought I had convinced him. The next day you killed him in a duel, hardly better than murder. I warned Paris what sort of a scoundrel you were, and you fled. I saw you for hardly a minute, ten years ago, but now I remember you — perfectly! You will, of course, understand that I cannot permit you any association with me, or with my friends, or with my work. I must request that you do not show yourself in my presence again."

But the contempt in his voice stung the captain to retort:

"You talk very haughtily—very haughtily, indeed, all things considered! Let me tell you, my friend, that I do not allow you to dictate to me. I am here at the baron's request, not at yours. You have no authority over me. You cannot dismiss me quite so easily. I know too much to be cast aside—yet. You would better talk this over with the baron. He rules you, as he does me. There is no use in raking up old troubles. Here we must pull together. You cannot get rid of me. I tell you I know too much—it is absurd! When you are safe on your throne you may rule as you like, but first you will make a solemn engagement with me, or you will never wear a crown in this kingdom. Faugh! Your airs disgust me! You—a puppet of the baron's—dare dictate to me! You are no better than I—not

so good, for I am no hypocrite. You are only in this thing for the money, just as is the baron."

"Leave the room, sir, at once!" the count commanded, sternly. "It is not to be expected that you could understand purposes of real worth, of zeal toward humanity's betterment."

"I think you fool enough for almost anything," the captain interrupted, angrily; "but the baron is not a visionary; he is shrewd enough. I know the baron far better than you do, my fine sir. I've heard him talk often enough of the revenues he'll derive from this kingdom. He'll help the people by bringing in foreign capital and developing the country. Oh, yes; and every pound of capital coming in, or profits going out, will pay toll to him. He has boasted of it to me a hundred times. That's zeal toward humanity!"

Something in the speaker's tone carried conviction. The count faced about and demanded, abruptly:

"Is that true?"

"It is true! Of course it's true! Are you surprised?" The mocking voice was in itself a surety that he spoke the fact.

"And I must go on with it if I would marry her!" the count exclaimed, despairingly. He had forgotten the captain's presence, and uttered his thoughts aloud. "He has made my participation in this scheme the condition of our betrothal. And I have promised. I cannot withdraw in honor, whatever his purposes may be. No; I must go on with it. Even if he be himself evil—and I cannot think he is so, wholly—these people are suffering, and I may be able to help them. By God's help I will, if destiny gives them into my keeping. Perhaps, even if the captain speaks truth, the baron may not find me quite the puppet he thinks."

Low spoken as were the words, the captain had caught their import. The first sentence scourged his soul. Instantly, instinctively, he understood. Hitherto, often, he had pondered as to the means by which the baron had won de Lugnan's so speedy and so absolute devotion to such projects. Now he comprehended all; he realized the situation, and the realization filled him with mingled rage and despair. For a moment he was tempted to leap on his unconscious rival, to throttle him, to destroy utterly this barrier between himself and his love.

But before he could yield to the impulse, another mood mastered him. What of her, the fräulein? Did she, indeed, love the count, or was she, rather, the unwilling victim of her father's vast ambition? Surely, she could not prefer the count to himself. Even to think it were to insult her judgment as a woman!

The captain's persistent egotism abruptly drove out despair, and set up hot hope in his heart. A wave of desire swept over him, a fierce longing to be with her, to tell her of his love, to win from her tender words, and then—to fly with her, far from her father's wrath, until forgiveness should be accorded. Yes, he must have speech of her, must tell her his love and tenderness—now, at once! He forgot the count, the baron, the dream of sovereignty. In all the universe he thought only of her; and, so thinking, he turned abruptly and hurried from the room. A moment later he was in the saddle, galloping toward Bonio.

## XIII

In an hour Captain Tanner had traversed the three leagues that lay between Carre and the capital, and halted his lathered horse in the *patio* of the hotel. There he dismounted hastily, ran up the steps and hurried into the salon. The room was empty, but he sent his name to the fräulein by a servant, and very soon she came to him, her face aglow with interest, for she supposed he brought news.

"What is it?" she questioned, eagerly. "Why do you come? Something has happened, then?"

She scanned his face, and noted the tenseness of its lines. "You have

news—bad news. But tell me at once."

"Bad? No—hardly—that is as it may be," the captain stammered. Then he spoke with sudden passion.

"Tell me, fräulein, are you to marry this count, this toy king of your father's?"

At the words Annetta recoiled in dismay, for there was something of wildness in the captain's tone that frightened her. But the shock of fear was brief. After it came indignation. Her form straightened and stiffened, her face grew haughty, the mouth closed firmly, the eyes shone steel-like. A few seconds she stared scornfully at the man who dared demand so rudely. Then she spoke, coldly, disdainfully.

"Your manner displeases me. You strangely forget yourself, Captain Tanner."

"No," the captain interrupted, "I do not forget myself—nor you. I remember myself and my dreams, fräulein. What I have just heard has maddened me—that you are to marry this pretender to royal dignity. At once I came to you, to offer you my aid. I know your father, his imperious will, how he would coerce you, fit you into his plots, sacrifice your happiness to his audacious schemes for great power and riches. But I, fräulein—I will save you. I do not fear your father now; I know his plans too well. I will save you, fräulein—at the sacrifice of personal ambition, if need be; yes, at whatever cost—at all cost, Annetta, for I—I love you!"

"You! you love me!" The girl shrank back, amazed. "You love me! How——"

But again the captain interrupted: "Yes, Annetta, I love you, and well as a man may."

He spoke with the warmth of sincere passion. Evidently, the love he spoke was no simulated thing, but a true emotion, dominant, complete. His eyes shone with it, so that the single flaw in his face vanished for the moment, and he stood handsome, manly, a splendid figure of the lover in tender appeal.

But the girl gave no heed to these details. Rather, she was ruled by a feeling of bitter anger that this servant of her father dared thus address her. She knew too well the baron's scorn for his tool. Often it had roused her sympathy for its object, but now—now that he presumed to speak as if he were her equal—faugh! she shuddered with disgust, as if a groom had attempted a caress.

"And I have dared to hope," the captain continued, with the blindness of a lover, "for your eyes have looked tenderly in mine. I, Annetta, know your heart, and I will save you." He advanced a step, and spoke softly. "Oh, answer but the dear 'yes'—your promise that will make me the gladdest of men—and I will turn your father from this purpose of your marriage with the count. I can make him yield, and I will! Everything else can be the same; the revolution can go on; the count can rule, under the advice of your father and myself. Your position as my wife will be high enough to satisfy your ambition. And, before all else, you will be happy in your love."

Then, at last, the imperious temper of the autocrat blazed forth in the fräulein's words:

"Your wife! You insult me, sir! You dare speak words of love to me? Leave this room and this house, and never presume to speak to me again."

She turned toward the door, but the captain sprang before her, so that she could not pass. At her words he had whitened in anguish, but as she moved from him, wrath leaped in his heart; the love he had nourished was mingled with hate, so that he grew brutal, with cowardly courage.

"You'll not leave me yet, fräulein. I have more to say, and you shall listen. I do not fear your temper, nor your frowns—" for the girl looked at him with so much of superb indignation that one less passioned must have quailed. "No, no, you shall hear me! It is best that you should—for the sake of your father and his manikin, as well as for your own sake."

Frau von Tollen, searching for Annetta, pushed aside the curtains that separated the salon from an antechamber, and would have entered, when the intensity of the captain's words arrested her. The two were near the door opening on the *patio;* the captain had his back toward the newcomer; the fräulein was too absorbed to notice the entrance. The duenna stood still in dismay, hesitating whether to advance or to retreat.

While she paused irresolute, the captain continued his speech, and the nature of it held her absorbed.

"What! you treat me thus? as your father would, perhaps! Not so fast, Annetta. You would better consider. You are not now in Austria, nor even in London. No, you are in Leutala, where your father and your fiancé are plotting against the government; where, if you please, I can cause their arrest and imprisonment, their death —for high treason! Oh, you grow pale now. Well, let me tell you, I owe your father much, very much; and I owe your lover more! But, oh, fräulein, surely you could love me?"

His voice had softened; he paused, and again the fires of passion flamed from his eyes. Before she could divine his purpose, he had caught her in his arms and was raining hot kisses on her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth.

By an effort of despair the girl tore herself from him, quivering, convulsed, in an agony of shame. She stood an instant tottering—one hand clutched her bosom, the other waved toward him.

"You — you — scoundrel!" she gasped, and fell, fainting.

The captain stood by her, his face alight with the evil hate of thwarted desire.

"So be it!" he said aloud, though he knew her ears were deaf to his words. "At least I'll have revenge on the baron for his treatment of me —as if I were a dog; on the count, for daring to rob me of the one thing on earth I cared for; on her, for her scorn. Yes, I'll ride straight to the governor, and tell him—everything! Within two hours they'll be shut in the fortress, the three of them. Yes, I'll have one joy—the only one that remains—revenge!"

And after a last look at the lovely face so white and still, one last look in which were love and hate, but chiefly hate, the captain turned and went out of the room.

## XIV

THE duenna remained motionless, her eyes dilated, her breath gasping, until she heard the scramble of horse's hoofs on the pavement as the captain galloped out of the *patio.* Then she shrieked loudly and sprang to the side of Annetta.

In a moment all was confusion; the servants came running, and with them Marie, who promptly set about legitimate means of restoration, with the result that Annetta was quickly brought back to consciousness. A glass of spirits so strengthened her that she insisted on rising and sitting in a chair.

Marie sent away the gaping servants, and eagerly begged an explanation. When she had heard, her rage was good to see.

"Wait until Jean knows!" she exclaimed; "he will horsewhip the cur. That he should dare!"

But the duenna now interposed:

"Your brother, the count, he may horsewhip the fellow—or he may not —I do not attempt to be positive— that is I might be positive but I do not care to affirm—I hope you will think just as you choose—he is a villain this captain—that is I would say he was if I did not think better to say he is not a villain—of course I do not declare anything."

The old lady paused, though her lips moved in continuing ambiguities. Then, for a moment, she rested silent. When she spoke again it was in a voice new to her hearers:

"The man is a traitor. Once I spoke evil, when I meant good. Since, I have never really spoken anything. Now I speak again, clearly, positively. The man is a traitor! He thought

himself alone with you unconscious, Annetta, and he said he would ride straight to the governor, and tell everything — that your father, the count, and you, all of us, might be instantly imprisoned. He has gone for his revenge!"

The effect of her words was instantaneous, overwhelming. Never had the fräulein heard aught but meaningless babble from her aunt's lips—nor had Marie. Now the duenna spoke sharply, insistently.

Annetta sprang to her feet.

"They must be warned!"

"But how?" questioned Marie.

"We have the advantage of the time it will take him to communicate with the governor, a half-hour at least, probably more."

"We can ride. Shall I order the horses?"

"No; better than that, the automobile."

Marie clapped her hands gaily. "Oh, yes, and you as *chauffeuse!* You are more daring than I." And she ran to order the machine.

"You must come with us," Annetta said to Frau von Tollen. "Put on a wrap. Hurry, please."

Within three minutes the automobile was running swiftly and smoothly away from the capital toward Carre.

## XV

THE baron had just returned from an expedition into the country when the automobile stopped before the house in which the conspirators had their headquarters.

The duenna remained in the machine, while Annetta and Marie got out quickly. The baron met them at the door.

"Where is the count?" Annetta asked.

"He is within." The baron opened the door of the council-room and looked in. "May we enter, sir?" he asked, courteously. "Yes," to his daughter, "he is here. Come."

The two girls stepped into the room. Marie ran to her brother, and threw her arms about his neck.

But Annetta wasted no time in embraces.

"The captain is a cur and a traitor," she said. "He is even now with the governor at Bonio, telling him everything." Then to her father, "This afternoon he made love to me, and threatened me. Yes, he dared!"

"He! he—*A fene egya meg maggat!* Tanner, I'll kill you!"

The baron was apoplectic. He cared much for wealth and glory, but he cared most of all for his daughter; and, too, the pride of the aristocrat was touched. For the moment he forgot the sovereignty of Leutala.

"He—he dared speak so to you, that *canaille!* I—I will kill him!"

"Yes, surely yes," Annetta answered, soothingly. "But at this moment we must thwart the scoundrel's plan of revenge. We have come to warn you. There is yet a little time before the governor's agents can come. How shall we escape?"

There was a knock at the door, and Ensley strode into the room, to stop amazed at sight of the ladies.

"How now, your majesty?" he questioned, gaily. "You are holding court to-day?"

"Not to-day, or ever, I fear," the count answered, drily; and in a moment he had told all.

"I'll keep out of jail for the single purpose of killing that ruffian," the baron stormed.

"Yes; but how? Every station will be watched; every possible means of flight guarded by the police," the count objected.

Ensley went over to Marie, and took her hand in his.

"Get horses," he said to the baron, "and we'll ride to Taneuria. Once there we are safe."

"How?" the count again questioned.

"Ah," Ensley drawled, "I believe in viewing all sides of a question. So I considered the possibilities of an accident in the baron's plans, and provided for it—so far as I might. Before I left Cowes I ordered my captain to bring the yacht down to Taneuria and hold it there awaiting

orders. Once aboard, we can snap our fingers at your disgusting commander-in-chief."

The baron stepped to Ensley, and wrung his hand.

"I'll live to kill him!" he cried. "Now we must have horses brought at once."

"No," Annetta interposed, as the baron started to leave the room. "There are only six of us; the machine will carry us, and it is faster. It is well equipped for the journey, the distance is less than twenty miles—only I do not know the road."

"But I do," Ensley declared. "I took pains to ride up the other day, just for the sake of knowing. The yacht is there. I know the road—so let's be off."

The count sighed. Here was adieu to the dream of sovereignty, and man does not cheerfully relinquish the hope of empire. But his eyes fell on Annetta, and he took heart of happiness. After all, the fräulein remained, and what domain were nobler than the fair realm of her soul? Here he might rule supreme—aye, the better that no other sway would demand his care.

He went to her and took her hands in his.

"You can forgive all this failure?" he said.

"There is no failure—if you love me," she answered. And a supreme joy throbbed in his spirit, even in this hour of dismay.

## XVI

TEA was being served on the deck of the yacht the next afternoon. Already the fear of capture had passed, and as the yacht darted toward England, the party were not altogether disconsolate. The baron, with his usual mercurial buoyancy, was flying here and there, occupied with a dozen different concerns, from superintending the tea-making to regulating the exact course at the wheel. In the intervals his brain rioted in new schemes. Typical revolutionist that he was, his own inordinate ambition inflamed him with persistent desire to embroil his fellows in the horrors of civil strife. And yet he was always, like most of his ilk, blind to his own egotism—he regarded himself, perhaps, as a belligerent Messiah, come to save the nations by war!

"I believe I'll regenerate Turkey," was his most frequent thought. "The Sultan knows me well, and is friendly. There are great things to be done there. And I'll be alone in it. I'll let Annetta marry the count. After all, he's a good chap, and they love each other. Curious she should love him! And I won't have any marplot commander-in-chief. *Kutya!* I wonder how long the captain will live after the moment I set eyes on him again!"

Annetta and the count sat in neighboring chairs, and conversed tenderly.

"We will be married very soon," the lover pleaded.

"Oh, not too soon," the fräulein objected, and a blush warmed the beauty of her face.

"And—and, Jean," she continued, hesitatingly, "I am afraid."

"Afraid, sweetheart? How? Of what?"

"Of you; for you—have been—deceived!"

The blush had faded, and her face was very pale. The lustrous eyes shone wistfully on him, a hint of despair in their violet depths.

"I do not understand," the count said, gently. "Who has deceived me?"

There was a long silence. Then he spoke again:

"Do not tell me more, if it troubles you. I have no care for anything else, if only you love me."

"Oh, I do—you know that. It is my love that makes it so hard to reveal our—my father's—my—treachery! But you must know it—then you will loathe me!"

"Good God! loathe you! Oh, Annetta, my dearest, you must not doubt me so. Nothing can alter my love."

"Ah, that is my one hope. Listen."

There was another long pause. Then, suddenly, the fräulein spoke, swiftly, without pause, her eyes downcast:

"My father looked through all Europe for the man to suit his schemes in Leutala. You were the single one that satisfied all his needs. He fixed on you. He determined to secure your consent, and to secure it absolutely, irrevocably, through me. I was to be the decoy. He found out that your affections were not fixed. He believed you might love me. But to make it sure he resolved on strategy to rouse your interest and to hold it. He is like that. He had you watched. He planned to begin operations the night you went to the Alhambra. When you entered the music-hall word came to us at once, and we followed. You noticed me there—to my father's delight. Then, at once, he determined on the ruse we used. He sent me off alone to Barnat House, a place he had just rented. It was all a farce. And you were so tender, so resolute, so chivalrous to me!"

The count turned and looked steadily for a moment toward the baron.

"Sometime," he said, thoughtfully, "I must tell your father that he had no right thus to compromise a daughter for the sake of his ambitions."

His eyes came back to the girl's face. "And you?" he questioned softly.

"I? Oh, I gave no thought to the shame of it all. I was only a foolish girl. To me it was an escapade, reckless, amusing—not evil. And I loved no one, and I thought it a fine thing to be a queen. And—and I—that night I did not mind at all; I fancied myself *Juliet* on her balcony, and you my *Romeo*. And—I—I liked you, even then, at the first. But afterward—I—oh, it was dreadful! I felt that I did not deserve your respect—and I grew to love you so!"

The fräulein paused. Two tears stole from the curved lashes, and shone prismatic in the sunlight ere they fell. The count glanced about him hastily.

Ensley and Marie, with the boldness of acknowledged lovers, had mysteriously disappeared; the baron was just vanishing down the companion-way; Frau von Tollen was dozing by the rail, with her back toward them; there was no one else near.

The count took Annetta in his arms and kissed her. He was undaunted by the revelation, for, as he made known to his wife long after, he had had his suspicions concerning this romantic adventure, but love had healed the wound to vanity.

"I think I shall do my cycle of music-dramas," he said, musingly. "But," he added, with decision, "I *know* I shall be the happiest of men."

"And I the happiest of women."

"So, after all, I'm not a hero," murmured the count, with feigned sadness.

"You are my hero always!" cried Annetta.

## THE MOON AND THE CITY

I DO not wonder, pale nun of the skies,
Above the serried roof-tops looking down,
That thou in clouds shouldst strive to veil thine eyes,
And shut from out thy sight the tinseled town!

For Crime now creeps from out its gloomy lair,
Seeking, where'er it may, its evil aim;
And down the street and through the crowded square
In her bedizened arrogance walks Shame!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## RED ROSE OF MARGARET

By Richard Le Gallienne

RED rose of Margaret,
Here in my book you lie,
Red as her lips and fragrant yet,
Dead rose that can never die;
Margaret gathered one red rose, and another red rose I.

"As long as any rose is red
On this little rose-hung tree,
As long as willow leaves are green,
Shall I be true to thee."
So vowed I unto Margaret and Margaret unto me.

"As long as this little stream shall run
Through the quiet willows here,
Out of the shadow into the sun,
Shall Margaret be dear;
Yea, though the stream should dry and the willows die, and the grass grow sere.

"Yet should I not forget,
Though the sun should fail,
The holy face of Margaret,
Pale as a pearl is pale;
And change shall change all else, but over this it shall not prevail.

"And as true as I to Margaret
To me shall Margaret be,
And some day we shall stand again
By that little rose-hung tree,
And each, with a rose in the hand, shall say: 'I was faithful unto thee.'"

## A BAD CHOICE

"I'M afraid," muttered the solitary wheelman to himself, "that I've struck the wrong road. I thought when I passed the fork that the other one——"

Rising and brushing the gravel from his clothes, he continued:

"—looked softer!"

# THE PILGRIMAGE OF LUCY

By Gertrude F. Lynch

LUCY PROCTOR'S love-affair—the one of her lifetime—culminated in a letter. This letter was by no means the usual and sentimental one of an *affaire de cœur*. It was neither appealing, alluring, nor forgiving. It was merely interrogative and emotional, the reason for this lying in the fact that the person to whom the letter was addressed was not the party of the second part. Lucy was too proud for that. The reserve of a long line of ancestors was hers; hers also that stoical calm which suffers and conceals. But the emotions of the young must have an outlet; one may dam the stream and keep the waters pent, but when the storm comes there will be an overflow. Periodical tempests had passed through the serenity of Lucy's spiritual atmosphere, and would have left her stranded and hopeless, had it not been for the relief of a confessional. The possibility of finding surcease from sorrow by this means had occurred to her through the medium of a school friend years before, who had salved a pin-prick of guilt by a visit to a priest. Such a proceeding was impossible to Lucy, by reason of her upbringing. The fact that as an overstrained body is relieved by science, so may the soul recuperate by the aid of another's experience, remained unrealized by her, until one day she picked up *The Ladies' Magazine* in her sister's room, and read "Aunt Mary's" column of advice and suggestions to her correspondents.

Here "Aunt Mary" told "Anxious Subscriber," "Admirer," "One Who Waits," "Silence" or "Coy" how to make a five-year-old poplin look like one fresh from the loom; whether soup should be served from a tureen or the kitchen; and if it was proper for a young woman, who had been escorted home twice from "meeting" by the same young man, to show him that his attentions were not absolutely repulsive by giving him a crocheted tie.

It was in the throes of a spiritual doubt that Lucy had first consulted "Aunt Mary." "Aunt Mary" answered her letter—signed "Extreme Ignorance"—with terse phrases. "The only way to overcome fear is to meet it bravely. Your inclination and duty point the way; follow it." And Lucy promptly followed.

The second time she implored advice was on the occasion of her graduation—having come to a crossroads of opinion with her sister in regard to her gown, the latter inclining toward cherry bows, while Lucy preferred blue. "Your personal prejudice should not weigh in this matter," wrote "Aunt Mary." "You should gratefully receive the advice of a senior. Learn early the lesson to be humble to those who are your superiors in age and experience." And Lucy graduated in cherry bows.

She did not hear from "Aunt Mary" again until, nearly a year later, the momentous question of renovating the same gown arose. She followed a favorite recipe by "Aunt Mary," for which she paid the magazine twenty-five cents. The bows looked as good as new after their rejuvenation, and she felt the usual thrill of gratitude toward her unknown friend. Thereafter she referred more frequently her domestic

problems and those of social import to this oracle.

As her life approached its most emotional stage, a certain Andrew Burnside became the chief figure against the background of sentiment, and her interrogations grew insistent. She poured out her soul to "Aunt Mary," and never did Delphian decrees receive more obedient attention than did the laconic sentences in the column that guided her wavering impulses.

"It is not unmaidenly," said "Aunt Mary" in one dictum, "to show a liking for the attentions of the other sex at your age; it is most natural. But be careful; do not show your pleasure too keenly. The mystery of a woman's real feeling is ever an incentive to a man."

It was after reading this that Lucy accepted the escort of one Wesley Roberts to a church "social," and met Andrew's frown of puzzled reproach with carefully veiled joy.

A year later "Aunt Mary" was still dealing out advice to "Extreme Ignorance" in regard to Andrew. "Do not be unduly depressed," she wrote, cheerily. "The situation is certainly serious, but not 'desperate,' as you state. Marriage is a lifelong contract; it should not be entered into with unseemly haste. He may wish only to be sure of himself—and of you.

"I am glad you did not take any of the elderberry wine he offered you on the drive. A woman should never allow wine to profane her lips. He was probably trying you, and respects you for your refusal.

"Perhaps, as you suggest, it would be well for you to accept occasional attentions from Wesley Roberts—not too frequently. Let him understand, by all means, that your feeling is only a friendly one. A woman can do this easily, and you owe it to him to have no misunderstanding in the matter. Do not flaunt his attentions, and if you feel that instead of bringing Andrew to the point, it alienates him, stop at once."

"I can't believe," wrote "Aunt Mary" another time, "that the girl from the city, whom you say Andrew is with constantly, really smokes. Do not believe the gossip of a small place, which is usually malicious and ill-founded. No lady smokes! I am sorry that Andrew is so vacillating; but be patient. Treat him a little coolly; let him see that you are not to be taken up and dropped at will. A man respects a woman who respects herself; and, above all, be patient, modest and retiring in your manner. Men love those qualities."

Lucy's elder sister, a spinster dressmaker, had watched the girl grow thin and pale under the stress of disappointment, but did not dare show by word or deed any consciousness of this suffering. An order for a trousseau had come in, and she could see Lucy wince whenever the subject of the wedding was uppermost. "I'll make my preparations a little early for the city trip," she determined; "that'll give her a change. There's nothing like a new sky for a broken heart."

She whipped her needle viciously through the seam as she made this determination. "Men are all alike—selfish, vain creatures, carried away by every new face. That city girl at the Plimptons' can't compare with Lucy. Curious you can't get Lucy to say a word about her! Yes, we'll go to New York next week."

The date set for this project came, the tickets were bought, commissions undertaken and all preparations made; but at the last moment the little seamstress collapsed. "You'll have to go alone, Lucy," she insisted, forgetting her own suffering at sight of her sister's face. "You know the way to the boarding-house and the stores, and I don't dare put the trip off any longer, for I've got that trousseau to finish and I must have the trimmings—the bride won't be satisfied with anything else."

At another time Lucy might have demurred, but this reference to the coming wedding crystallized her decision. Fate had perhaps given her this unexpected freedom for a pur-

pose. On her heart rested the last letter from "Aunt Mary"—a personal one in answer to her soul's outpouring.

"My poor, dear child," it commenced; and then followed four closely written pages of sympathy and advice. "It is woman's lot to suffer. . . . Be brave and strong. Misfortune develops our strength," and the like.

Lucy had read and wept over the letter, until only eyes trained to its chirographic mysteries could have deciphered its meaning through the blots and tearstains. The heading—that of a semi-fashionable apartment-house, and the boldly traced signature, "Mary Lascelles," were all that could be discerned clearly.

Andrew was on the platform as Lucy took the train, and she saw him take a seat at the extreme end of another car. "I suppose he is going to see her," she thought, miserably; and then, to divert her mind, she drew "Aunt Mary's" letter from her dress, and read it for the hundredth time.

She found the boarding-house without difficulty, although, as usual, she was confused by the hurry and turmoil of the streets. The next morning she rose and took breakfast as early as the rules of the establishment would permit; then she started for the shops. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before she finished. At once she went back to the house, changed her ribbons, brushed her hair, and having inquired her way, started bravely for the America, the apartment-house "Aunt Mary" had given as her address.

The impersonal had answered her need for a long time. By its aid emotional crises had been prevented from overpowering. The natural weakness of her character had been propped, her waverings directed into proper channels. But she longed now for something nearer, something more personal, the withdrawal of interventions. The desire of meeting the clasp of friendly hands, of perhaps laying her head on a motherly breast, of seeing tender eyes framed in snowy locks impelled her with resistless power. There were seconds when the morbid fear of self-betrayal—inheritance from Puritan habits—withheld, but the need of sympathy was greater than this reserve.

Her heart beat to the point of suffocation as she ran up the steps that led to the apartment-house entrance. She felt the color flaming in her cheeks, and an inner voice seemed to beat in monotonous repetition, "Go on! Go on! . . . Go back! Go back!" Various acts performed only in moments of nervous dread were repeated. She twisted the loose locks at the back of her neck, buttoned and unbuttoned a glove, crossed and uncrossed her fingers, and fumbled the clasp of her reticule. The blue-coated boy waited for her questions. She stammered, then said:

"Is it Miss or Mrs. Lascelles who lives here?"

"Miss," he answered, curtly; "but she's out."

"Out!" The possibility of that misfortune had not occurred to her. She had never thought of "Aunt Mary" as an ordinary human being, subject to the routine of life—rather as one permanent in habit, restful, only waiting for the reception of the penitent and the heart-stricken.

"You don't know when she'll be back?"

"Didn't say; she ain't very reg'lar."

Two young women about to enter the elevator saw her perplexity, and one of them said, "You are looking for Miss Lascelles?"

Lucy blushed furiously, while she murmured a half-articulate assent, wondering if they suspected the motive of her visit.

"I think," the young woman went on, "you'll find her at Raquita's; she usually dines there."

"Raquita's?"

"Yes, on Sixteenth street, middle of the block; you can't miss it; it's only a short walk."

"Would she be alone?" Lucy ventured, timidly.

"I think so," the girl said, conscious at last of her questioner's embar-

rassment. "It's a very small place, and not at all expensive. You can get a good dinner there for fifty cents. If you are a stranger it may interest you, and lots of women go there without escorts."

Lucy thanked her, and went out, turning her steps in the direction indicated. No irresolution stayed her now. Having put her hand to the plough, she felt no inclination to turn back, and it seemed even easier to get a first glimpse of "Aunt Mary" in a public place from a retired corner than, at an opportune moment, to introduce herself as the "Extreme Ignorance" of their long correspondence, or, perhaps without a word, to hand her the tear-stained document now hidden in her gown.

Raquita's was in the basement of a furnished-room house. One entered by means of an electric bell and a few stone steps, which showed the marks of hungry feet. A small girl greeted the visitor, and held the door open while she passed into a narrow corridor guiltless of decoration, its walls blackened with smoke, its oilcloth showing but faint shadows of the original design. At the right was a moderate-sized room, with a dozen tables, at some of which sat diners in couples or trios. Broken sticks of grisini, brownish-white serviettes, claret-stained cloths, banana skins and bottles gowned in straw marked some of the unoccupied places. Two or three men sat tilted back in their chairs, smoking, and talking in a foreign tongue. Sometimes they returned to normal poise that they might emphasize their remarks by pounding on the table. A tall woman in a big hat, whose hands sparkled with gems, was illustrating an anecdote with fan-like gestures to a stout, bald-headed man, who sipped absinthe while he nodded. A few colored prints were pinned to the wallpaper. From the door one could catch glimpses of an inner room, and beyond that, of the kitchen, where a couple of men in once white aprons dissected fowl and piled fruit in towering clusters.

Lucy stood at the entrance, fascinated and horror-struck. She must have made a mistake! But no, there was the name on the door, "Raquita's," and the number and street corresponded with the direction given. Her embarrassment passed unnoticed, for the diners, after cursory glances in her direction, resumed their chat.

The Raquitas, signor and signora, greeted her with effusion. Would she take a corner table? Did she prefer the inner room? Did she expect somebody to join her? Would she like to sit in the garden? It was very pleasant there now, and to-night, for a wonder, there were actually a couple of chairs vacant.

Her face brightened a little—anything but this tobacco-reeking place, with its repellent remnants of food.

"I would like the garden," she answered, with a weary smile. Of a sudden she felt strangely fatigued.

"Alessandro, show the lady to the garden—the seat near the bench, you know."

A small boy, of precocious dignity, presentiment of the coming restaurateur, preceded her through the inner room, and up some steps into the usual back-yard enclosure of the downtown New York house.

In the centre of the place was a small earth mound with a few scraggly geraniums, and about it tables were set with places for two, four or five. The family wash hung limply across one corner of the yard, while the lead-colored, towering walls of the neighboring houses, with their iron fire-escapes and balconies, looked like the scenery of a vaudeville sketch. At the further end of the enclosure was a wooden bench overtopped by an upright cross, and near this Alessandro seated Lucy, drawing out her chair, unfolding her serviette, and paying other attentions in an unobtrusive manner.

She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, taking in the scene with wide-open, astonished eyes. Some of the men had removed their coats, and displayed outing shirts and gay-col-

ored scarfs. In number the masculine sex predominated.

In the opposite corner from her a tall girl in scarlet, with artificial poppies in her hair, was lighting a cigarette; an elderly man at another table was sticking tapers of Chinese incense into the thick pieces of bread at his party's places, and lighting them gravely; a young man and woman at the centre table were holding the ends of a long stick of grisini in their mouths and biting slowly toward each other. The jests and laughter were continual; introductions were dispensed with; occasionally an impromptu speech would be made and loudly applauded.

Little Alessandro placed at her elbow a small bottle of *vin ordinaire*, while she studied the details of the strange menu.

Near her was a table for five, with the chairs tipped forward. Alessandro, having completed his wine and bread mission, intercepted a party who approached this table, saying, "You can't sit there, please; that's reserved for Miss Lascelles."

At that name Lucy's benumbed faculties were roused. Her heart grew lighter; she had feared—she knew not what. Of course, when "Aunt Mary" came, it would be all right; she would rebuke this crowd of wine-bibbers and cigarette-smokers; her very presence would shame them into propriety. She nibbled a piece of bread, took a few mouthfuls of soup, and felt better. She had eaten nothing since morning.

There was a stir at the entrance; everyone looked up, expectantly, and then greeted the arrivals with shouts of welcome. The girl in scarlet took a poppy from her hair, and threw it across, right in the path of the newcomer; a tall man loosened the blue tie from his collar and swung it exultantly while he shouted, "*Voilà la reine! Voilà la reine!*" At the centre table the party rose and drank the health of the young woman, who, escorted by four men, went from corner to corner, greeting those she knew with word or smile, and looking at the strangers with curiosity.

She was a petite blonde. Her gown of yellow, low cut, showed dainty shoulders; her hair, a little darker at the roots than the end would seem to justify, was caught up lightly with a shell comb; gold beads, big as walnuts, encircled her throat; and over either ear a yellow rose hung alluringly. All the light in the garden seemed to focus on her; the other women appeared insignificant, she was so alive with the mere joy of existence.

Little Alessandro moved her chair back from the table and said, gravely, as he kissed her hand: "This is your chair, Miss Mary." The four men ranged themselves on either side.

"Give me a cigarette, Freddy," she said to one of her guard, as she seated herself. "I can't eat a bite till I've smoked. I wrote six pages this afternoon to a young woman up in Herkimer County, who had confided to me that she couldn't bring herself to the point of telling her young man how she used to smoke her brother's cigarettes, and that she didn't feel right about marrying till she had confessed the crime."

"What did you tell her?" asked the young man called Freddy, as he handed her his cigarette-case.

"Oh, to confess, by all means. A woman like that would be sure to talk in her sleep."

"Here's to our 'Aunt Mary,'" shouted one of the four men, raising his glass, which had just been refilled. "May she live long, and, like the sign-post, point the way—but never go herself."

The rest laughed, while Miss Lascelles bowed in mock confusion.

There are moments in life when some event deadens the nerves. Lucy suffered no more; she was numb all over. She gazed at the party apathetically, and listened to their lively talk without any particular understanding. She ate slowly; the mere moving of her knife and fork seemed a burden. Once the young man facing Miss Lascelles terminated the only

pause of the evening by saying, irrelevantly, "Ah, by the way, 'Aunt Mary,' what has become of 'Extreme Ignorance' and her false, fleeting, perjured Clarence?"

"Oh, I haven't heard since my last letter. If Andrew doesn't come to time, I should think one of you might sacrifice yourself for the cause."

"It's up to you, Jim," laughed one.

"Age before beauty," quickly responded Jim, to a third.

"Oh, she's too good for me; I don't believe in violent contrasts in a family."

Lucy put out her hand, blindly, and her fingers clasped the stem of the goblet filled with *vin ordinaire*. She raised it to her lips, and drank thirstily.

Alessandro, with catlike tread, approached, and filled the glass anew. A moment later, with dulled senses, Lucy drank again.

The garden was now deserted. The Lascelles party was the last to leave. Lucy remembered, afterward, wondering why the chairs and the tables went with them, and if the furniture in Italian gardens always followed the departing guests.

She did not hear Signora Raquita's kindly voice: "Poor child! She was hot, and the wine went to her head. It's good we've got the front room vacant. Help me, Raymond, to take her up-stairs. Bring her bag, Alessandro; it has slipped off her belt—and don't open it."

Next morning Lucy had just time to get to the train. She came into the station breathless.

She had waked with a headache; but the motherly attentions of the signora had soothed her. The garden looked rather homelike, with the morning sun in it; and the Raquitas' airy treatment of the situation did much to soothe her humiliation.

There was a familiar figure at the door of the waiting-room. Andrew's face brightened at her approach. "I was just getting worried about you," he said. He spoke as if there had never been any misunderstanding between them.

"Worried?" she stammered.

"Yes, I heard at the store you were going to N'York alone; and, as I had some business here, I took a day off. I was afeered somethin' might happen to you; there's queer places in N'York a girl don't know 'bout."

"I suppose so, Andrew." Lucy palpitated. Something in his face and voice brought assurance of happiness.

She gave him her bag and umbrella; and clutching her many bundles, followed shyly as he led the way to the car.

## "MY LADY PLAYS WITH HEARTS"

MY lady plays with hearts, as children play
With bubbles in the sunlight—glad, they take
The colors of the rainbow, shot with gold;
They sail a little while—and then they break.

Princess, blow soft, blow true, blow steadfastly;
Rich in rare beauty floats this love of mine,
Clear of the earth beneath, a dreamer's prayer,
Gold as the sunrise, crimson as the wine.

So frail it is, spun thin of purple lights
And threads of sunset, yet, for your dear sake
'Twould keep its glory for a thousand years!
Blow soft, blow sweet—for, lo! the bubbles break.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

# UNDER THE ROSE

By Madison Cawein

HE told a story to her,
A story old, yet new;
And was it of the faëry folk
That dance along the dew?

The night was hung with silence
As a room is hung with cloth,
And soundless through the rose-sweet hush
Swooned dim the down-white moth.

Along the east a shimmer,
A tenuous breath of flame,
From which, as from a bath of light,
Nymph-like, the girl-moon came.

And pendent in the purple
Of heaven, like fireflies,
Bubbles of gold the great stars blew
From windows of the skies.

He told a story to her,
A story full of dreams;
And was it of the elfin things
That haunt the thin moonbeams?

Upon the hill a thorn-tree,
Crooked and gnarled and gray,
Against the moon seemed some crutch'd hag,
Dragging a child away.

And in the vale a runnel,
That dripped from shelf to shelf,
Seemed, in the dark, a woodland witch
Who muttered to herself.

Along the land a zephyr,
Whose breath was wild perfume,
That seemed a sorceress who wove
Sweet spells of beam and bloom.

He told a story to her,
A story young, yet old;
And was it of the mystic things
Man's eyes shall ne'er behold?

They heard the dew drip faintly
From out the green-cupped leaf;
They heard the petals of the rose
Unfolding from their sheaf.

They saw the wind light-footing
The waters into sheen;
They saw the starlight kiss to sleep
The blossoms on the green.

They heard and saw these wonders;
These things they saw and heard;
And other things within the heart,
For which there is no word.

He told that story to her
The world ne'er tires of;
Whose echoes fill the ages past—
The story men call Love.

## WHERE THE TROUBLE WAS

MAUDE—Why don't you speak to Mabel now, my dear?

ALICE—I told her I was going to have a secret wedding with Harry, and asked her not to tell anybody.

MAUDE—And did she?

ALICE—Not a soul, the mean thing!

## LOVE UNUTTERED

AS if within the sylvan centre of the land,
There were a nameless lake no sail had ever fanned;
As if amidst that lake a wooded island showed;
As if within that isle a spring in silence flowed;
As if within a dell this spring kept ever green;
A flower shot forth—as if within the flower, unseen,
A drop of dew reposed—so many times removed,
So secret, and so safe, so lone and all improved,
Is Love Unuttered! In the constant heart it lies,
All darkling, fresh and pure, as night-dew from the skies,
Ere yet it meets the ardent morning's thousand eyes!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR

"HOW the wind blows!"

"It wouldn't be wind if it didn't."

# A MORNING SHOWER

By H. E. Hepner

LOUIS LATOUR had just finished his breakfast, had looked over the morning papers, and was now ready to open the letters that his valet had silently brought in on a silver salver and had placed on the table, within easy reach of the gentleman's hand.

One long, aristocratic finger sorted the little pile of missives. Recognizing the various handwritings, Mr. Latour was not much interested in learning the contents of the letters. But his languid, blasé mien suddenly changed when he reached the bottom one, the sight of which seemed to strike him with amazement. It had evidently experienced rough usage, and must have been handled by many dirty hands, for it was soiled and crumpled. He stared at it for a second or two, then seized it, felt it between his fingers as if to make sure of its reality, and again glared at its superscription. Now his hand trembled visibly; he rubbed his eyes and beat his forehead to convince himself that he was awake, that this was not a hideous dream, a nightmare of madness. His very soul was filled with horror.

"I must be insane," he muttered. "This cannot be from Rosie! Rosie is dead—dead these three years! How can I allow a slight similarity in two handwritings to affect me like this? Surely, I am not myself!"

He raised the ebony paper-cutter to open the envelope, but again he hesitated. The postmark was Brisbane, Australia, and the date March 30; which allowed just sufficient time for a letter to travel across the Pacific Ocean and the continent of North America.

It had been in Torres Strait, now three years ago, that the wife of his heart had perished in a shipwreck while on her way to visit her parents and her old home in Melbourne.

At last he mustered courage enough to open the letter, and then he all but fainted, for this is what he read:

DEAREST HUBBY: I am saved! When you receive this letter, proceed at once to San Francisco to await my coming. You will, on inquiry at the general delivery in the post-office in that city, receive further news from me, and learn all about the rescue, of which I now have not the time to write. With love and a thousand kisses, I am

Your faithful wife,

ROSIE.

Mr. Latour looked round the pleasant, sunny morning-room of his country home; he could hardly have felt more perplexed and shocked if the lady, for whom he had grieved and mourned these three years, had suddenly presented herself before him. Without the faintest sensation of joy, Mr. Latour murmured mechanically, over and over again: "Rosie lives! Rosie is alive, and coming!"

For five years she had been his companion and partner; he had adored her with all the ardor of his manly heart. When she embarked on her pious pilgrimage he bade her a tearful farewell; and it then seemed to him as if his throbbing heart were torn from his bosom. Small wonder, therefore, that when the terrible report of the disaster came, his friends had to watch him day and night, for in the delirium of his despair he longed to kill himself —how could he ever live without his Rosie? For days and weeks

there was danger of his losing his mind, and it was months before he could realize his loss and become resigned to it. And now? All the anguish suffered during the first period of his bereavement seemed again to take possession of him.

He could not understand himself. He ought to be transported with delight; he ought to shout and dance with rapture over such an unheard-of, such an immeasurably great stroke of good fortune as had just befallen him. Was it the immensity of happiness that made him so confused, so chagrined that he felt like crying?

In the three years of his widowerhood he had gradually become reconciled to his lonely fate. That is why the letter caused such a tremendous revolution in his heart and head.

He began to reflect on what he ought to do, on what all the heroes of fiction would do, under such circumstances. He raised the sheet toward his lips; but it smelled too musty—he could not bring himself to kiss it. Then he closed his eyes, and tried to conjure a picture of his mourned-for spouse before his mental vision. Yes, in a week he would see her, would embrace her; but he could not in the least imagine how she would look. He stepped to his writing-desk, where he searched among old papers and letters for a photograph of her, and finally succeeded in discovering one. There was a small, faint, circular blot on it, where once a tear had dropped; he could not now remember whether from his own eyes or another's.

A multitude of questions began to agitate his mind. How had she been rescued? The ship had been in collision, had gone down, they said, with all on board. She must have been picked up by natives canoeing in search of plunder. And she must have been kept a prisoner by those savages in the wild coast region, by people who consider themselves well clothed when they have an old cuff about an ankle or a suspender-strap for a necklace.

Again he reproached himself for not being more elated over the wondrous good fortune he was experiencing. He must think only of his reunion with Rosie, and of nothing else. Thereat he tried to make himself believe that he was very, very happy, though his heart knew no such emotion. Soon his darling Rosie would again be with him! She would sit over there in that comfortable arm-chair, his favorite seat, and her merry laughter would ring through the quiet country house. Oh, no! That was all wrong. Rosie never liked to live in the country. During their married life she had insisted on living in the city. "Mr. Latour," he apostrophized himself, "you will have to give up your free and easy bachelor life in the country. You will have to take down all your trophies of hunting trips, your fishing-rods, your guns, of which she was always so much afraid, and all the rest of your sporting paraphernalia, and return to civilized city life. But in consideration of a reunion with your own precious Rosie, you will not mind these little sacrifices, though the season when outdoor life is most pleasant is just at hand."

Through the open window Mr. Latour heard the barking of a dog. He stepped out of the room, walked down the piazza steps and approached Uncas, a splendid Newfoundland. Mr. Latour petted the shaggy head. "When Rosie comes back," he said, mournfully, "and we are going to live in the city, I shall have to part from you, my dear old friend! I could not keep you in a hotel, nor in an apartment house—not even in a city house. Good old doggie, what delightful times we two have had together!"

The prospect of separating from his dog gave Latour a severe thrust of pain. But the happiness over the early return of his beloved Rosie——!

Mr. Latour walked through his little garden, his park and his orchard, in all of which he took so much pride. As he looked at the trees—among them many planted, if not by his own hands, at least under his

personal supervision—he felt as if all the joy and brightness of his life were being taken away from him. He would have to walk over hard, dusty stone pavements, instead of the fragrant, green, mossy turf. When confined within high walls, amid all the turmoil of city streets, how he would miss the birds and trees! But Rosie would be with him, his beautiful, sweet Rosie——!

He had planned to go abroad this Summer, to visit the Bayreuth festival. To him Wagner was the greatest genius of all times and arts. Rosie did not care for music, least of all for Wagner's. Often, when his friend and boon companion, Morris Brown, had called and brought with him the score of this or that of the master's works, Rosie had declared that it was no music, and if she did not flee from the house altogether to take refuge with some neighbor, she would retire into the farthest nook the place afforded, until the men, from sheer chivalry, desisted from playing. Gradually, Morris had ceased to call on that account, and the two men, who had been boys together, became estranged. Only since Latour had become a widower had their old intimacy been revived, and many an evening now they played together to their hearts' content. But these pleasant hours must again be relegated to memory. Of course, Rosie would compensate her "own hubby" for all these little privations——!

How long he had been sitting under his splendid old hemlocks, lost in sad contemplation of his future deprived of such little fancies and pet likings, he did not know. Suddenly his valet came toward him.

"The postman wishes to see you, sir. He has a registered letter for you."

"From Rosie!" Mr. Latour said to himself. "She is coming! She does not even wait for me to meet her in San Francisco!"

The letter the postman handed to him looked rather official. It bore the imprint of the American consulate at Brisbane, Australia; and the writing of the address was in a firm, manly hand. Mr. Latour contemplated it while walking slowly, thoughtfully, back to the house. There he sat down and read:

DEAR SIR: I just learn from the Rev. Mr. Holy, a missionary working among the blacks of Northern Queensland, that he recently found among the natives there a letter once entrusted to one of them by Mrs. Latour. It now appears that she did not perish with the other passengers of the S.S. *Torres*, when that vessel foundered in the strait, as we supposed at the time. She and a few others were rescued, though they all soon afterward succumbed to the fever that is always raging in the coast-district at that season.

The reverend father learned from the native that a lady, your wife, had entrusted a letter to him with money and instructions to post the message at the nearest station. But the fellow had kept the letter as a fetish, until Mr. Holy heard of it and finally induced the man to carry out the lady's order. Thus the letter was posted, and may have reached you in the meantime; but I deem it proper to explain to you the cause of the delay in its transmission.

I am, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
MARTIN DUSENBERRY, Consul.

At lunch-time Mr. Morris Brown called on Mr. Louis Latour. After greeting him cordially, he asked:

"Anything new?"

Louis shook Morris's hand again, with unusual warmth, but replied, without hesitation, "Nothing in particular!"

"You seem to be unusually bright and good-humored to-day. What has happened?"

"Nothing, I assure you! Only, this morning I thought we would have a shower—but the clouds rolled by!"

## SANCTUARY

THERE is not any pain too sharp to bear—
Nor any grief that I may heed or know,
Nor subtle, unprobed mysteries of woe,
That have the power to fright me; doubt and care
Bring no uncertain depths of dull despair,
And blackest moods no lasting pangs bestow—
Because, dear love, I only need to go
Where you await, and drop my burden there.

And as the fugitives of other days
Found rest and refuge at some holy shrine,
So do I find all happiness of mine
Within your presence, whose content allays
All sadness; here may naught but love endure:
My sanctuary—safe, and true, and sure!

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

## NOT TELEPATHY

"IT'S strange how quickly you can tell where some people are from. I hadn't been with that woman five minutes before I knew she was from Massachusetts."

"How did you know?"

"She told me."

## AFTER MANY DAYS

"AH, how it all comes home to me!"
The poet murmured, mournfully.
But let it from romance be stript—
It was rejected manuscript.

## WORTHY OF THEIR STEEL

MRS. ONDIT—Well, whom shall we pull to pieces this evening?

MRS. PARLAIT—Oh, somebody that's well connected.

# THE WORD OF THE GROUND PEOPLE

By Bliss Carman

WHO hath uttered the faint earth-whisper,
The rumor that spreads over ground,
The sign that is hardly a signal,
The sense that is scarcely sound?

Yet, listen, the earth is awake,
The magic of April is here;
The all but unobserved signal
Is answered from far and near.

Go forth in the morning and listen,
For the coming of life is good;
The lapsing of ice in the rivers,
The lisping of snow in the wood,

The murmur of streams in the mountains,
The babble of brooks in the hills,
And the sap of gladness running
To waste from a thousand stills.

Go forth in the noonday and listen;
An innumerable stir
Betrays the new life that is moving
In the houses of oak and fir.

A red squirrel chirrs in the balsam;
A fox barks down in the clove;
The bear comes out of his tree-bole
To sun himself, rummage and rove.

In the depth of his wilderness fastness
The beaver comes forth from his mound,
And the tiny creatures awake
From their long Winter sleep under ground.

Far comes the trumpeted call
Of the moose in the alder brush;
On the barrens the caribou, feeding
On the tender young twigs, breaks the hush.

Go forth in the twilight and listen
To that music fine and thin,
When the myriad marshy pipers
Of the April night begin.

Through reed-bed and swamp and shallow
The heart of the earth grows bold,
And the spheres in their golden singing
Are answered on flutes of gold.

One by one, down in the meadow,
Or up by the river shore,
The frail green throats are unstopped,
And inflated with joy once more.

O heart, canst thou hear and hearken,
Yet never an answer bring,
When thy brothers, the frogs in the valley,
Go mad with the burden of Spring?

So the old ardors of April
Revive in her creatures to-day—
The gladness that does not falter,
The longing that will not stay,

And the love that abides. Undoubting,
In the deeps of their ken they have heard
The ancient, unwritten decretal,
The lift of the joyous Word.

## LIMITATIONS

SHE—Then we are not rich enough to live as we like?

HE—Far from it. Suppose we were to live unextravagantly, for instance, how long would our credit last?

## A COSTLY VICTORY

CRAWFORD—He doesn't seem especially pleased over winning the automobile race.

CRABSHAW—That's because the prize didn't amount to enough to pay his fine and the damage he did.

## PRETTY BAD

"IS Mabel really so very ugly?"

"Well, it is true, my dear, that she is in demand among artistic photographers."

# IN ARCADIA

By Ruth Parsons Milne

"IF Milord would condescend," the landlady said, tentatively; and Lawrence turned with an indulgent smile. He had not yet ceased to be amused at being called Milord; but his French vocabulary had proved inadequate when it came to demonstrating to his hostess the difference between a democratic American and an English aristocrat. To Madame Bonsard, he who spoke English was an Englishman, and to be an Englishman was to be a Milord. "*Cela va sans dire*," madame had asserted, spreading her plump hands to heaven in an inimitable gesture of decision. So James Gordon Lawrence, citizen of the United States, author at large, humbled his American pride, and answered meekly to his enforced pseudonym.

"Milord will condescend to do anything except leave this piazza and this view," he said, amiably, looking out over the broad expanse of poppy-dotted field that lay in front of them, bordered by a strip of sand and the iridescent blue of the Summer ocean. Madame Bonsard beamed with pride.

"Milord admires the view?" she asked, deprecatingly. "He has, of course, seen many finer."

"Never," said Lawrence, emphatically, "nor a finer piazza. Your roses—" He sniffed luxuriously at the air, heavy with fragrance.

Madame Bonsard shrugged her shoulders. "Jean was born gardener," she said, half contemptuously. "All day it was: 'Marie, take my shears while I greet the guest who arrives;' 'find my coat, *ma femme*—I had it a moment since, when I was weeding.' At last I said: 'Jean, be a gardener, thou, and let me be hostess; if not, neither the flowers nor the inn will thrive.' So Jean rakes and digs and plants all day, busy as one of his bees — and the flowers prosper."

"To say nothing of the inn," added Lawrence, with a bow.

Madame Bonsard beamed again, then grew grave suddenly. "But," she said, "if Milord would condescend, there is a beast of a doctor here who speaks nothing but German. There is also an invalid—and Milord speaks German, is it not so?"

"About as well as I do French," said Lawrence, smiling; he was well aware of his deficiencies.

"Milord's French is of the best," cried the landlady, joyfully mendacious. "He will then consent to—to interpret the invalid and the doctor? There is no one else who speaks German," she added, hastily, seeing a frown of reluctance gathering on her guest's forehead.

Lawrence nodded a dubious consent. "If the invalid dies, do I escape?" he asked, reluctantly following madame out of the sunlight and rose-scented air into the oak-paneled coolness of the low-studded hall. There, in an attitude of resigned despair, sat the unfortunate doctor, surveying the tiny blaze on the hearth with melancholy gaze. And there, too, seated half-way up the broad oak stairway, also in an attitude of resigned despair, was a vision that took Lawrence's breath away, and left him staring in wide-eyed astonishment. How, in the name of all the gods, he wondered, had such a bit of Parisian

daintiness ever fallen into this out-of-the-way spot, where only artists in search of scenery, or authors in search of solitude, ever wandered?

Madame made an introductory sweep of an expressive hand. "The doctor," she said, after the fashion of a theatre-program; "mademoiselle, niece to the invalid; Milord, who will interpret."

The doctor rose clumsily, and the vision on the stairs gained its full height of five feet two, in time for a conventional curtsey in response to Lawrence's most effective bow.

"Madame your aunt is ill?" he inquired, with brilliancy, turning to the vision.

"Madame my aunt is a great sufferer," she replied, demurely. "She was recommended this place — and this doctor. The charms of the place were — underrated — " she shot a swift glance at Lawrence from beneath her eyelashes—"but they forgot to say that the doctor spoke only German. My aunt and I speak only French. *Nous voilà!*" and she made a tiny gesture of desperation. "If Milord would condescend—" she half-imitated Madame Bonsard's ingratiating plea; then, with a sudden return to gravity—"Milord need have no apprehension: madame my aunt is not dangerously ill — only the migraine."

Lawrence bowed again. "I am relieved that madame your aunt is in no serious danger," he said, gravely, "but had she been afflicted with the—" he hesitated—"the small-pox, it would have given me pleasure to interpret for madame your aunt."

The vision curtsied again. "Milord is too kind," she said, with downcast eyes. "Will he give himself the trouble to ascend?"

Lawrence ascended to the first landing, where a marvelous jumble of casement-windowed rooms branched off from the main house.

"The doctor will enter," said mademoiselle, with decision. "Milord will place himself near the door. I shall be in the doorway—so shall we be able to make ourselves understood."

Lawrence bowed acquiescence, and wondered if the fact that he was only twenty-eight had any connection with his post, so carefully out of range of the invalid's line of vision; then, glancing at the unconscious freshness of mademoiselle's countenance, he reviled himself for a scheming author, and forthwith began dutifully rehearsing to the doctor, in none too fluent German what, with his none too practiced French, he could gather was the matter with the voluble invalid.

The interview over, there were three signs: one of comfort from the invalid, one of relief from the doctor, and one of regret from the interpreter. Mademoiselle did not sigh at all, but expressed in her Parisian French the undying gratitude that madame her aunt would always have for the condescending Milord.

Lawrence brushed aside the thanks with a deprecatory gesture. "Mademoiselle remains some time?" he said, interrogatively.

"Some time."

"Fortunately I, too, am remaining some time. Mademoiselle would perhaps care to see the garden?" He moved invitingly toward the stairs, but mademoiselle shook her head, regretfully.

"It is not permitted to walk in the garden with a stranger," she said, with an apologetic smile. Lawrence flushed, and, bowing stiff acknowledgment, started to leave.

"But," she added, softly, "it is permitted to walk in the garden alone."

Lawrence bowed again—this time to hide a smile. "Mademoiselle is fond of gardens?" he said.

"Beyond everything," answered mademoiselle, with a demure upward glance; "beyond everything."

## II

Jean Bonsard, born gardener, had as much of a knack with flowers as had his wife with guests. In his garden they bloomed riotously, even

when in other gardens the season ruined them. But this year was prosperous, most of all for roses. And there were roses everywhere, bordering the shell-edged walks, crowding the precise beds, and roaming happily in scarlet and white profusion over the arbor across the brook. Lawrence sauntered into the garden, and noticed with satisfaction that the arbor was effectually screened from the house by a row of graceful willows, which edged the stream's bank. With an eye for the reappearance of his vision, he engaged Jean in a desultory conversation—even less than desultory on Jean's part.

"Fine day for roses," said Lawrence.

Jean nodded. The day was warm, and it was his wife's business to look after the guests.

"You have some new—inmates," Lawrence remarked, with an air that he intended as casual.

Jean looked up, then down, dully. "*Sais pas*," he answered. "They are my wife's business, the guests."

"The flowers, as a rule, are more attractive," admitted Lawrence, genially. "You find it so, no doubt?"

"*Sais pas*," answered Jean again. "They are my business. In this world one has his business, and one does it—or one is a rascal." He cast a look at Lawrence that was not all approval.

"Your sentiments, my friend, do you credit," Lawrence muttered in English, turning away; "but I fancy you would be more successful as a gardener than as the genial host. Madame is a woman of discretion."

A garden may be the most beautiful of spots; roses there may be in abundance, and seats to one's liking; but to wait there all the morning—while the blue sea, a half-mile distant, beckons to one's daily plunge, while a half-written story clamors to be completed—to wait thus for a vision that does not come is a failure. At one o'clock Lawrence cursed himself for a conceited fool, and ate his luncheon alone in an unenviable frame of mind.

Nevertheless, after luncheon he betook himself casually to the arbor, with a book and a pipe; satisfying his conceit with the sop that the place was so far removed from the house that mademoiselle would never come there, but soothing his spirit with the consciousness that in that garden all paths soon or late led to the arbor, as surely as ever a road led to Rome.

A good luncheon, a dull book and the soothing heat of a warm June afternoon are not conducive to a wide-awake condition; and Lawrence was roused suddenly to recognition of the fact that he had been asleep by the appearance of the vision in the doorway of the arbor, without his having been conscious of her approach! He rose quickly to his feet, dropping his book and pipe in his haste.

"Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, with a bow.

Mademoiselle's eyes were fastened on the pipe, which lay in fragments on the ground. "But I am wicked," she cried in distress. "First I ruin Milord's siesta, then his pipe;" and she moved as if to go.

"And by leaving," responded Lawrence, "you will ruin his afternoon."

"It would be a pity to do more mischief," said mademoiselle, and she advanced into the arbor with demure sympathy. "Poor pipe!" she said, as Lawrence picked up the bowl, a trifle ruefully, "quite, quite broken."

"Unlike the hearts of mademoiselle's admirers, it breaks when she comes," said Lawrence.

Mademoiselle raised her eyebrows in interrogation. "And the hearts?" she queried.

"Break when mademoiselle departs," said Lawrence.

"Milord should have been French, not English," and mademoiselle showed a most bewitching dimple.

"American," corrected Lawrence, with his eyes on the dimple.

"American and Milord?" said the girl.

"Madame Bonsard has kindly bestowed on me a title," said Lawrence, flushing a little. "Permit me to in-

troduce myself: James Gordon Lawrence, a poor but honest citizen of New York."

Mademoiselle smiled an acknowledgment of the ceremony. "I, too, am poor," she said, confidingly.

"And honest?" demanded Lawrence, sternly.

Mademoiselle looked down. "Sometimes," she said.

Lawrence laughed. "Will mademoiselle be seated?" he said.

Mademoiselle would—in his chair. Mademoiselle would glance at the pages of his book; but shaking her head, she dropped the volume on the ground, evidently disdainful of a language she did not understand.

"Monsieur must find it pleasant to speak so many languages?" she said, inquiringly.

"Monsieur finds it pleasant to speak French," he answered, "in such good company."

"Is it so good?" said mademoiselle, demurely.

"It is better than good," responded Lawrence, promptly—"it is entrancing."

Mademoiselle sighed. "The good is rarely that," she said, a shade plaintively.

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders. "I could omit the goodness," he said; "in fact——"

"Men," said mademoiselle, suddenly, sitting very straight, "could always omit the goodness."

"Mademoiselle speaks from experience?" said Lawrence, suavely. He detested unpleasant generalizations aimed at his sex.

Mademoiselle flushed. "I am from Paris," she said.

Lawrence nodded his comprehension. "Will mademoiselle accept an apology?" he said. "I, too, have been in Paris."

But she went on, unheeding. "In Paris one always omits the goodness. But here—" she spread out both arms—"here one may live among the trees and the roses, and be good all day long, good as the angels."

"I have never," murmured Lawrence, "aspired to be an angel."

"Good as the angels," repeated mademoiselle, firmly.

"If not so good, is the Paradise——?"

"Tight-closed," said mademoiselle, severely. And then they both laughed. It takes very little to make two young people laugh on a June afternoon, in a rose-wreathed arbor.

"Madame your aunt is a great sufferer?" inquired Lawrence.

"Great," replied the girl.

"And the migraine confines her——?"

"To her bed; for a week, at least, unless the doctor should——"

"The doctor will not," said Lawrence, firmly.

Mademoiselle rose.

"And," queried Lawrence, a trifle anxiously—the place was very dull, and she made a charming picture, in her white gown, with that dimple—"and mademoiselle is still fond of gardens?"

"Beyond everything," said mademoiselle, demurely; "beyond everything."

## III

"It is certainly fortunate," said Lawrence, meditatively, "that there is no clamorous public waiting for this story of mine; for they would be disappointed."

It was a week later. They were again seated in the rose-covered arbor; a few sheets of paper were lying on the table, and a fountain-pen was on the ground. Mademoiselle smiled.

"They, or I," she said. "It would certainly necessitate a decision."

"There would be no decision," dissented Lawrence; "the matter decides itself."

"Unlike most questions," sighed mademoiselle.

Lawrence leaned forward, sympathetically. Mademoiselle's brown eyes were gazing pensively at the blue of the ocean. "Something—some decision—troubles you?" he said.

Mademoiselle nodded. "I am con-

sumed with a desire to visit the ocean," she said, sadly. "And—I cannot decide whether it would be proper for me to ask you to take me there."

Lawrence shook his head. "I regret to say that it would be entirely improper," he declared, gravely.

Mademoiselle sighed regretfully; then smiled. "But if you were to ask me—and I were to accept——?"

"Exactly what I was about to suggest," said Lawrence. "Will mademoiselle do me the honor to drive to the beach with me this afternoon?"

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to accept monsieur's thoughtful invitation," responded mademoiselle, serenely, "if—monsieur the doctor is still positive in his commands that my aunt——"

"Monsieur the doctor sees no prospect of madame's leaving her bed for some time," said Lawrence. "I am exceedingly sorry—for madame."

"Now, I wonder," Lawrence said to himself, meditatively smoking an after-luncheon cigarette, "how it happens that a French girl, brought up in a convent, I suppose, with a Winter in Paris to polish her after she is out of the hands of the nuns—how it happens that she is so innocent—or so ignorant—as to be willing to drive about the country with an unknown man; and how it happens that her aunt is so careless as not to interfere. It isn't according to rule."

He shook his head questioningly. Yet to doubt that Mademoiselle Dubois—this he had discovered from Madame Bonsard, the inn's only register, to be her name—to doubt that she was well-bred was as impossible as to doubt that she was charming. In fact, Lawrence decided, his inability to make out the situation did not in the least detract from the pleasure of it; and if mademoiselle chose to trust to the chivalry of an American gentleman—the only explanation that seemed in the least plausible—he was determined that he would give her no reason to regret such trust. And mademoiselle seemed to have no idea of regretting anything, unless the necessity were forced on her; her aunt seemed to have as little idea of recovering. It may be added that Lawrence's daily report of her symptoms to the doctor did not err on the side of incautiousness. And the weather had no idea at all of being anything but gloriously, irresponsibly warm, the air rose-scented, and sky and sea one mass of rippling, changing blue.

Under such circumstances, Lawrence felt that he was right in taking advantage of the good the gods provided; and he also felt a certain sense of self-justification in the thought that he was running a far greater risk than was mademoiselle; for one is not an author for nothing, and to a practiced eye the first symptoms of love are easily recognizable, even though the afflicted mortal be one's self.

So Lawrence waited for the pony-cart and mademoiselle, secure in his self-righteousness, and not far enough in love to be uncomfortable. It had not occurred to him to wonder what Madame Bonsard was thinking; nor did he hear her comment to Jean, after mademoiselle had descended, had been assisted into the pony-cart, and had started with him down the field-road seaward. Had he heard, the situation, hitherto so inexplicable, would have seemed more simple.

"To go driving with a young man alone, Jean!" cried madame, lifting her plump hands to heaven.

Jean shrugged his shoulders. "They sit for hours in the arbor alone," he said; "why not interfere there?"

"Interfere—me?" The landlady shook her head. "If they were French I would speak to madame her aunt on the instant. But these English——"

Jean nodded, with a look at the departing pony-cart. "*Oui*, these English!" and he returned to his flowers.

The cart reached the beach in safety and with such speed as the fat pony could be persuaded to make. Mademoiselle was in white. She was always in white, Lawrence had ob-

served, and he had noted it as a symptom when he found himself wondering why all women did not wear white. Mademoiselle was in a confidential mood—she was usually in a confidential mood, Lawrence had discovered—and once, seeing his eyes fixed admiringly on her gown, she said:

"You like it?"

Lawrence shook his head. "I am incapable of discriminating. I always like your gowns."

"I made this," said mademoiselle, proudly. "I make a great many—at least the hard part."

Lawrence nodded sympathetically, and felt a wave of tenderness sweep over him at the thought that this bit of daintiness was obliged to make her own gowns, even in part. How was he, a mere man, to know that the hard part, in mademoiselle's vocabulary, meant the designing? Perhaps mademoiselle did not intend that he should know, for, instead of explaining further, she sighed pathetically.

"I should so like," she said, "to be able to have one gown—one—from Worth."

"Would it be white?" asked Lawrence.

"I wear white because I am poor and it is cheap," said mademoiselle, meekly.

"Mademoiselle should congratulate herself. It is also infinitely becoming," consoled Lawrence, wondering why white was cheaper than other things.

"It is dreadful to be poor," mademoiselle asserted.

"On the contrary," said Lawrence, "it is at times delightful. Now, if I were rich, I should not be here writing a book."

"And I," said mademoiselle, "would, I suppose, be at Baden or Aix-les-Bains."

"In my opinion," declared Lawrence, "there are compensations."

"And—the sea is ours," said mademoiselle, as the cart rolled on the hard white sand of the beach. The pony eyed with dislike the rush and recoil of the waves, and declined, in spite of Lawrence's most fluent French, to proceed further.

"I will get out," said mademoiselle, gaily. "There is a post—fasten him, and we will walk."

Lawrence obeyed, objurgating the pony in muttered English, secure in his confidence that mademoiselle spoke only French, and not noting the smile that twitched at the corners of her mouth.

"There is a rock, if mademoiselle can walk so far? When the tide is out it is a perfect place."

"Mademoiselle can walk leagues," she said, handing him her fluffy white parasol and gathering up her fluffy white skirts, with a dainty gesture of energy. Lawrence noted with another glow of self-righteousness how very deeply interested he was becoming in this charming piece of femininity, since even the touch of her gloved fingers gave him an electric thrill.

Mademoiselle proved as good as her word; the rock was all that Lawrence had boasted it, and mademoiselle's interest in the translucent jelly-fish and the stringy sea-weed left in the tiny pools, forgotten by the outgoing tide, was more than he had dared hope. A splash at the seaward side of the rock warned them that they must go, or be overtaken by the sea.

Mademoiselle looked back fondly as they left. "One could sit there, high and dry, while the tide came and went," she said.

"High, at least," said Lawrence, "but there's a good deal of spray; I wouldn't advise you to try it." Yet mademoiselle remained silent, looking fondly at the rock, which was gilded with the rays of the sinking sun.

## IV

Once a day there loitered slowly over from the nearest town a lean, stupid boy, on a lean, stupid donkey, bearing such letters as the post-mistress decided ought to reach the inn, its guests or its neighbors. Late in

the morning after the expedition to the rock, Madame Bonsard dropped the letters in sudden excitement, and rushed hastily to the piazza.

"Milord, a telegram!" she panted, breathlessly.

Lawrence turned from his contemplation of the charms of the view and his meditation on the charms of mademoiselle, and took the despatch without undue excitement—to the surprise of Madame Bonsard, in whose life telegrams, even delivered by the post-boy, ranked as great events.

Lawrence swore softly under his breath, then turned inquiringly to madame: "Can the boy take an answer?"

Madame's hands expressed her despair. The boy, it appeared, was less capable of bearing a message than was his own donkey.

"Jean?" Lawrence asked.

Madame would inquire, but she returned disconsolate, with the news that there was a new insect destroying the roses, and not for a thousand telegrams would Jean abandon his flowers.

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders. "I can at least have a horse?" His visions of another afternoon on a gray rock beside a blue sea, with a white-clad companion, were vanishing, but the telegram demanded an answer, and it had already lain over-night.

"A horse? Twenty!" madame assented, possibly with the certainty that one would supply his needs.

And then mademoiselle appeared, dainty and cool and white, with a plaintive smile and reddened eyelids, which, even in his disgust at fate, Lawrence did not fail to note.

"Mademoiselle's letters brought bad news?" he inquired, solicitously.

Mademoiselle spread her palms to heaven, in a gesture of resignation. "My poor father——"

"Not ill?"

"No; but even worse. He left the store—" mademoiselle hesitated for the word—"for a little trip, thinking perhaps to join us here soon. And while he was gone, one of the clerks promised a customer—" mademoiselle's usual fluency seemed lacking—"a large order of sugar."

Lawrence, still sympathetic, was puzzled.

"Sugar?" he said, vaguely.

Mademoiselle nodded. "And when my father returned, there was not enough sugar in the store and the other — shop-keepers—" Lawrence pitied her evident embarrassment—"found he wanted it, and they made him pay more for what he bought than he could sell it for. So we are poorer than ever," and again mademoiselle's lips curved pathetically down.

"I would have told the customer to go—somewhere else," said Lawrence, perplexedly.

"He had promised—and my father keeps his word, even if he is only a merchant." Mademoiselle flashed a swift look at Lawrence. She had never mentioned her father's business before, he recollected, as he endeavored to put still another shade of respect into his manner, calling himself a cad, meanwhile, for the regret he felt at having to connect her with a white-aproned grocery and a father immersed in the cares of sugar and kindred commodities.

Whatever the result in manner of his endeavor, it was patently pleasing to mademoiselle, who said, interrogatively: "Monsieur, too, is troubled?"

"I have a telegram," he said, putting aside the unwelcome vision of the paternal shop, "that must be answered, and as the resources of the inn are limited—" mademoiselle smiled—"I must take the answer to town myself."

"And our afternoon!" she exclaimed, protestingly.

"Exactly."

Mademoiselle frowned meditatively. "With a good horse you might do it in two hours," she said.

Lawrence nodded acquiescence, wondering where she had learned about horses, for they didn't teach that in convents.

"And you might stop at the beach on your way home. Jean could drive me there in the pony-cart——"

"And I could bring you home. I perceive," said Lawrence, with a bow, "that mademoiselle is a young woman of infinite resource;" and they both laughed, because his French had been very bad indeed just then, and because the afternoon was not entirely ruined.

"I shall be at the rock," called mademoiselle after him, as Jean's horse started on its journey.

"Don't forget the tide," called back Lawrence, warningly.

She nodded, whether in assent or farewell he could scarcely tell. Then the road to the town made a quick turn, and trees shut out the sight of the inn and its piazza.

Lawrence's drive that afternoon was a lonely and not altogether a cheerful one. The apparition of the paternal grocer kept rising before him, and it persisted, apron and all, in embracing him, French-fashion, on both cheeks, and calling him fondly, "*Mon fils, mon fils.*" In vain did Lawrence mentally insist that he had no ambition to marry mademoiselle, that she was merely attractive—the most attractive woman he knew—still, the grocer came, with a background of Lawrence's aristocratic family holding up horrified hands at such a *mésalliance.*

"We may be poor," said Lawrence, "but we're proud, deuced proud," and he applied the whip to Jean's horse in a manner that made the quadruped change its slow and steady trot into a halting gallop.

During the last two miles of his drive, Lawrence decided on flight as the only cure for the vision of the grocer and his too charming daughter; and having so decided, he considered himself privileged to feel aggrieved at fate, when he discovered that the best efforts of Jean's horse and his whip combined would not enable him to reach the beach until an hour after the appointed time. In that hour the tide would have cut off the rock, and mademoiselle might even have gone home. One may make up one's mind to one's own self-denial, but when fate takes a hand it becomes a different matter. Willing as Lawrence might profess himself to leave at a moment's notice, he found himself distinctly unwilling to spare this afternoon from the count of those that he and Mademoiselle Dubois had spent together.

With a sigh of relief he recognized the turn of the road that brought the beach in sight, but his heart sank instantly as he saw only the white sand and the blue ocean. Mademoiselle had decided not to wait, he thought, mournfully, and turned to cast a reproachful glance at the distant rock and the unrelenting tide, when——

"Mademoiselle!" he gasped, for there, perched on the rock, surrounded by the waves and undoubtedly drenched with spray, sat a solitary white-clad figure.

The speed that Jean's horse had made on the way home was as nothing to the speed it made down the hard beach, and Lawrence was out of the trap before it had fairly stopped. Mademoiselle waved him a greeting with her fluffy parasol—less fluffy now, owing to the efforts of the spray.

"You are late, monsieur," she cried, gaily, "but I am here."

"Yes," said Lawrence, grimly, gazing at the water half-way up the sloping side of the rock, "I see you are. So is the tide. I thought," he added, inquiringly, "that I mentioned the tide."

Mademoiselle nodded gravely. "Monsieur mentioned the tide," she said. "But I had given my word to be on the rock. We keep our words, my father and I."

Lawrence laughed in sheer despair at such reasoning, and mademoiselle frowned, not a very heavy frown.

"How did you propose to get off?" said Lawrence. His need of haste had apparently vanished.

"The tide comes up," mademoiselle explained, airily, "then it goes down."

"At midnight," said Lawrence.

She nodded. "Besides," she added, with downcast eyes, "I knew you would come."

Lawrence surveyed with disgust

the water that separated them; then, without further ado, waded in.

Mademoiselle sat quite still after a first faint scream of protest, until he reached the rock and silently held up his arms. Then she slipped a few inches further away, and regarded him dubiously.

"Oh, consider me as a—a donkey, you know," said Lawrence, resignedly; "it's really the only thing."

Mademoiselle raised her eyebrows. "I might stay here till twelve," she said, debating.

"You might," said Lawrence, "but you won't;" and just then a large wave broke against the seaward side of the rock, and sent a drenching shower of spray over them.

"Hurry!" said Lawrence, authoritatively, and either the spray or the authority made her obey meekly.

Now, it is all very well to form resolutions to improve one's ancestral tree; the vision of a paternal grocer is a deterring influence when his daughter is some miles distant; and a man may have endless good intentions to be a gentleman and not a cad. But when a piece of Dresden daintiness, in a damp, white gown, is positively pushed by fate into a man's arms, he must be either more or less than human who remembers ancestral tree, paternal grocer or good intentions. And Lawrence was very human, though an author. So it happened that when he set his burden on the beach, it was with stammered and incoherent apologies, which she received with averted face; for she was very pretty, her clinging arms had been very soft, he was very much in love—and he had kissed her.

Mademoiselle walked over to Jean's horse, and buried her face against his sorrel neck. All Lawrence could see was two tiny crimson ears.

"In France," she said, just loud enough for the remorseful Lawrence to hear, "we do not do things like that—do we, my friend?" and she patted the horse's coat with a trembling hand.

"I have to offer a thousand apologies, mademoiselle," said Lawrence, more coherent than his repentance had before permitted him to be, "and one excuse: I love you."

Mademoiselle ceased patting the horse.

"If you will tell me where to find monsieur your father, I will call on him immediately and ask his permission to pay my addresses to mademoiselle."

"But," said mademoiselle, still less audibly, so that he had to bend nearer to hear, "in France we do most things differently—from the way you and I have done them. And—" She stopped.

"And—?" prompted Lawrence.

"—I like best the way we have done. I—" And mademoiselle's voice was quite inaudible, but her face was hidden on another coat than the sorrel one of Jean's horse.

## V

It was moonlight that evening; there was a nightingale among the roses, and mademoiselle's aunt was propitiously sleepy.

They sat in the arbor, where the moonlight traced quaint patterns on the ground, and they planned a future, when they would live in Paris, where mademoiselle, changed to madame, but always in white, would be the most charming hostess; where Lawrence would soon become the most famous author in the world.

"And until you are rich," said mademoiselle, bravely, "we shall not mind a little poverty—we are used to it."

She accepted, with a delicious smile of sympathy, Lawrence's protestations that poverty with her would be riches, compared to millions without her. Indeed, he was very much in love, and the ancestral tree and the paternal grocer seemed to belong to another existence.

But every evening must have an end; and when they rose to leave, Lawrence asked:

"And your father's address?"

"Didn't I say?" remarked made-

moiselle. "He comes here to-morrow."

"Does he—does he like Americans?" inquired Lawrence, with a gasp.

"Beyond everything," said mademoiselle, demurely; "beyond everything."

## VI

The mental pictures that Lawrence made of the paternal grocer during the night and in the long and solitary hours of the morning—for mademoiselle refused to descend, even when he bribed Madame Bonsard to take her a pleading message—these pictures were only equaled in number by their variety. But none of them even approximated the truth. And when the stage from the town drove up to the inn door, Lawrence, endeavoring to carry on a conversation in the garden, overturned, in his surprise, a whole watering can of insect-destroyer, to the infinite disgust of the taciturn Jean.

It was not easy to fit the man who descended from the stage into a mental apron and put him behind a counter. Thin, well-dressed and alert, he seemed to Lawrence the very type of a New York business man—"say a broker," he commented to himself.

And then, as the newcomer stood settling his fare, with Madame Bonsard beaming a hospitable welcome from the steps, came the surprise of Lawrence's life; for out rushed mademoiselle, and with the unmistakable accent of the native American, she cried, in English:

"Oh, papa, papa, I am so glad to see you!"

Lawrence's cigarette dropped from his fingers, and turning his back on the astounding scene, he started blindly for the rose-arbor. He stumbled as he went over the kneeling Jean. His vague apology failed to assuage Jean's wrath, and when he said, unsteadily: "So Mademoiselle Dubois is American?" Jean responded with a grunt of disgust and a burst of fluent French: "Did monsieur perhaps think that a *jeune fille* in France would permit the attentions of monsieur?" And there was a wealth of sarcasm in the "monsieur."

Lawrence smoked a dozen cigarettes in the arbor, catching now and then a snatch of laughter from the casement windows of the invalid's rooms, and meditating on the situation.

"She must have enjoyed me—and my French," he said, grimly. "What a fool she has made of me! and yesterday was the climax."

To him, in his disgust, came Madame Bonsard, full of importance. Milord Dubois was arrived. Milord was from New York; yes; a millionaire, without doubt. A—what do you call him?

Lawrence, with a flash of intuition, seized the unopened New York paper that the post had brought him, and turned hastily to the stock-market.

"A corner in sugar," he read. "Shorts badly squeezed. Larkins & Wright, Dubois & Freeman the heaviest losers." He put down the paper.

"Madame," he said, "I regret exceedingly that important business makes it necessary for me to take the train to-morrow. Should anyone inquire for me, I shall be busy packing this afternoon and prefer to be undisturbed."

## VII

"If Milord would condescend," Madame Bonsard said, deprecatingly. Lawrence had only opened his door a crack, and she felt the disadvantage of speaking through such a narrow aperture.

"Well?" demanded Lawrence, impatiently.

"Mademoiselle Dubois insists—it is imperative that she see Milord. I told her Milord's request to be undisturbed once, twice, a thousand times—still she insists. If Milord would but condescend for one moment."

Lawrence threw open the door, and the landlady beamed.

"Tell Mademoiselle Dubois that I will join her in five minutes," he said.

"In five minutes," acquiesced Madame Bonsard; "in the rose-arbor," she added, as she trotted hastily down the stairs.

To this Lawrence responded, *sotto voce*, "The deuce you say!" as he brushed a distracted-looking head of hair.

So this time it was mademoiselle who was in the arbor, and Lawrence who approached; but she was very well aware of his coming, though she kept her eyes carefully fixed on the ground.

"You sent for me?" he inquired, in English, stopping at the doorway; and mademoiselle flushed, a flush that went back and crimsoned even the pretty ears, half hidden under the wavy brown hair. But Lawrence was obdurate. A man may endure anything save being made ridiculous; and Lawrence felt acutely conscious of having been an object of extreme absurdity for nearly ten days.

"You sent for me?" he repeated.

Mademoiselle nodded. "To apologize," she said, also in English.

"It is entirely unnecessary," said Lawrence, stiffly. "I am delighted to have enabled mademoi—to have helped you amuse yourself for a tedious week."

"I—I hadn't exactly thought of it as amusing," she said, with a plaintive droop to her eyelids. "But—it was very nice." There was a pause. "The company," she remarked, tentatively, "was more than good." Lawrence remained silent. "And I want to explain," she went on, with less of deprecation in her tone. "When Madame Bonsard said she would fetch you, I thought—you would be French; and then when you weren't, but thought I was—I didn't like to explain. It was more——"

"Amusing," supplied Lawrence.

"—more agreeable," she asserted, defiantly, "as it was. Oh, it was fun—" and her dimple showed—"to have you think me French, and *ingénue*, and——"

"And poor," suggested Lawrence.

"That has nothing to do with it," she said. Then she added, softly, smoothing her white dress caressingly, "Poor dear, he thought you were cheap."

There was a pause.

"If you have finished," said Lawrence, still stiffly, "I have yet to pack."

"I am driving you away," she said, mournfully.

"I have stayed here long enough already," retorted Lawrence; "too long—" and he glanced expressively at a few blank sheets of paper that lay on the table.

"I seem," said she, with a little sigh, "to be both Eve—and the serpent. Or is papa the serpent? Yet, after all, it was a pleasant week." She looked timidly up at Lawrence from under her eyelashes, but he only bowed a formal assent. "It was a very pleasant week," she reiterated; "I shall always—remember it. That's all, I think—unless you have anything to say?"

Lawrence hesitated, and then, remembering his agonizing visions of the fictitious paternal grocer, steeled his heart.

"Only—good-bye," he said.

If he could have walked away without looking back at the tiny bit of Paradise he was leaving, it would all have been over, as he intended it should be. But, instead, at a turn in the path, he gave one farewell glance at the little arbor—and there sat mademoiselle with her head on the loose blank sheets of paper, evidently crying. He retraced his steps more quickly than he had come.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you—you really care?" and he spoke in French now, his old, inaccurate, fluent French.

Mademoiselle raised a face, attractive in spite of its tear-stains. "Oh," she said, with an April smile, "beyond everything, monsieur; beyond everything!"

## A LOVER'S SONG

BE these written words of mine
Folded buds upon Love's vine,
Waiting for the sun and dew,
For the eyes and lips of you.

As you read them they shall wake
Into happiness, and make
Song and fragrance, fresh and new,
In the voice and kiss of you.

And when into bloom they blow,
And their souls of beauty show,
You shall find their secret true;
Take it to the heart of you!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD FRIEND

HEWITT—I've lost my best friend.
JEWETT—Why don't you advertise for it?
HEWITT—What do you mean?
JEWETT—I thought you said you had lost your pocket-book.

## INADEQUATE TO THE OCCASION

THE GOLF-GIRL—Dear me! How annoying!
THE CADDY—Gee! If that's all she's got to say when she breaks a stick, it's hardly worth while talkin' about it.

## A WONDERFUL COUNTRY

DOLLY—What did you think of the West?
DAISY—Oh, it is simply wonderful! You can ride for days without seeing any golf-links.

# TRUFFLES AND TOKAY

By Edgar Saltus

LITERATURE used to be a battlefield. To-day it is a restaurant. A virtuous writer no longer pinks a rival; he caters to the public. The food is cheap, easy of digestion, and as easily prepared. The equipment necessary for its production is readily acquired, and profitable when obtained. All the cook needs is an absence of imagination and a fountain-pen. Given these condiments, success is sure.

That is natural. One touch of stupidity makes the whole world kin. Considered as a nation, we are, of course, perfectly splendid. The glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome, are not in it with us. We have only to look at the papers to be convinced of that. The pæans of our progress are as deafening as leaded type can make them. The celerity with which we breed plutocrats is exceeded only by the servility with which we cultivate them. In the export of heiresses the manufactories of Europe cannot touch us. Before our professional beauties the Peris of Paradise slink abashed. We produce everything, including panics, and raise all things except masterpieces.

That, also, is natural. We are, perhaps, masterful, certainly mercenary, but not metrical. The land of the free is the home of progress, yet not of poets. In years when the world went slower, poets were regarded as butlers of the gods. Their ambrosia was received with genuflections. In their nectar was the divine afflatus. The custom has been abrogated. Barring Mammon, the gods have gone. There is not a trace of the afflatus left. Our climate does not agree with it. Our climate does not agree with poets, either. It induces in them radiating chloroformania. Instead of genuflections they are greeted with yawns. Their nectar obtains every kind of reception except consumption. Their titles have been examined. It has been found that in descending the years they have degenerated from butlers into apothecaries. Their ambrosia is a drug on the market. In a wide-awake, democratic country like this, that sort of thing doesn't do. The vocation, as a consequence, creates not yawns and ridicule merely, but indignation. "Who is that chap?" a man in some misery asked us recently. "He is a young poet," we answered. "I hate young poets," was his reply. And yet, as Gautier, with a charming affectation of naïveté, remarked, an inability to write in verse can scarcely be considered as constituting a special talent.

Perhaps, however, it may. An inability to write anything but cheques is the smart thing here. A pilgrim from Paris noted that we have developed a hundred religions, and but a single sauce. That sauce, surmounting our kitchens, has assimilated our flummeries, our festivities, our frescoes and fiction. Here and there the sameness of it is relieved by a touch of originality. But the touch is sporadic. The blue ribbon is scarce. Hence the rarity of masterpieces.

The cuisine of the latter differs from current cookery. In Milan the education of a ballet girl begins at the age of six. Until she effects her

début she works ten hours a day. The young of both sexes who aspire to be *cordons bleus* should begin a little earlier and work harder yet. By way of *batterie de cuisine* there is the dictionary. Spelling they may leave to their problematic proof-reader; grammar, too. No grammarian ever wrote a thing that was fit to read. They need not bother with style either; geniuses often write badly, and so much the better for them. Besides, style is easy enough to manipulate when you know how, and seems easier still when you don't. But to the *chef en herbe*, words must have no secrets. He must know how to toss them as a juggler throws knives. He must be able to plant them in such fashion that they will explode like bombs before the readers' eyes. If necessary, they must enable him to have an attack of hysterics on paper.

After the conquest of the dictionary, the scullion who has anything to fricassée will know how to prepare it. Yet then should an idea, however complex, a vision, however apocalyptic, surprise him without words to convey it, he may just as well take off his apron. He lacks, not necessarily the elements of success—on the contrary—but the gastronomics that distinguish the first-class cook. He may stew succotash by the pail, yet never truffles and tokay. On the other hand, should chance enable him to catch Inspiration in the dark, should fortune assist him in throwing her down, and talent aid him in filching a masterpiece from her glittering corsage, he may be intimately convinced that it was the wrong party he met should that masterpiece prove popular. A book that pleases no one may be poor. The book that pleases everyone is detestable.

To young ladies of cognate aspirations, the same course of sprouts is requisite. But with no matrimony in it. An authoress should not wed unless she can marry a publisher. A publisher is a handy person to have about the house. Failing the chance at one, in no circumstances should she even for a moment consider the possibility of taking any form of husband not equally serviceable and quite as lack-lustre. Look at Marie Corelli. The heroes of whom she has delivered herself would fill a ten-acre lot. And yet for the hand of that delicious, bareback, sawdusted circus-rider of the fountain-pen, princes have wooed unavailingly. And look at Ouida. The types of manhood that she has produced are quasi-divine; and yet, though wooed too, neither has she been won. Then there is, or rather there was, George Sand. Through an early page of her career there wandered the dissolute Greuze of literature whose name is Alfred de Musset. Through a later chapter there passed the Apollo of impeccable accords whose name is Chopin. As neither happened to be in the publishing business, she used them both for copy, and married a philistine.

These statistics are not voluminous, but they have the superior merit of luminousness. They show that princesses of the pen who do not remain single prefer commonplace consorts. And that, after many vigils and much communion, we regard as quite right. It is an axiom in law that fighting cocks should be kept apart. It is an axiom in letters that epigrams from the other end of the table are provoking. It is an axiom in lyrics that, however delightful the exchange of repartee and kisses may be, neither is conducive to the production of fiction, trite or thrilling.

Young gentlewomen have, then, a choice between living novels and writing them. The former condition is to be preferred. The revels of romance may be roseate, or the reverse, but matrimony is no child's play. Besides, young gentlewomen should, perhaps, content themselves with continuing to be. The moment they cease to shirk every duty in that sphere of life to which it pleased God to call them, their charm becomes so pernicious that they incite to bigamy —a crime of which the penalties have been summarized as two mothers-in-law, or at-law, in the discretion of

the judge. But as the subject is momentous, let us consult the authorities. Here, for instance, is Nietzsche. According to him, man should be reared for the vocation of warrior, and woman for the warrior's recreation. Now, if she work, how can she be recreative? And here is Dr. Watts: "Satan," he says, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The conversation of a lady who lacks the leisure to be mischievous is bound to be very dull. Then, also, wives that write have not time to argue with their husbands, and when a woman ceases to quarrel she ceases to love. In view of all which, it seems to follow that girls cannot combine matrimony and masterpieces—at the same time, at least—and young gentlemen cannot, either. Eagles, poets and kings must—and will—circle alone. By the same token, all dealers in the ideal are better off by themselves, or, at a pinch, less worse off with transient flirtations than permanent families.

There are reasons for all things. We have several for this, and may find another. Matrimony presupposes happiness. It usually takes it out at that. But there is the general theory. Assuming it to be valid, happiness dulls the brain. As such, it is to be avoided. It is only when authors are absolutely miserable that the wretches can do themselves justice. And even were matrimony, through its chastening effects, to induce that result, it is open to a yet graver objection.

To stir the wits, to make ink flow in floods and the pen acrobatic, there is nothing like solitude. No one not in the business can understand how populous it is. No one not in the trade can understand how loquacious its phantoms become. They have their defects. They poison you for the realities of life. None the less, to be worth his syndicate an author must evoke them. He must play with hallucinations as Mithridates did with drugs. But he must play alone.

Literature—when not a restaurant—is a divinity, and a jealous one. She suffers no other worship. She forces you to shut every extraneous desire, ambition and inclination into cages where, now and then, for the distraction of the thing, you may go and see how they are. But you must go alone. Take a companion in the shape of a wife, or worse yet, a husband, and there is an end to the high hallucinatory fever that she provides. There also is a farewell to that untrammeled freedom which is the pundit's natural heath. The lives of great sages all remind us that in their sagacity they were too sagacious to marry. The lives of great poets all remind us that uniformly married, they uniformly wished they were not.

There are the reasons that we promised. Here is the other that we didn't. Should matrimony occur, the party of the second part, being a mere mortal, will, like other mere mortals, love society, will affect to say, as others have, that it is a bore to be in it, and feel, as others do and will, that it is a tragedy not to.

Yet in society how many dealers in the ideal are there? There is the Duchess of Sutherland. There is the Queen of Roumania. But these ladies are superior women, and superior women are able to do double duty. Apart from them, magnificent examples are few. They exist, however, yet not on the list of smart people. The latter are charming, but they do not read; and as for writing, good Lord! possessing, as they do, the ability to write cheques, they fancy that therein is all the law and most of the profits. What is worse, they are right. In the way of literature, anything further would be a surfeit.

Society is hard labor. So, also, is fiction. It is, an old troubadour remarked, a toil at which galley-slaves would balk. One form of hard labor is supersufficient. An added variety would do up a football team. Hence it is that society is not literary, and the literary are not social. Of all pursuits, this is the most difficult. The sculptor has his chisel, the musician his piano, the painter his brush. The

novelist has but his brain. The sculptor, the musician, the painter have instruments to second them. The novelist is the instrument and the instrumentalist. He chisels the impalpable, attunes the inaudible and paints the unseen. Or at least he did before he was submerged in the swirl of succotash that gushes from the sculleries of the department stores.

What will become of that deliciousness, and of anterior messes quite as delightful, the giant library now in process of construction on Fifth avenue one of these days will tell. If we may believe all we hear—and that is always such a pleasure—this library is to be a very fine place. In some splendor and entire spaciousness Error will sleep there side by side with Truth. How much of the one and how little of the other its galleries will contain, speculative spiders may decide. But one thing is certain. The best books won't be there. Precisely as the prettiest women are always those whom we have yet to meet, so are literature's most fascinating productions still unwritten.

If, as is generally suspected, the value of a work consists more in what it suggests than in what it says, the most uplifting books will not be in that library either. There is, for instance, the Book of Nature, a treatise that all philosophers begin and none of them finish. There is also the Book of Destiny, which all thinkers consult and none can construe. Then there is the Book of Love, whose scroll age cannot scan and youth cannot fathom. Finally, there is the Book of Life, of which the pages vanish as you turn them.

These books will not be found on Fifth avenue. In their stead there will be an acre of information on everything that it is easiest to forget, another acre of everything that it is useless to remember, ton after ton of rubbish that none but the authors and their families could be hired to look at, ton after ton of solemn lies that have survived only because Death has ignored them, ton after ton of defunct theories, of demised ideas, of deceased lore and derelict science—with here and there a few baskets of truffles, a few bottles of tokay, a few flowers of real literature of which the wit and wisdom can never die.

For the rest of the cemetery our hopes are slim. We foresee dimly, yet surely, an hour when Posterity will dump the lot in a dust-bin and put a *Hic jacet* on it all—put it, we say, yet providing, of course, that she takes the trouble, and that in moments of faithlessness we rather doubt. And the reason, if complex, is clear. In the last fifty years, particularly in the last twenty and more especially in the last five, literature has held a continuous show. Authors have spawned copy, publishers have belched books and novelists have pyramided, remorselessly.

The entertainment has been diverting, but to call it enduring is another guitar. According to statistics—and what should we do without them?—there are produced in the United States sixty books a day, or two and a half every hour, and what more could anyone ask? Except, indeed, those who are ambitious to be known. For in that flood is the bankruptcy of Fame. So many claims has the lady on her that she needs must fail, through sheer inability to pay her debts.

Without pretending to know more than we do, it is easy to predict that this sort of thing cannot go on forever. The production of succotash is not a misdemeanor. The love of light yet heavy reading no jurist has codified into crime. The sale of stupidities under the name of stories is at best, or at worst, but a question of taste, however poor that taste may be. Yet nothing is constant but change. Across this swirl of dish-water there is passing a transverse stream.

We lack the space, which is a detail, for we also lack the art, to picture that stream as it deserves. But two aspects of it we may indicate. One consists in the fact that those of us whose lives are not devoted to fame are devoted to fun. Another lies in the multiplication of telephones,

the increasing facility of communication, the coming abolition of time and the sequestration of space.

It has been the absence of these very things that in the leisurely past has been most conducive to the production of poppycock. People nowadays have not so much time to spare. In the future they will have less. In the next generation, what with airships, telectroscopes and interplanetary news, they will have none—or rather none for the light yet heavy reading of to-day.

Literature then will be electric. Instead of fat books stuffed with nauseous phraseology there will be brief pages of brilliant ideas. Instead of padding their wares, authors will aim to say as much as possible in the fewest possible words. When that day comes, the models of literary excellence will not be the long and windy sentences of accredited bores, but ample brevities, such as the "N" on Napoleon's tomb, in which, in less than a syllable, an epoch, and the glory of it, is resumed. That is the kind of cutlet the restaurant of the future will provide, and Fame will halo those who serve it quickest with truffles and tokay.

## ILLUSION

SHE stood amid the daisies pale
  That bent beneath her garment's hem;
They seemed so very fair and frail,
  I wondered if she pitied them.

Her hair was blown about her face,
  Dark auburn hair of silky sheen;
And in her pose the stately grace
  And royal bearing of a queen.

And while there glowed within my breast
  A sense of beauty, all complete,
She seemed as cool and self-possessed
  As those sweet blossoms at her feet.

I gazed into her lovely eyes,
  With pleasure all my pulses stirred;
Yet, praise or blame failed to surprise
  From those fair lips a single word.

The reason why she gave no sign
  Is plain enough; this maiden fair,
Was but a tapestry design,
  Across the back of Martha's chair.

GEORGE W. SHIPMAN.

VIRTUE is its own punishment.
The good might well be willing to die young.
On moonlight nights the Recording Angel uses shorthand.

## EXTRAVAGANT

WHEN to the play I take Rosette
We have a box!
Ah, yes, I know I'm deep in debt,
And sore with creditors beset,
But Love has caught me in his net,
And gaily mocks.

So there we sit, and look as bored
As other swells;
For, small as is my little hoard,
Once in a while I can afford
Two gallery seats, and one box stored
With caramels!

CLINTON BURGESS.

## PRECAUTION

"AND now," said the fairy, getting her wand ready, "you may have three wishes."

"An automobile," said the beneficiary, promptly.

"It is granted," said the fairy. "Proceed."

"I believe that is all at present," said the beneficiary, thoughtfully "I think I shall save the other two for repairs."

## REASONABLE

THEY tell us shortly the air-ships
Will banish every fret and care;
We'll soon be able to make trips
To all our castles in the air.

## FAIR WARNING

BLINKERS—Did your cook leave without warning?

CLINKERS—Oh, no; she smashed the crockery, broke the range, and pulled my wife's hair first.

# THE RÔLE OF HELEN

By Elizabeth McCracken

MARA stood irresolutely before the door of room No. 16, and watched the doctor as he went down the hall. "Dr. Bowen!" she called, impulsively.

The doctor turned in surprise, and came to her. He was a grave man, of splendid physique; and he looked somewhat curiously at the girl, who spoke with a breathless, overwrought calm, that he, like Mara herself, mistook for a unique self-control.

"Dr. Bowen, is he safe?" Mara turned a serious face to the doctor.

The doctor smiled slowly. "Perfectly safe. Just do as he asks. He will die, poor fellow. He may get over this idea. He saw you in the doorway, and—don't you hear him calling 'Helen?'"

Mara started, and listened. "Oh, Helen, love, please," came a pleading voice, "please let me explain—please!" An intent gentleness swept into Mara's face, and into her tone.

"Poor boy! I'll go right in, Dr. Bowen," she murmured.

"Oh, Helen, don't you understand?" beseeched the voice, faintly.

"How long has he been here?" whispered Mara.

"Six weeks. He's not crazy, my dear child, merely delirious. Poor fellow, he won't last long! If he thinks you are the girl he is calling, perhaps you can soothe him a little."

"Helen, oh, Helen!"

The doctor looked at Mara. "Are you going?" he asked.

Mara opened the door of room No. 16, and going directly to the narrow bed, bent over the man who lay there, and gently placed her hand on his head.

The man looked wildly into her face, then ceased his unhappy moaning, and sank back with a glad laugh. "Oh, Helen, Helen, do let me explain!" he cried, after a long stare at Mara's still, gray eyes and tender mouth.

Mara seated herself on the edge of the bed—remembering while she did so that Dr. Bowen had frequently condemned the habit—and took the boy's hot hands in her own. She noted that the fingers were almost femininely long and slim.

"You need not explain anything at all; it doesn't matter," she began, soothingly.

But the boy interrupted with a wild, sorrowful cry, and he held her hands close to his eyes. "Oh, Helen, you've got another ring. Why do you come in, just to mock me? And—oh, it's worse than ever!" He flung Mara's hands from him, and buried his face in the pillows.

Mara quickly slipped her rings into her pocket. "They are just rings that father gave me," she said. "I won't wear them if you don't like them." She wondered at the sincere pleading in her voice.

The boy turned his face to her once more, and took one of her hands. "Now, let me explain—do," he said.

"Why doesn't he do it, and not keep on asking?" thought the girl; but she said, "You need not; let's forget all about it." The boy smiled, then his face became storm-worn and old. Mara shivered. "He is a man, not a boy," she soliloquized.

"I must explain," he said, commandingly. "I owe it to you, and you know that you won't forget. Oh, I know how it looked, dear; but it

was all right. Oh, Helen, don't women ever love men enough to trust them?" he panted, with a weary sorrow in his voice.

"Yes," said Mara, "they do; most women do—but—they—forget sometimes, you know."

The experience of her nineteen years, which she had hitherto considered somewhat vital and strong, was inadequate. She was rather more of an actress than is the average overwrought, self-centred girl; but this intrusion into the innermost life of the strange being, both man and boy, who had no protection against her, was revolting to her. She felt herself a blasphemer, and loathed the part that she did not refuse to play. "Don't trouble to explain, dear," she said, with a tremor. "I—I remember now—to trust you, and we will forget it all." She laid her free hand on his forehead, and gently moved his hair from beneath her fingers. As the man closed his eyes for a moment, Mara saw that his face was sensitive, and that it was both weak and strong, cruel and boyishly sweet, like so many other faces of men that she had seen.

"I wonder if I really look like Helen," she thought. She tried to recall the details of her own appearance; but only a blur of still, gray eyes, changing color and the gold-tinted silk in her hat came before her. "I wonder if she wears yellow-browns," she mused, glancing at her dress. Then she blushed at what she called her frivolity and heartlessness. She had almost forgotten the boy, when he opened his eyes and held out his arms.

"And you really can forgive me? There's nothing really to forgive; and you really will forget? And you really can trust me, without any explanation?" he asked, with joyous wonder. "I will explain, if you will let me."

"No, don't," said Mara, marveling that he did not. "I really can forgive and forget and trust you—because—because—I love you—dear." Again a peculiar sincerity rang in her voice.

The boy still held out his arms. "I didn't ask you before—to kiss me—but now—if you really have done all this—won't you now—again?"

The color vanished from Mara's face. She looked toward the door in sudden helplessness and terror. Then she looked at the boy's face, with both its weakness and its strength, the cruelty and the boyish sweetness, and remembered that he was going to die, and that she was Helen. She had never in her life kissed a man—as Helen might have kissed this boy—and because she was overwrought and self-centred she had told herself that she never would kiss any man, until she kissed the one whom she would marry. Almost invariably, as a life-habit, she decided what she meant to do under untried, remote circumstances, and then held herself prepared.

The man observed that she hesitated. "Oh, Helen, won't you?" he cried, with passionate desire and reproach.

The girl was bewildered and shaken; she had been pushed into an unfancied circumstance. She forgot that she was not Helen, for whom the thrill in the man's voice was meant; and with a glowing spot on each cheek, with an unaccustomed quivering in her usually so still, gray eyes, she bent her head, and kissed him.

To her amazement and terror the boy seized her face between his hands, and feverishly covered her lips, her forehead and her eyes with kisses. His lips burned her face, and with a frightened gasp she drew away. The boy's hands had touched her hat, and he did not observe her recoil. "Oh, Helen, why are you wearing your hat?" he asked, dropping his hands. Mara removed the hat, wondering that he had not sooner noticed it; it was a rather emphatic combination of soft yellows.

The man lay exhausted on the tossed pillows, his breath coming quickly between his parted lips. Mara had an impulse to call the doctor. Reasonable as the feeling was, she did not follow it, but knelt on the floor beside

the bed, and tenderly stroked his wet brow, while the boy smiled at her with a wonderful sweetness.

"Helen, oh, Helen!" he whispered. Suddenly he fixed his eyes on her. "What have you done to your hair?" he demanded, roughly.

"Nothing," said Mara, faintly. "Perhaps the wind has blown it about," she ventured.

"It looks different—it looks darker," insisted the boy.

"The room is a little dark," said Mara.

"But it looked just as usual, before you took off your hat," he protested.

"Well, my hat comes over my face," replied Mara, gently. She fell to wondering how Helen's hair looked. Her own was very black and soft and heavy, and gave an added delicacy to her intent, mobile face. She smiled slowly at the boy, and let him take her hand. He seemed to forget her hair. "He looks a little like *Sir Galahad* sometimes," she reflected.

The man absently played with her hand. Again, with a sudden movement, he flung it away, and turned to the quiet girl with a cruel, an evil smile. "Where is your wedding ring?" he cried, harshly.

Mara's face grew white. "I—I don't know," she whispered.

The man's face hardened. He looked at her quietly, then struck her on the cheek. "You don't?" he cried. "You don't? And you talk about loving, and forgiving—and you—you—" He raised his hand again.

But Mara sprang to her feet with a low moan, and stood against the wall, her face colorless, her eyes blazing.

"You are a wicked, cruel—" she began; but all the cruelty and the wickedness had left the man's face, and he said with a pleading sweetness: "Oh, Helen, forgive me—please!"

Mara remembered again that he was dying. She put her hand in her pocket and took out a plain gold ring, her dead mother's wedding ring. She slipped the ring on and went to the boy. She wondered a little why she did go. She said to herself that she had not known that she was capable of going to a man who had struck her. That the man was delirious had almost escaped her. She was masquerading as Helen.

"I'm not myself—I'm Helen," she suddenly thought. "How strange it is! But she would go to her husband—oh, I didn't imagine that he was her husband—if he were dying. What shall I say? What do women say? Oh, how dreadful, how awful life is, when one sees it! I wonder why I don't kill him. I suppose it is because I am Helen. He didn't strike *me*." She went to the boy, holding out her hand, her dead mother's ring shining on it; but the boy had forgotten. His breath came rapidly. Mara did not now realize that he was dying, and did not call the doctor.

"Do let me explain, Helen," he began to plead.

"No," said Mara, hurriedly, "I quite, quite—forgive you, and trust you; you need not explain at all."

"Oh, kiss me, Helen—Helen! It's such a lovely name. Kiss me," cried the man. Mara gently kissed him, and then again stroked his forehead and watched his fluttering eyelids. "Oh, Helen, do you forgive me? Will you trust me this once more?" he besought the girl.

"Yes, altogether, dear," said Mara. The boy turned his smiling eyes to her, and Mara, unasked, kissed his lips, for the moment so sweet.

The man still looked at her. Gradually the smile faded from his eyes; he shuddered, and then lay still. The hand in which lay Mara's crushed the girl's delicate fingers, then relaxed.

Mara gently but swiftly freed herself. "He's dead, he's dead!" she cried. She sank to the floor, and covered her face with her hands. Then, terrified, she threw from her that hand the dying boy had held, and brushed her face with her handkerchief. She struggled to her feet and rushed to the door. There she stopped. "Why should I be afraid? The poor, deceived boy!" she said. She went to the bed, and slowly and tenderly

closed his eyelids. She pushed the hair back from his forehead, and in the slender, feminine hands she placed the pale yellow rose from her belt. Then she flew to the door and burst into the hall, leaving her hat of soft yellows on the foot of the bed.

"Oh, Dr. Bowen!" she called, loudly, looking down the hall. But the doctor stood beside the door, with a woman; a woman, tall and physically strong, and wonderfully self-possessed. "Oh, Dr. Bowen, he's dead!" quivered Mara. The doctor took her hands in his. He glanced at the woman. "I expected it," he said, quietly. "This is his wife. She has just come."

Mara turned her white face to the woman. Instinctively, she compared her with herself. The woman was twice as old. Her face was almost hard in its strength, almost rigid in its calm. Her hair, strangely, shone like gold; and her costume bore no resemblance to the dainty femininity of Mara's golden brown attire; but her eyes, like Mara's, were still and gray.

"Are you Helen?" asked the girl.

"Yes. And you? who are you, with my husband?" demanded the woman.

"He saw me in the doorway," said Mara, "and he thought that I was you. He—wanted to explain something to you. I hated to intrude—but he was so ill."

Mara understood now why the boy had not explained. The woman looked at the girl with penetrating eyes. Perhaps she, too, sought the fancied resemblance to herself in the slight, dark-haired girl, with the intent, swiftly mobile face. The stillness had for the time left Mara's eyes.

"What did he explain?" she asked, as she pushed the door open and went into room No. 16. She looked indifferently at the dead man, with the boyish smile on his lips, and the yellow rose in his hands.

"I didn't—let him—explain," faltered Mara. "I tried to be like—you; and told him—that I would forgive him; and—trust him, without any explanation; because—because I loved him. I hated to intrude," she repeated, "but he was so ill—and he thought I was you——"

The woman turned on her violently. "You thought that was being like me? What do you know about me? You told him he needn't explain why he left me for another woman—*me*—his wife? You forgave him for striking me? You said I would trust him, when he never kept his word?" Mara, like one stunned, kept silent. "You let him think all that was blotted out? Who are you? What are you, anyway?" The woman's voice shook, and her words struck Mara like blows.

"He didn't say what he had to explain," Mara said. "He didn't say what there was to forgive—or anything." Mara was no longer Helen; she did not recall the blow on her cheek; it had been a blow on Helen's cheek. "I thought if you loved him—he thought you did—you could forgive, and trust him. He said he did not do anything wrong. Oh, I didn't know at all about anything. I only tried to be as women who love men are."

The woman who loved this man laughed, and her laugh made Mara's cheeks burn. "You think women always trust the men they love?" she asked.

"Yes," came the reply, "of course. To love is just the same as to trust, and to forgive. He said it only looked wrong," she insisted. "If you loved him, you wouldn't care how things looked; you would believe him."

The woman stared at her. "He thought you were *me!* You! You are a child, a baby. What do you know? Don't you see that he is weak?" She indicated the boy. "Don't you see that I am strong? Don't you know that no one can trust a weak man, and most of all the woman who loves him cannot?" she asked, intensely.

Mara looked at the boy. She saw that he was more weak than strong, more sweet than strong. She looked at the woman. She did not see how strong the woman was. "I should trust the man I loved," she said; and again her eyes were still.

"You—you—what kind of man will you love? You are a child; you don't know." The woman gazed earnestly at the child. Then — she took her in her arms. "You will be a strong woman," she said, with quiet tenderness, her voice lowered to a whisper. "May heaven not let you love a weak man! May you never understand how a woman can love, and not trust!"

Mara, more startled by her gentleness than by her violence, looked up at her, and saw that her eyes could soften.

She glanced toward the bed. The woman saw, and pushed her away. "Don't look at him," she commanded. "What right have you to look at my husband? What right have you to take my place? How dare you close his eyes, and put a flower in his hands?" She took the rose, and threw it on the floor. "What right have you to forgive him for me? to come between my husband and me?"

"He was so ill, and didn't know me; he was all alone," said the girl. But the woman hushed her lips with a kiss, then pushed her out into the hall, and closed the door.

Mara, a shuddering heap in the doctor's office, sobbed, "Oh, she didn't love him, or she would have trusted him. I know that he didn't do anything wrong. I could believe him." She had forgotten that she had been acting her idea of Helen. She still did not remember the cruel look and the blow.

The woman, her arms round the boy with the smile on his lips and the weakness in his face, said to the unhearing ears: "That child tried to be me to you, dear heart. She dared to take my place. She thinks I don't love you; she doesn't know that loving isn't trusting, and that forgiving isn't either one or the other. Oh, she doesn't know! Why do I love you, dear? Why—why—why are you so sweet—and so weak?"

## A UNIVERSAL ERROR

NOW here's a thing that puzzles me;
A grave mistake it seems to be:
Why do we say our years are spent,
When part of every year is Lent?

CAROLYN WELLS.

## PRECOCIOUS

AFTER a more severe reproof than usual, little Bessie, who is extraordinarily sensitive, thought diligently for a minute, and then said: "Mamma, isn't there any way a child can get a divorce from its parents?"

A PUN is the very lowest form of wit—and therefore the foundation of humor.

# WISDOM

By Charles Hanson Towne

LOVE taught me many things
  Most wonderful, and yet
More glorious than all is what
  She taught me to forget.

Love taught me pity, joy;
  Love taught me how to weep
For those who never know her face,
  But in the darkness creep.

She taught me how to say
  A prayer for those who sin;
She taught me purity and trust—
  Yea, and she wrapped me in

The mantle of all sympathy;
  She taught me how to see
The beauty hid in sorrow; lo!
  All these she showed to me.

Love taught me all things good,
  Love taught me all things kind;
She showed me all the bliss in life,
  I who was very blind.

And while she taught me thus
  Her lessons sweet and great,
Out from my heart there stole one thing—
  The knowledge of all hate.

Oh, this full well I know,
  Since Love has entered in
There is no room for Malice nor
  For Hate, her sister sin.

Love taught me many things
  Most wonderful, and yet
More glorious than all is what
  She taught me to forget!

# MISS PERFUME

By Onoto Watanna

MR. ALBEMARLE HAUG struck an attitude, his feet wide apart, his monocle fixed in his left eye. He twirled his small, incipient mustache with one hand and his cane with the other. He cleared his throat with a prolonged "Ahem!" looked knowing, and then said, "*Ohayo!*" with an unmistakable accent.

"A-a-goo-mornin'," she returned, with the slightest inclination of her small, disdainful head.

"Beautiful mawning!" continued Mr. Albemarle Haug.

"Honorably beautiful," she agreed.

"Sun shining, you know, like—ah—you!" He put the end of his cane into his mouth, and watched for the effect of his compliment.

It was wasted on her. She merely said, in a queer little subtle undertone, "You arisin' early with thad honorable sun?"

"The air, you know—" he began to explain.

"Ah, yaes, the honorable air augustly beneficial to sniff."

"To what? Oh, yes, by Jove!" and he laughed constrainedly. "That's a good one!"

She agreed with him, in a dignified fashion, that the honorable air was a good one, particularly so in this part of her insignificant country. Then she inquired as to whether his honorable nose was benefited by the honorable air.

Her question ruffled the pride of Mr. Albemarle Haug, and then, thinking better of it, he broke into noisy laughter. He told her that his nose had nothing to do with his presence there; it was in a perfectly healthy and admirable condition.

Being on the subject of health, however, she gracefully pursued it.

"Your honorable health is good?" she inquired, with extravagant solicitude.

"Fine!"

"Also, those healths of your honorable mother an' sister?" this last with affected anxiety.

"They're all right. Now, look here, Miss—er—Perfume, we'll talk of *you*, don't you know."

She turned her shoulder and looked at him over it. "I too augustly insignificant to converse about."

Mr. Albemarle Haug threw convention to the winds. "You—you little bit of Dresden——"

She backed from him as he approached her. Suddenly she halted, and stiffly faced him. She struck his outstretched hand down smartly with her fan. "Whad you honorably attempt?" she demanded.

"To kiss you," he said, "just with my fingers." He attempted to pinch her cheek, but again she stepped back quickly.

"You altogedder too kind," she said; and Mr. Albemarle Haug could not get it through his head just whether she meant this gratefully or satirically.

His hesitation lasted but a moment, and his ardor increased with the delay. He attempted to put his arm round her, but the act received a prompt and sharp punishment. Perfume suddenly opened her little purple parasol. It reached just about to the Englishman's chin. She elevated it viciously to the level of his nose. A few moments later Mr. Albemarle Haug's immaculate appearance had undergone a remarkable change. His hat

had disappeared from his head and had gone on an independent chase before a sharp little wind, which bore it toward the bay; his glass had tumbled from his eye and was dangling over his polka-dotted waistcoat; his tie had ascended above his high collar, while across his honorable nose a long red scratch added to his appearance of bewilderment and chagrin, and gave the young gentleman a ridiculous aspect. A few yards away from him Miss Perfume had closed her parasol, and was regarding him with triumphant defiance.

For his further mortification, a third party arrived on the scene to witness his humiliation.

"Hello, Haug! What's up?"

"The dooce!" said Mr. Albemarle Haug.

Bob Graves grinned approvingly. Miss Perfume unfurled her fan and placed it before her face just above her delightful little nose. Her eyes twinkled with merriment above the fan.

Bob took in the situation at a glance.

"Too bad, old man," he said, soothingly; and then added, as his eye met the defiant glance of the girl, "Serves you right, though."

Mr. Albemarle Haug had by this time regained something of his normal poise. He was regarding Perfume with a look of mingled reproach and admiration. "You were reahlly hard on a fellow," he drawled.

"Aexcuse me," returned Miss Perfume. "*Ah bah!*" (Good-bye.)

"What! You're not going already?" said Mr. Albemarle Haug; and he watched her in amazement as she went down the hill and across the rice-fields toward her home.

"Who is she, Haug?"

"Who? Why, a Jap girl, of course," returned Mr. Albemarle Haug, irritably, replacing his monocle and looking about wistfully for his hat and cane.

"She made pretty strong objections to you, apparently," said Bob, looking with critical amusement at the other's disfigured nose. "I thought you were something of a lady-killer, old man."

"I tell you it was an accident—just a bluff the little witch made. She saw you coming, I fawncy."

"Ah, so?"

Mr. Albemarle Haug's attitude again grew uncertain. "Look here, old chap, you'll not let this story get out among the fellows, will you? It reahlly was nothing but an absurd accident, though I appreciate how doocid queer it would sound, and I'm not in temper for a chaffing over there." He waved his stick toward the hotel, and added, with unconcealed disgust: "A Japanese girl! It would reahlly, you know, sound ridiculous."

"It would," said Bob, enjoying himself immensely.

"You won't disgrace me, will you, old fellow?"

"I won't disgrace her," said Bob, grinning expansively.

"Her! Why, look here, she's just one of those little dolls you see everywhere here."

"Well, she had spirit to resist you, Haug."

"Fudge!"

"And she was adorably pretty."

"Ah, thanks awfully."

"What?"

"You see, I contemplate matrimony with this young person."

"You do!" Bob's sense of the ridiculous began to desert him. "How did you get acquainted with her?"

"Mashed her," said Mr. Albemarle Haug, nonchalantly.

"Oh, come now, Haug, she isn't that kind." There was a tone of resentment in the voice.

Mr. Albemarle Haug frowned uncomfortably. "Why, old chap, they're all alike—can have any of them if you whistle for them."

"Not all of them."

"Well, the exceptions don't abound round here. She's not one of them, I fawncy. She lives over there, see, in that little house. Her people are day-laborers in the rice-fields."

"How did you come across her?" Bob was quite serious now.

"Mother and Adelaide picked her up somewhere, and when I came back here they tried to hide her from me. Couldn't fool this old boy!"

"Then you met her through your people? She's a friend of your mother's?"

"Friend! Reahlly, Graves, you are very funny. Mother and Adelaide detest her!"

"Oh, indeed! Why?"

"Tell you the truth, Graves—*I*—" He tapped his chest significantly.

"I see," said Bob, with brief curtness.

"I will marry her in spite of them," went on Mr. Albemarle Haug, fatuously. "Easiest thing in the world, you know—cup of tea, song, fee and the rest."

"You mean, then——?"

"Exactly."

Graves shrugged his shoulders, skeptically. "Well, if I'm not very much mistaken, you won't get that girl."

"Oh, fudge!" said Mr. Albemarle Haug, with airy confidence.

Mrs. Haug had in mind, when she brought her two children to Japan, a fixed purpose other than the usual one of the sojourning tourist. The dearest ambition of her life was to secure a position for her son in the diplomatic service. She had exhausted all that effort, money and influence could do in England, and had finally been recommended to come to Japan and attack in person the Honorable Clarence Marchmont, in whose power it lay to bestow on her son the desired position. She had a very long letter of introduction to Mr. Marchmont and her own wit and craft to assist her. Unfortunately, Mr. Marchmont, at the time of their arrival in Japan, was in Hong-Kong with his wife, while his daughter, an only child, was said to be in delicate health and unable to receive visitors. Otherwise Mrs. Haug would have made it a point to cultivate the girl's acquaintance in the absence of her father.

Nothing daunted, however, by the absence of Mr. Marchmont, Mrs. Haug had come from Tokio to this fashionable little watering-place, and here she waited and recuperated against his return.

There was also another reason responsible for her presence in Japan. She was extremely anxious to patch up a broken engagement between her daughter Adelaide and Robert Graves. At the time of its existence, Mrs. Haug had refused to recognize it, for Bob had then nothing beyond his frank and attractive young manhood to offer Miss Haug. The mother had kept up such a persistent and relentless nagging at the girl that Adelaide, who was a revised edition of herself, with a strain of her brother's sentimentality to temper her constant haughtiness, had succumbed. On his dismissal Bob had gone out to Japan. Hardly six months later the Haugs learned of his inheritance of a large estate and fortune.

Now Mrs. Haug was very much discouraged and unhappy. Besides the fact that her plans regarding Adelaide seemed futile, in view of the exasperating attitude of indifference with which Bob met their advances, Albemarle had given her hysterical cause for alarm by his absurd infatuation for this Japanese girl. Mrs. Haug bitterly bewailed the fate that had thrown the girl across their path. In the beginning she had thanked providence for her timely arrival. Perfume had come to her assistance one afternoon in the woods, when her runners had deserted both Adelaide and herself because she had refused to pay more than the customary fee. Perfume had gracefully offered them her jinrikisha. The Haugs had offered to pay her, but she had refused to accept the money. Under the impulse of her momentary gratitude, Mrs. Haug had patronizingly invited the girl to call on them at their hotel. Perfume came, and trouble followed. Albemarle saw her and fell in love with her.

A few days after Mr. Albemarle Haug's unfortunate encounter, Bob Graves had the good fortune again to

come across Miss Perfume. He had lately acquired a habit of strolling across the fields in the direction in which her home lay.

She was sitting on the beach, a large book spread out before her. She returned his greeting with distant haughtiness. He sat down on the sands beside her.

"I am not responsible," said he, "for the rudeness of others. Please do not punish me."

The hard little look in her eyes grew uncertain.

"Besides," he continued, seeing his advantage, "you know that, at best, we are merely barbarians, and you should make allowance for us."

As he spoke to her, his eyes traveled admiringly over her face. The sun shone on her hair, and he was startled at its ruddy glow. Hitherto he had never seen a Japanese girl whose hair was not a dense black. Perfume's was distinctly bronze red, and there was the faintest ripple in it. Moreover, just above the nape of her little white neck and about her ears and temples, the short ends that escaped curled entrancingly. Her eyes, too, though long and narrow, were quite large, and when she opened them wide he saw that they were almost yellow. Her unique beauty puzzled him, but a subtle charm pervaded his senses and made analysis of her attraction for him impossible.

From distant haughtiness the expression of her face gradually relented into an arch friendliness that was bewitching. All she said, however, was:

"English gendleman honorably perlite to honorably insignificant Japanese girl."

"I tried to put in all the good words I could for you with the Haugs," Bob continued.

"Why?" demanded Perfume, suddenly defiant.

Bob blundered. "Why, well, I thought—you see—I thought it just possible that you and——"

The friendliness disappeared from her face in an instant. "Tha's nod bisiness for you," she said, icily.

After this cutting reproof Bob sat in uncomfortable silence. Several times she peeped at him sidewise under her long lashes. Then she again relented, and began to confide in him.

"Thad Mr. Albemarle Haug make marry at me," she said.

"You don't say!" cried Bob, sitting up, indignantly.

She nodded solemnly.

"The impudence of the fellow!" he exclaimed, and caught her eye, whereat they both laughed, and became fast friends from that moment.

"When is it to be?" he inquired.

"Whad?" she asked, innocently.

"Your marriage."

"I dunno egsact date," she returned.

He was really alarmed now. He sat bolt upright. "Then you accepted him, after all?"

"Who?"

"Why, Haug, of course."

"Oh, silly mans, you! No, I nod accept. You ask me wen my marriage taking place. Tha's nudder madder."

He laughed joyously, with relief.

"Where did you learn to speak English?" he asked her next.

"I don' speag very well whicheven," she said, "jus' liddle small bit. I live all my honorably insignificant life long ad this Japan, go ad Japanese school, speag Japanese with aeverybody all time. Mebbe some day I also go across west ocean ad English school."

"Really? You are going to England?"

"America," she said, proudly. "Ad present I only fi'teen year ole. Altogedder too young, my fadder say."

"Why, you're just a little girl," said Bob, softly. "It's remarkable, all the same, how well you do speak English. You must have lived among us?"

"I know plenty English peeble ad Tokio."

"Oh, you've lived in Tokio, then?"

"Why, tha's my home."

"I thought you lived here."

"Nonzenze. This jus' liddle bit Summer home I stopping ad. My health nod perfect. Therefore, I come stay here for liddle bit while with Madame Pine-Leaf, my ole dear servant."

"Oh, I see," said Bob, thoughtfully.

That night he listened to Mr. Albemarle Haug's angry confession. He had made the girl an offer of his soul, and she had scorned it utterly.

"So she refused you," remarked Bob, quietly.

"She said no, and left me feeling that she didn't mean it."

"She is making a fool of him," thought Bob. "You'd better go on with your mother to Tokio," he advised.

"I'll be blawsted first," said Mr. Albemarle Haug.

"Very well," said Bob. "Go in and win—if you can."

A few weeks later an embarrassing interview took place between Mrs. Haug and Miss Perfume. The former lady, in company with her daughter Adelaide, went to the little house where the Japanese girl lived, and called on her. Perfume received them with ceremonious politeness, pressing on them the hospitality of what she termed her "honorably insignificant hovel of a house."

Mrs. Haug went straight to the purpose of her visit.

"No, we don't care to eat," she said, closing her lips grimly, and shuddering disgustedly at the little Japanese lunch brought in by a maid. "I am very sorry to have to tell you that we have come on a most painful and disagreeable mission."

"Tha's vaery sad," said Perfume, sympathetically. "Mebbe I kin honorably assist madame."

"It is this. My son has told me of his intentions toward you."

Perfume inclined her head gracefully. "He mos' vaery perlite foreign gendlemans," she complimented. "Pray, you come see me for you' son?"

"What do you mean?"

Perfume smiled sweetly. "Mebbe," said she, "you come unto me to entreat me to mek honorable marriage with you' august son? Mebbe?"

"I did not come for that purpose," said Mrs. Haug, indignantly.

"Ah, mebbe you come unto me jus' like a *nakoda*, middlewoman, professional match-maker, to carry bag my honorable answer? So?"

"I came to say," announced Mrs. Haug, with asperity, "that it is quite impossible for my son to marry you."

"Impossible!" Perfume was puzzled. Had she not herself by her answer rendered it impossible? Why, then, had this stupid Englishwoman come to tell her it was impossible?

"Yes, quite impossible. In the first place, my son is an English gentleman, and could not marry a Japanese girl. He has important business to attend to here, and he must not be inveigled into a marriage that would wreck his career."

Perfume's face, passing from serene and polite friendliness to shocked amazement, had gradually become stonily inscrutable as the other woman spoke. When Mrs. Haug had finished, the young girl, without deigning to address one word in response, clapped her hands loudly. Instantly a maid answered the summons.

"Show these barbarian visitors to their jinrikishas," she said, and then, with a deep bow of mock obeisance, she left her infuriated guests.

November the third. The Mikado's birthday.

It had been quite an exciting day for the Haugs. They had obtained tickets for the legation tent, and had put in a pleasurable and profitable day with the many foreign diplomats and their families and friends. To add to their triumph, they had met the Honorable Mr. Marchmont; had unceremoniously and gushingly handed him the letter of introduction, and he had cordialy and informally invited them to attend a large ball he was giving that evening at the Hotel Imperial, in honor of the Mikado's birthday, and to celebrate his daughter's début into society.

The ball was a most imposing and luxurious affair. The Haugs arrived during the crush. As they passed through the brilliantly lighted vestibule into the corridor and took their places in the procession making its way toward the little receiving line, they could catch bits of the gossip and chatter that floated about them.

One American woman was telling her tall escort, in a high nasal voice loud enough to be heard by all about her, that she had known the Marchmonts for a very long time. The daughter had been born and educated in Japan—quite an odd fancy of the father, who was just a little freaky, though so dear, as everyone knew. The girl was altogether too young to "come out" yet, but it was a charming little accident that was making them hasten it. She was to have been "finished" in Europe and America first; but she had fallen in love with someone, and her father, who doted on her, had actually consented to her early marriage. He really was such an impossible man, was dear Mr. Marchmont. His own life and marriage had been so deliciously romantic and eccentric! He had married a Japanese lady in European fashion, had taken her abroad with him, and was so proud of her and their daughter!

"Mother," said Adelaide, "don't you think it was shocking of Mr. Marchmont to marry a Japanese lady?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Haug, adjusting her pince-nez. "It is the secret of his popularity, I understand. His wife is said to be perfectly charming. I consider it an honor to meet her."

"You objected to *my* marrying a Japanese girl," said Albemarle, bitterly.

"That was altogether different," said Mrs. Haug. "Mr. Marchmont married a lady of rank and fortune, related to one of the noblest families in Japan, her own father being a count, I am told."

"Well," said Albemarle, doggedly, "there's no difference. Perfume would put any girl I ever saw out of sight."

"A little, insignificant piece of bric-à-brac," said Adelaide, scornfully, and Mrs. Haug added, witheringly:

"I have no patience with you, Albemarle."

Meanwhile they were slowly advancing along the line.

"I can see them quite plainly now," whispered Mrs. Haug. "That must be dear Mrs. Marchmont, the lady in white satin and pearls." She lowered her voice. "I am amazed, Adelaide," she said, "at the gorgeousness of this Mrs. Marchmont."

"Are you sure my hair's all right?" questioned Adelaide.

"Yes, dear. Adelaide, do you think I could possibly wear white satin and——?"

"Oh, mother!"

"Well," said Mrs. Haug, plaintively, "she cannot possibly be much younger than I am, what with a grown-up daughter and——"

"'Sh! People will hear you. Are you sure my——?"

"Yes, yes, child, your hair's all right. Oh, there! Do you see the daughter?"

"Mother, don't. Everybody's looking at you."

"What a pretty girl!"

"What nonsense, mother! You can't see her from here."

"Adelaide, notice the hang of that little gown. If it wasn't so plain and simple I would say that it came from Worth's."

"Hush, mother, do."

"The dear child!" Mrs. Haug's voice rose in sympathy to the shrill note of the American woman in front of them. "I had heard of her sweet beauty. Now I see——"

They had almost reached the receiving party by this time. Adelaide saw her mother stop suddenly; the busy, important form became rigid.

"What's the matter, mother? Why don't you go on?"

"Adelaide," said Mrs. Haug, in a

voice that was so peculiarly thin and parched as to be barely recognizable, "there is something wrong with my eyes."

"Why, mother!"

"Go in front of me, Adelaide. Now look at the girl—this Miss Marchmont. Tell me, does she—is she——?"

For once in her life Miss Haug's composure completely failed her. "Oh, my goodness!" she ejaculated.

"What's the matter with you two?" growled Albemarle, sticking his head forward. "Making shows of yourselves!"

"Look!" said Adelaide, faintly.

Mr. Albemarle Haug fixed his monocle securely, and stared hard.

"Wh-why," he stuttered, "th-th-that's my Perfume!"

The American woman's voice in front of them, maddeningly clear, could be plainly heard in the little hush that ensued.

"Do look at her, the dear child! Eyes for no one but him——"

Mrs. Haug touched the speaker's arm with agitation she could not repress. "For whom?" she queried, faintly.

"Why, her fiancé, of course," returned the American woman, graciously. "See, the tall young man right behind her. He adores her."

"Bob!" said Adelaide.

"The dooce!" said Mr. Albemarle Haug.

## INERTIA

I NEED you so—you need me not at all;
This is the bitterest of bitter things;
You make my love the puny plant that clings
To the firm granite of a mighty wall,
Helpless to aid its strength or stay its fall.
I would not have you weaker, yet I know
My strength had grown in answer to your call,
And reached its highest measure striving so.
Now I but lean where once I might have led,
If you had craved my helping; now I stand
Crippled through very uselessness. I dread
Lest some day you shall seek a guiding hand,
And I shall tremble from you, all dismayed,
Having at last forgotten how to aid.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

## HOW IT HAPPENED

"YE whole trouble," said Elder Hornboggle, making use of the picturesque Puritan phraseology, "is that when we sentenced ye common scold, Dame Chinnaway, to receive seven ducks, we failed to particularize with sufficient accuracy. Therefore, she is now suing ye selectmen for ye fowls, and also for assault with intent to kill and drown. Verily, although a common scold, she is a most uncommonly businesslike woman, and of phenomenal width betwixt ye eyes."

## AN ENCHANTMENT

AN Easter hat it was, displayed
Within a window wide,
And many a matron, miss and maid
Upon it gazed, and sighed.
And some exclaimed: "Oh, what a dear!"
And some: "'Tis just a dream!"
And some, while pressing ever near,
Could scarce keep back a scream.

Yet I, a man, beheld the hat,
And tried in vain to see
What magic was contained in that
Grotesque monstrosity.
Its foliage of funny hue—
The like no garden knows!
Its blossoms—ah, a gorgeous crew
Between a squash and rose!

But stop! A transformation rare
Occurred on Easter morn—
This self-same hat, I do declare,
Put hats around to scorn!
I cannot grasp exactly how
I'd been so much misled,
For what a vision was it *now*,
Perched snug on Dolly's head!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

## WILLIAM'S INDIFFERENCE

PUFFINGTON (proudly)—I can trace my descent from William the Conqueror!

GRIMSHAW (calmly)—Well, go ahead and do it, if you feel inclined. William the Conqueror won't mind.

## HIS SARCASTIC SAYING

"IT may, and doubtless does—for a proverb is generally conceded to be the concentrated essence of centuries of wisdom—take nine tailors to make a man," said the arbiter of elegance and the author and finisher of men's fashionable apparel; "but I occasionally observe that after the nine have got him duly and becomingly constructed——"

His grin of experience was as cold and pessimistic as the smile of a snapping-turtle.

"—ninety and nine can't make him pay for it."

# IN THE PLACE OF ANOTHER

By Tom Hall

NOW, who can ever forget that awful Winter of 1778–1779? Certainly none of us who wore the faded blue and buff of the American army. Our struggle against the power of England seemed about to die out in a futile flare, like a blaze that lacks wood.

The year 1778 had been one of bitter disappointment. Sir Henry Clinton had escaped into New York through the inefficiency, if nothing worse, of Lee. The French fleet had arrived from France just in time to miss the English fleet under Lord Howe. Promptly thereafter it had miserably failed to support our General Sullivan in his attempt to capture Newport. Then, angered by our natural and just criticisms while it was repairing at Boston, it had played the baby and sailed away to the West Indies.

In the meantime, Congress had been letting the army go where Congress should have gone itself—to the devil. Even the people seemed tired of the war.

Poor Washington! That was the Winter of his discontent. His army was disintegrating, and what was left of it was scattered from West Point to Philadelphia. Food was scarce. Powder and ball were worth their weight in gold. And it was utterly impossible for him to come to a conclusion as to the next probable move the enemy would make. They threatened another invasion from Canada; they might recapture Boston; they were constantly marauding in Connecticut; and they were menacing the Southern colonies. In his Winter camp in the Jerseys Washington could only guess at the next stroke of the British; but he could always be sure that wherever the blow might fall it would be effected before he could interfere. The enemy could embark their troops, sail secretly for any destination and arrive there, before he could collect his scattered army and put it in motion.

With all his worry, however, he could not have felt the inactivity of that Winter more than his subalterns; and of them none more than I, Captain Harry West, of the Light Horse. There I was with my troop, guarding the Morristown road, at a forlorn little pretense of a village on the summit of the first range of hills that rises about twenty miles west of New York. Barring an occasional officer or courier, and once in a great while a wagon train, I saw no one save the men of my troop and the few inhabitants of the village and the surrounding country.

I was eating my heart out. I had been three years in the war, and had risen to but a captaincy. I was at the age when the blood boils with ambition or love, according to whether the times are those of war or peace; and for months I had seen action in neither. I lived alone in a hovel by the roadside, but little more pretentious than those that sheltered my men; and if I had not stirred myself to hew my own wood and fetch my own water, I would have expired before Spring of the dry rot. I ate with my sergeants and drank by myself—which is the worst habit a man can fall into. All in all, I had become as morose and gloomy a lad as could be found anywhere in buff and blue. But kind heaven had pity on me, and sent

me an adventure in a scarlet coat and in a dead man's shoes.

It was on a night late in January that the prologue of my adventure was enacted. I was alone in my shanty, sitting before a crackling fire with a pipe and a bottle. A furious storm raged without, and I had almost concluded not to make my after-midnight visit to my pickets. It would have gone against my grain to have had to punish any poor fellow I found off post on a night like that. And who would expect a wayfarer on such a tempest-swept road that night? No doubt my pickets found shelter from the storm, as I anticipated; for there was a wayfarer, and he came to my very door, without a challenge till he knocked.

"Who's there?" I shouted, angrily.

My visitor made no reply, but lifted the latch and walked in. I reached for my sword as he did so, but put it down immediately, with a smile of amusement. The intruder was a decrepit old darky, his poll white as the snow-strewn hills.

"Even'n, massa," he said, with a chuckle; and without waiting for an invitation, pulled one of my rough camp-stools to the fire, bent forward and rubbed his half-frozen hands together over the blaze.

"You seem to be at home, grandpa," I said, with a smile.

"I's a long way frum home, capting," the old man answered, "an' I'll never see it no more, no more—not in this worl' of sin."

I poured out a drink for the old fellow, which seemed to pull him together amazingly. He smacked his lips, his eyes blinked, and he opened his mouth in a prodigious grin, till it seemed to reach from ear to ear.

Then, with great solemnity, he looked at me long and earnestly. Finally, he seemed satisfied, and said: "Capting, you is the man."

"Indeed," I answered; "I've seen so little of life lately that I had begun to think I was no longer a man at all."

"You is a man," continued the old darky. "You is *the* man. An' dere is plenty of life before you—and death p'raps, too."

"It can't come too soon," I replied.

"It has come," he went on.

"You interest me," said I.

"I have brought it," said he. And with that he reached into an inside pocket and brought forth a letter, which he handed to me with a chuckle.

"From you to you," he said. "From him to him."

I did not grasp his meaning till I had read the letter, which ran as follows:

NEW YORK, January 28, 1779.

TO MY REBEL DOUBLE:

SIR—I have never seen you, but such of my friends as have met you in the field assure me that we are as like as two peas. I hear, also, that you are a brave man and handy with sword or gun. I may say, without boasting, that I have a similar reputation.

Life at the present time is extremely dull with me. No doubt, you are chafing under a similar restraint. What say you to a little war between ourselves? By that, of course, I mean a duel to the death. What good? Just this: We will pledge each other, on our honor, that none shall know of the affair save our two selves. The survivor is to bury the fallen, take his uniform, and, acting in his stead for such a time as he wishes, is to have the opportunity our strange resemblance to each other gives him, to learn such of his enemy's military secrets as he may wish. To this end each is to disclose to the other sufficient personal information concerning himself to enable the survivor to safely carry out the deception.

I am willing to trust to your honor in the arrangement; and no doubt you will be willing to trust to that of

Your humble servant,
PERCIVAL THORNDYKE,
Captain in His Majesty's Royal Dragoons.

P. S.—The answer, "yes" or "no," also the date and place of meeting, may be sent me safely by my body-servant, the bearer. We will meet, absolutely unaccompanied, on honor.

When I had finished the strange missive I threw it in the fire and jumped to my feet. "Done!" I al-

most shouted, in delight. Then I hastily scribbled an answer, sealed it and handed it to the old darky. "Take that to your master," I said.

"All right, capting," he answered. "I knowed dere was somefin' up. I hopes you young men ain't goin' to do nothin' rash?"

"Nothing at all rash," I answered. "Oh, no; nothing rash."

"Then I'll be goin' 'long," he continued. "I wants to git out o' your lines befoah mornin'."

"I'll see you through them," I volunteered. And I did, though it was quite unnecessary; for, as I expected, all my pickets were housed from the storm.

When I returned to my cabin I felt for a time as if I were ten years younger. I had been prisoned by a dead wall for months, and it had suddenly crumbled away and opened up a road pleasant to the eyes and satisfying to the soul.

Then a thought came to me that made me toss sleeplessly on my bed all night. Had I the right to let an enemy to the cause get safely in and out of our camp? What might and what might he not discover? Would I not be almost guilty of treason?

But when the dawn broke I reasoned more logically and more courageously. It was a case of nothing venture, nothing win. I felt a strange certainty that I would come out of the duel victor; and how vitally important it was to our brave commander-in-chief to get correct information concerning the proposed Spring movement of the British army under Sir Henry Clinton! Also, how little of real value the Englishman could learn if he succeeded in killing me! The comparison showed no consequence at all. By noon I had begun to know once more

> "The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

By night I was ready to ride forth on my venture without one qualm of conscience.

I had agreed to meet Captain Thorndyke at a tavern called the Brown Bull, located some six miles from the Jersey shore, opposite New York. It was on a rather unfrequented road, but I knew he would be able to find it. I had a good ride before me, nearly thirty miles, for it was agreed that we would meet and fight in the early morning. The weather had moderated greatly, having undergone one of those strange and sudden changes so common in that part of the country; and a young moon made the road clear before me. The excitement of the coming adventure sent the young blood rushing through my veins, and I can honestly say I never enjoyed a ride more in my life than I did that nocturnal journey to the Brown Bull.

Strangely enough, I could not keep my thoughts from running wild in sentimental lanes, either. I had not seen a pretty face in two years, nor put my arm round a trim waist in twice that time. But there was enough of dancing and gallantry in New York, as I well knew; and some of it I meant to see, if I had to wear a scarlet coat and a dead man's shoes to do it. It did not matter to me that the girls of New York were all Tories —at least, all that I would be likely to meet. A woman is a woman everywhere; and always more or less of a fool when there is a uniform in sight. And I was quite heart-whole, I assure you, and fancy-free, save that I had a warm love for all of them.

So the gray, frosty road flew back under my horse's feet right pleasantly. The moonbeams shone like mingled diamonds and strips of gold through the ice-coated trees, while here and there the light in a farmhouse window gleamed like a will-o'-the-wisp.

It was nearly four o'clock when I reached the Brown Bull; and I had a pretty time rousing the tavern-keeper. Even then I had to give him some plain talk before I could convince him that it was to his interest to put up my horse, make a fire in one of his chambers and prepare a meal for me. This he did, though

with unceasing grumbling; but it was a good meal, and he furnished something equally good to wash it down. It is a military maxim that a soldier should eat and sleep whenever he can, for he never knows when he may get another chance.

After eating, I stretched my legs out to the fire and fell into that mood when the imagination takes the bit in its teeth and gallops recklessly down the most inviting road it can find. I made love to scores of pretty women; I killed a dozen or more determined adversaries; I passed into hair-raising adventures and out of hairbreadth escapes, as joyously as a child toddles across the floor after a plaything. Indeed, I was getting along famously with myself when my ear caught the footfall of a solitary horse on the road outside.

A moment later a voice that sounded wonderfully like my own was raised outside in a snatch of a song:

"I'm a bold dragoon,
With my long sword and saddle bridle.
Ri too ri loo!
Ri too ri loo ri la!"

I jumped to the window, raised it, and added a verse:

"And she loves this bold dragoon,
With his long sword and saddle bridle.
Ri too ri loo!
Ri too ri loo ri la!"

"Captain Thorndyke," the stranger shouted, cheerily.

"Captain West, at your service," I answered; and closing the window, I rapped up the tavern-keeper again, and ushered the visitor into my own chamber.

Breakfast and a bottle I ordered for him, and then looked at him with an interest greater than I have felt in any other man I ever met in my life. The resemblance between us was absolutely startling, going even so far as the voice, the tricks of gesture and the superabundant animal spirits.

"Well," he said, laughingly, after he had surveyed me with equal curiosity, "I am glad for your sake that my father never visited these accursed colonies."

"And I am equally glad for your sake," I added in a similar spirit, "that my father never visited accursed England."

"Tit for tat," he replied, good-naturedly.

"And this for that," I answered; tapping my sword and looking significantly at his.

"Likewise these for those," he continued, pointing first to his scarlet coat and then to my blue and buff.

"Horse for horse," I added.

"Life for death," he went on.

"And story for story," said I.

"True," he answered. And without more ado, he commenced to give me such information concerning himself, his position in the army, his habits, friends, family and fortune, as I might need. When he finished I asked him a few questions to round out the information, learned the British countersign; and then proceeded to give him a full return for his confidence. As I did so he fell to his meal, and I had an opportunity to study his table manners, which were rather more elaborate than mine.

"Remember this," said he, noticing that I was watching him, "I never offer anyone snuff from my box."

"And in your turn," I answered, "remember that I always do."

"Good," said he. "I hope to offer snuff to General Washington himself, if that is the case."

"You'll have to be up to snuff, then," I replied, "for I am not thinking you'll use any after this day."

"As to that, we shall see," he said. "Look; even now fiery Phœbus has mounted his chariot and is galloping from the stables of the night." He pointed to the east, and I looked, to see that the dawn was already breaking on the day that was to be his last on earth—or mine.

"Then it is time for us to seek some secluded spot and settle matters; for whichever of us survives has a day before him, indeed," I said.

"Agreed," said he, calmly. And folding our cloaks about us—his a handsome one of beaver and mine a home-made affair manufactured from

an army blanket—we went forth from the tavern and struck into the woods. A walk of less than a mile brought us to a little clearing that was bathed in the first golden tints of the rising sun.

"Here," said he, throwing off his cloak, "let us cast the die."

"And here," I answered, doing the same, and pointing to a thicket close at hand, "the living shall bury the dead."

We drew swords. He faced north, I south, that neither might have the disadvantage of the blinding sun.

"For George, the King!" he cried, saluting with great ceremony.

"For George, the General!" I answered, returning the salute.

And then we fell to. After the first clash my adversary paled just a trifle, and stopped for a moment as though in trepidation. He was simply no match for me, and must have recognized the fact at once. Then he summoned his courage, and attacked me furiously. Confident of my superiority, I received his onslaught with a coolness that must have been maddening to the poor fellow. But I had no desire to annoy him, so I ran him through the heart with a precision and grace that I am sorry he could not have lived to appreciate. I am sure he would have complimented me. I was even skilful enough to glide my blade in under his open coat, for I remembered that I myself had need of that coat.

I caught him as he fell, and had his uniform off before his body stiffened. For burial I did the best I could, simply covering his form with stones and brush. Then I donned his clothes, hid my own under another pile of rocks, and returned to the Brown Bull.

"God save the King!" shouted the tavern-keeper, when he saw me return alone. He had evidently guessed the secret of our meeting. I merely smiled in reply. I was glad to see that the imposition of my changed uniform had worked so well with him; yet I knew that had I returned in my own proper uniform his cry would have been, "God save the colonies!"

An hour later, mounted on Captain Thorndyke's horse, I set out for New York.

I will confess that when I neared the British outposts on the New Jersey shore my heart jumped into my mouth; and I felt a nervous desire to draw my sword, throw off disguise and slash at every red-coat I saw. Had I done so, I verily believe they would have but thought me Captain Thorndyke, suddenly demented, so well did I carry out my part without any appreciable effort. The officer in charge of the guard joked me about having been off on some love-affair. The sergeant in charge of the ferry seemed to take a similar view of the situation, and smiled covertly whilst I rode in his boat. Once in the city of New York, I galloped to Thorndyke's quarters in Petticoat Lane; and even the old darky servant, who had seen me as my proper self the night he brought me the challenge, took me for his master. That he had some inkling of what was going on, however, was proved by the fact that he seemed most prodigiously relieved to see me.

"Spec's you done killed him," said he, with one of his enormous grins.

"That I did," I answered, quite truthfully.

"Praise to God!" said he, reverently, and led my horse to the stable.

I entered Thorndyke's rooms with complete self-possession, but was immediately confronted by a difficulty that will be keenly appreciated by any man of honor. Lying on his writing-desk were several letters. Was I warranted in opening them? At first I was for not doing so. The lowest cur on the face of the earth is, in my opinion, he who reads another's correspondence. At first, therefore, I was for pitching the letters into the fire. Then it occurred to me that the success of my mission might depend on even so slight a contingency as the reading of a letter; and while I had the undoubted right to run any risk I chose with my own life, I had no right to risk in the slightest degree the welfare of our cause.

"All is fair in war," I said to myself, and set about the perusal of the letters. One was an order assigning me to duty on a court-martial that was to convene the coming week for the trial of a lieutenant who had been drunk on duty. I smiled to think of sitting in judgment on a British officer, but hoped to be back in our own lines before the necessity arose. Another letter was from Captain Thorndyke's father, and informed me of the very startling fact that his fiancée, Miss Dorothy Hope, was to sail with her father on the good ship *Essex* the following day for New York. It appeared that his loyalty to the King had caused Thorndyke's father to be driven from the colonies at the commencement of the war, but as a reward he was now returning on a commission of importance to the crown.

This was news indeed—and news of an ill nature. Thorndyke had told me nothing of his engagement to be married, and I knew what risk I ran of detection by the quick intuition of a woman in love. Oh, if he had only told me the pet names he called her, or in what manner he caressed her, or even how he kissed her—for there are as many ways of kissing as there are girls to be kissed, or men to kiss them! Here, indeed, was a grave difficulty.

It was the last letter, however, that bothered me most, the others being merely of a business nature. This one was written on perfumed paper, and was addressed in a delicate, feminine hand. Should I open it? Alas! I had opened and read the letter from Thorndyke's father, and I felt only too sure that this letter was from Miss Dorothy herself. In that case it was a matter of necessity to read it.

"Well, all is fair in love as well as in war," I sighed, and tore open the letter. As I expected, it was from the young lady in question. She had arrived the evening before, and was staying with her father in the house of a relative on Murray Hill. She wished to see Thorndyke at once on a matter of great importance. She would count the minutes until I came.

Dear girl, what a kettle of fish she had tumbled me into! But it was "in for a penny, in for a pound," so far as I was concerned; and in half an hour I was on my horse again and cantering north in the frosty morning air.

It was a famous ride. Ladies bowed to me, soldiers saluted me and officers threw joking remarks at me as I passed. From these latter I learned that the unexpected visit of my fiancée was known to others beside myself.

A carriage turned a corner in front of me and passed at full trot. An officer of rank, well muffled up, was in it, and I saluted.

"Ha, you lucky young dog!" he cried out; "give her my love!"

I recognized him as Sir Henry Clinton himself, for I had heard many descriptions of him. Wild desire flamed in me to draw pistol and destroy him! Was he not the leader of my country's foes? But honor forbade—all is *not* fair in war.

As I approached the house on Murray Hill, my courage in the affair of the coming visit returned. "After all," I thought, "what matters it how a girl is kissed, so long as the job is thoroughly done! If I do not exactly satisfy her, I will explain that it is from lack of practice—and that will please her."

But I was to receive a shocking surprise. When I was ushered into the lady's presence, and attempted to step across the room to her and fold her in my arms, she jumped behind a chair, drew herself up like a queen, and commanded:

"Back, sir!" in a voice that brought me to a stand-still.

"The jig is up," I said to myself. "She has discovered my imposture already." And I sighed with the greatest sincerity, for I stood in the presence of a Venus.

Her hair—oh, it was a golden cataract! And her eyes, they were Swiss lakes! And as to complexion — well! the rose at its best, at its creamiest,

at its pinkest, but imitates it abominably. I was in love, myself, that instant.

"Captain Thorndyke," she began, before I had time to rally my bewildered senses, "I have called you to me—to tell you that our engagement is at an end."

"Captain Thorndyke," she had said! Therefore I was not discovered. But what outrageous luck! Pray, what is the use of wearing a dead man's shoes if you cannot make love to his sweetheart, especially when you thoroughly approve his choice? I felt that the man I had slain had played me a scurvy trick; and I wished he were alive again that I might upbraid him. And thinking thus I stood before this beauty, dumb as any fool.

"Well, sir?" she continued. "I expected that you would at least express your regret, and ask for my reasons."

"And that I do," I replied. "Surely, you do not expect a man to take the loss of all that seems dear in life, and at a moment's notice, as calmly as if it were a mere bagatelle?" This seemed to mollify her.

"Well," said she, "I at least owe you an explanation. In the first place, I tell you frankly that I do not love you. How I ever came to love you—you, an enemy of my country, for you know as well as I do that I am not of my father's political sympathies—I do not know; but, at last, my eyes see clearly."

Heaven bless her! She was one of us, then. It was all I could do to restrain myself from shouting with joy. I tried, however, to appear properly chagrined.

"I have," she went on, "to ask a favor of you, however. Will you grant it?"

"Anything in the world," I answered, and I meant every syllable I uttered.

"I take you at your word," she said. "It is simply to see me safely across the river. I am going to General Washington's headquarters."

Imagine my feelings! I could have danced a jig right there before her.

"I'll do it gladly," said I.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for doing it," she said.

"Why?" I questioned, innocently enough.

"Because I am going to tell him of the plans that have been made against your army; which my father has brought from the King to Sir Henry Clinton; and which, no doubt, he is even now delivering to him."

"And these plans, Dorothy?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Are to invade the Southern colonies, subjugate Georgia, the Carolinas, and possibly Virginia, before Washington can move his army to their succor."

"Then neither Boston nor the Hudson are to be objects of the next campaign?" I almost whispered.

"Neither," she answered.

I could have danced with delight. She had given me the very information I had come to New York to get, and I had not been in the town a day. My mission was accomplished. I had now but to consider the matter of returning to our own lines. And that thought led me to make a grave mistake.

"Dorothy," I burst out, with enthusiasm, "I will go with you to the American lines, and I will take off this scarlet coat and fight for the colonies."

"Traitor!" she hissed, and her fine, thin lip curled with scorn; "now I hate you!"

I saw my error, and came near making another. I was about to tell who I really was. But I checked myself in time, and had recourse to the flattery that always soothes a woman's anger.

"It is not that I love the King less, Dorothy," said I, "but that I love you more."

And really there was no untruth in the statement. At any rate, she was mollified, and listened to the scheme I outlined to get her past the British guards and safely across the river that very night, and to start her off to Washington's headquarters, with my old darky for a traveling companion. She was to travel by night

and stop during the next day at the Brown Bull; since it was not safe for a pretty woman to travel by daylight, with so poor an escort, in a country overrun by bands of marauding Hessians. To all this she promptly agreed.

That night I started her on the lonely journey without difficulty, riding out a mile or two on the road with her. On my return the officer of the guard looked at me with some suspicion, but said nothing; and I got safely to my quarters. If I had exercised my usual good sense I would have made good my own escape that very night. But Dorothy had made me promise to return to the British lines, and I was now too deeply in love to think of disobeying her. And what mattered my personal safety? She would carry the information to Washington, and that was all I sought.

But the events of my adventure now crowded fast. I was no sooner in my rooms than I was summoned to Sir Henry Clinton's headquarters. Visions of a scaffold rose before me, yet I hastened to obey the order. As I entered the headquarters building one or two officers nodded to me very stiffly, and it seemed to me that all of them viewed me with suspicion. Sir Henry received me alone, and neither his appearance nor manner was reassuring.

"Captain," said he, "Mr. Hope has just sent me this note," and he handed me a paper. I glanced over it. It was a note from Dorothy to her father telling of her proposed journey, and its object, and bidding him farewell.

"You were with her this morning," continued Sir Henry, "and I am informed that she was escorted across the river by Captain Thorndyke."

"On my honor she was not," I answered him, firmly; and again I spoke the literal truth.

He looked at me with incredulity, considered a moment, and then said: "At any rate, no one will be more apt to bring her back before she has accomplished her errand than her lover. You will take a sergeant and three men, pursue her, overtake her, and return with her before morning. Fail to do so, and—" he shrugged his shoulders significantly. I saluted and withdrew. An hour later I and my four men were on the Jersey road.

Of course I had no intention of capturing the dear girl, and I led my little band at a walk, while I thought of plan after plan for making my escape. As the men were under my orders, I expected to have no difficulty in doing this, but I was soon undeceived.

"Captain," said the sergeant, rather brusquely, "we are not going at a pace that will overtake our quarry."

"I am in command of this squad," I replied, stiffly.

"I, too, have my orders," said he; and the villain gave the command, "Trot!" I looked at him angrily. But he had a pistol cocked in his hand, and sternly repeated the order.

"At any rate," thought I, "they will not know enough to turn off on the road to the Brown Bull. They will proceed by the main road, and Dorothy, at least, will escape."

But luck was against me. A half-witted yokel was seated on a stump at the very intersection of the two roads, and in answer to the sergeant's question, promptly told him the direction a lady and a single attendant had taken, not half an hour before. My heart sank into my boots.

The sergeant, paying no attention to my remonstrance, or to my suggestion that we divide our force and send at least two men on by the main road, ordered, "Gallop!" And then, in what seemed no time, we reined up at the Brown Bull.

A groom was leading two horses to the stables, and lights in the dining-room and kitchen told me too plainly that Dorothy had arrived.

The sergeant threw open the front door, ran down the hall, pulled wide another door, and shouted, "Miss Hope, I arrest you in the name of the King!"

But I am quick to act in an emergency. I jumped before him and drew my sword. "I'll be hanged if you do!" I answered him. "Fly,

Dorothy, fly!" And then I ran my good weapon through that sergeant before he had time to realize what had happened.

I heard a scurrying behind me, and knew that Dorothy was trying to make her escape. But I could not look round. The three remaining men were closing in on me with drawn pistols. One I pierced, and he fell over the body of the sergeant; but as he did so the other two fired at me point-blank, and I fell fainting to the floor. But as I fell my failing senses recognized dully the blare of a trumpet and the hoarse cries of a patrol of galloping cavalry.

When consciousness returned I was a wasted skeleton, helpless on a sick bed. A nurse was sitting by my side, and when I turned to look at her I saw—Dorothy!

It was some days, however, before I was strong enough to talk, or to learn that she had made good her escape, that I had been rescued by a party of my own troop who had been sent out to look for me after my mysterious disappearance, and that I was safe in our own lines, within a stone's throw of Washington's headquarters.

But both our great commander-in-chief and Dorothy herself were extremely puzzled by my past actions; so I took the first opportunity I could get to explain. My American comrades, of course, insisted that I was Captain Harry West, for some reason or other caught in a scarlet coat. But Dorothy maintained that I was her sometime fiancé, Captain Thorndyke, of the Dragoons. My explanation, naturally, set things right and won me my promotion to a majority. But it sadly embarrassed Dorothy.

There is but one thing to do with an embarrassed woman, and that is to make love to her. This I did, assiduously.

"Is it a scarlet suit or one of blue and buff that you are pressing on me?" asked Dorothy, sweetly red, when I asked her the fateful question.

"It was once as scarlet as your blushes," I answered; "but to-day it is as blue as your eyes. In war, you know, a man has a right to change his suit, though he may be hanged for it."

"And in love," said she, "a maid has a right to change her mind, though she may be married for it."

And she took the penalty.

## THE TIME TO WOO

A LITTLE white rose in the garden blew,
When the dew in the dawn lay bright;
And over the grass came her lovers to woo,
And faithful troth to plight.
But the rose bade the wind go sigh, go sigh;
She flouted the vows of the butterfly;
And the cricket—he skipped without saying good-bye
To the little white rose in the garden.

But, alack! the wee rose—when the gloaming grew,
She quaked in the twilight gray,
When a moth flew out of a lime to sue
And won her without delay.
That bold night-moth that flew from the lime,
He won the wee rose without reason or rhyme
Because—sly fellow!—he knew just the time
To woo a white rose in the garden.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## A BALLADE OF MANY LOVES

THE way of hearts is hilly
And hard to gauge, methinks;
Cecilia loves a silly,
Cassandra loves a sphinx;
Wee Stella loves to play high jinks
With me, her doting daddy;
Selena loves the links—
And Kitty loves a caddy

Pale Charlotte loves Chantilly
(From creamy lace she shrinks),
And when the weather's chilly
Amelia loves her minks.
Rebecca loves her bashful Binks,
Honora loves her Paddy,
Hélène loves skating-rinks,
And Kitty loves a caddy.

Sweet Alice loves a lily,
Penelope loves pinks,
And Dinah, willy-nilly,
She loves her funny kinks.
The baby loves forbidden chinks,
Mamma her blue-eyed laddie,
Dear granny forty winks—
And Kitty loves a caddy.

Kate's an old-fashioned minx,
Consistent, never faddy;
She loves the tea she drinks,
And so she loves the caddy!

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

## DISPROVED

STELLA—I heard that your ball dress was awfully low-cut.
BELLA—Well, it comes to my ears now.

## ART, NOT NATURE

MADGE—After she's painted her face she always looks in the glass.
MARJORIE—So that's one girl who doesn't hold the mirror up to Nature

# "WILLOWWOOD"

By Baroness von Hutten

HE called his book "Willowwood," and on the neat black and orange cover, under the title, stood his own name: Lisle Baillie.

The day his six copies came from the publishers he sat some time looking at them, handling them—almost fondling them. It was his first book. Then, with a good-humored grin at his own irrepressible feeling of importance, he rummaged out paper and cord, and sitting at his desk, he wrote in each copy but one a short dedication.

"To Mother, with love from Lisle."

"Dear Tim, be indulgent toward my first-born."

"Miss Brotherton, with Lisle Baillie's compliments."

"'Compliments of the author' is too absurd," he said, aloud.

Then: "Dr. Head, from L. B. What is writ is writ; would it were worthier." And "To dear old Muttonhead, from Peau de Chagrin."

The other copy was for—himself.

When the five were neatly done up and addressed, he rang and sent them to the post.

Afterward, naturally, Lisle Baillie sat down by the window, not too far from the fire, and read "Willowwood."

The flattering firelight showed dark, handsome eyes, thick, straight hair, and a well-cut mouth; the cold daylight, a faded complexion and dark circles under the handsome eyes, also a few gray hairs. The firelight played as if caressing on the smooth cheek, while the daylight, as he moved from the too-ardent heat, showed the hollow in that cheek. Like other people, Baillie was very different as he was gazed at in a friendly or an unfriendly light.

His book pleased him. It was, of course, rather gloomy. The man knew something of life, and it had not struck him as a merry show. The cynicism in the book, however, was, in one sense, worthy of praise—it was sincere. Men of bilious temperament, left at twenty with very little money and no fondness for work, are not apt, at thirty-five, to be cheerful thinkers. But "Willowwood" had, too, a vein of fun in it, and a good-natured tone of scoffing that Baillie had let have its own way, as he felt it to be modern.

It was the story of a man. And the story of a man worth writing about in fiction means the story of many women. The women were charming. From *Rose Britton*, the first, to *Mary Hartley*, the last, they were all natural and delightful; types, in an unobtrusive way, every one of them, and Baillie smiled lovingly at them as he sped over the pages.

"Poor *Haughton!*" he said aloud once, "no wonder he got into difficulties. '*Embarras de—choix*' would be ungallant. Let us say '*de possibilités.*'"

Just as Baillie finished the next to the last chapter, a bell-boy knocked at the door, and reminded him that he was engaged for five o'clock.

"Thanks, Eben. There's your quarter."

Baillie's bad memory was an existent fact, but not quite such an affliction as it might seem. It is sometimes so convenient to forget things!

But tea, in all probability tête-à-tête, with the lovely Mrs. Gascoign, was not one of the things to be forgotten, hence the arrangement with the bell-boy.

Mrs. Gascoign was not alone when Baillie arrived. Her uncle, Mr. Pierre Lafond, was there, and a very pretty girl, Miss Hill, whose cheeks were rosy in the firelight.

"Ah, Mr. Author! *Soyez le bien venu!*"

Mrs. Gascoign held out her hand, and then he took Miss Hill's. Both of them were pleasanter than Mr. Lafond's, Baillie noticed.

"Read it? Of course we have," went on Mrs. Gascoign, ringing. "It has been out four days. The idea of your not being here! Muffins, Thomas."

"I was in Boston."

Miss Hill rubbed her cheek softly against her muff. "Did you see Minnie Brotherton?"

Baillie was rather too old to be teased.

"Of course I did. I went on purpose to see her."

Mr. Lafond laughed. "'He had long since discovered that the best way of lying is to tell the truth,'" he observed, quietly. He was a very gentle old man, with a plaintive nose.

Baillie stared. "Oh!" he ejaculated, a little awkwardly. It was the first time he had been quoted to himself.

"Let's talk of—sealing-wax and things."

"Certainly not!" This from Miss Hill between two sips of tea. "Confess. Did she recognize herself?"

"Wh—what? I don't understand."

"Why, Minnie," insisted the girl, not without a touch of malice. "You're not going to deny that she is *Winifred?*"

"Oh, by Jove, this is too bad! Of course I deny it. Miss Brotherton is no more *Winifred* than you are——"

"*Kitty Parr*," finished Mr. Lafond, neatly.

Mrs. Gascoign laughed aloud. "Poor Mr. Baillie! Let me give you more tea." But there was no pity in her gray eyes.

"Oh, yes," assented Miss Hill, with alacrity. "Everyone says I am *Kitty*, and I shouldn't at all mind. She is very charming. Only, she was in love with—*Watty*. And I am not in love with *Watty*—am I?"

"Good heavens!" groaned Baillie. "*I* am *Watty*, am I?"

"You are," answered the two women, as the younger of them rose. "Come and be scolded to-morrow, will you, Mr. Haughton?" she said, buttoning her jacket.

"If I come," he returned, "I shall make love to you. *Watty*——"

"Yes, yes, I know. Good-bye, Anne. Good-bye, Uncle Pierre."

Uncle Pierre, however, decided to go as far as the club with her, so in a few seconds Baillie was alone with Mrs. Gascoign.

"This is absurd," he began, after a pause.

"Is it?"

Her voice was a little strange, but he could not see her face. "Yes, you surely don't believe, Anne, that I am such a—cad!" He had not called her Anne for years.

"I'm not quite sure what 'cad' means, but—do you remember the tree-house at Marchant Point?"

"Yes."

"And—the day before you went to Europe the first time?"

"Yes," he assented again.

"And—the one freckle on my nose?"

"Anne!" He rose suddenly, and stood looking down at her.

"The girl in your book had a tree-house, and—a freckle on her nose, and——"

"And *Watty* kissed her good-bye before he went away——"

"Yes; he kissed her good-bye. And—you kissed me that day. Horrid little wretch I was to allow it! Miss Rachael shall be better behaved."

Baillie laughed. "But *Rose* didn't marry—anyone, and so she hadn't any Rachael. It was just a chance, Anne, believe me."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

"Then why—later on—did *Rose* and the man have that talk in the canoe?"

"In the canoe?"

"Yes. Oh, for heaven's sake, Lisle, don't lie. You haven't forgotten our discussion that night at Uncle Pierre's—the night of the blizzard?"

"Where was the canoe? You are wrong, Anne, absolutely."

Then Anne Gascoign rose and held out her hand. "I *won't* fight you, so you must go. Good-bye." And Baillie was rather glad to escape.

He thought of the matter a good deal, until that night at the club, when a man whom he had known all his life spoke to him with such marked coolness that he was obliged to ask the reason.

"My dear boy," answered Mr. White, "the wen on my nose may be amusing to you, and it may look like a 'wax apple,' but it was devilish mean of you to put it in your book."

Baillie expostulated, with the utmost sincerity, that he had never dreamed of such a thing as immortalizing any particular wen, but Mr. White brushed his words aside with his hand, and left the room.

"By Jove, I'm very sorry!" Baillie added, turning to the nearest man, "and I am utterly innocent."

"Better gird up your loins, old fellow," the man answered, with the cheerful smile of him who advises a hopeless case; "there are other things besides wens in your book!" And so Baillie learned to his sorrow.

Not only did he find resemblances in his book to people he knew, but he began to discover a horrifying similarity between characters he thought he had invented and persons he had till this time quite forgotten.

Even his mother wrote to him on the subject from Chicago, where she now lived.

"I have greatly enjoyed, too, seeing so many old friends under new names. But you are a wicked boy. I had no idea that you and Anne were really engaged, and I hope, Lisle, my dear son, that the episode of *Helen* was entirely fictitious. At first, I seemed to see some hints of poor Clara in the character, but I am sure you would never have treated any woman as your hero did *Helen*."

This was all very bad—almost the worst, for he had, indeed, treated Clara Mead exactly as *Watty* had treated *Helen Gay*.

Almost the worst, but not quite. The worst was what he learned one day in a note from Miss Hill, in which she made known that *Helen* was coming to town for a few days, and that he must meet her at dinner. He had not seen her for over ten years, and he had a violent dislike to seeing, after ten years, women he had more or less loved. But he was obliged to go.

He was conscious, as he tied his cravat, that the ten years had not passed him without leaving their traces. He had, moreover, grown thin since his book appeared, a fortnight ago.

As he put on his coat, Ned Harrison, the man who for years had been his one near friend, came in, and they walked over the hard-trodden snow together to the dinner.

"Dear old Muttonhead," Baillie said, at length, "I am the most sinned-against of men."

Harrison looked down at him and smiled. "Then it isn't true?"

"No. Now, listen, old boy, and I'll tell you the truth. I was away from this dear old village more than ten years. During those ten years I—have lived my life. I was a boy of twenty-five when I left; since then I have been back on visits twice. You don't know the ease with which a man, visiting his old home, takes up the dropped stitches, so to speak. One meets a woman one knew—a half-hour's talk—'Do you remember?' or, 'Have you forgotten?' and the like. You know how it is."

Harrison laughed. "You are incorrigible; but go on," and Baillie went on:

"Since then, on my two visits, I have seen the few women, and I have followed their lead. Men do, as a rule, follow the woman's lead, only

neither they nor the women care to own up to it. It has been in each case an entirely innocent flirtation, and I like to flirt—why not? I never flirt with stupid women, and clever ones understand."

He broke off at a crossing, and waited till Harrison had joined him again.

"Then came the book. On my honor, Muttonhead, I never dreamed of putting myself in the book. And in essentials I am not *Haughton.* I'm a Democrat, dyed in the wool; he is a Republican. I'm an idler, as far as possible; he was intended to be a busy, energetic man. And he was handsome and attractive; whereas, I have attracted but a few women, leaving the general run of them indifferent, and I was never handsome even in my best days. This is all on my honor, you know.

"Then, the women. Anne Gascoign imagines, in common with many other people, that she is *Rose;* little Miss Hill that she is *Kitty Parr;* old White that he is *Hendry;* and a Miss Brotherton, of Boston, that she is *Winifred.* It is not true. In writing the book I never thought of one of them. Anne Gascoign was my first love; and six years ago, when I came back, we sentimentalized a good deal under dear old Gascoign's smiling chaperonage. She's a charming woman, and I enjoyed the sentimentalizing, and—*damit basta.* The other likenesses, for I admit the likenesses, are purely the result of chance. The personalities of the different women had been, in some curious way, assimilated by my brain, and are now—well," he broke off, abruptly, "you don't call sausages pork or beef!"

Harrison did not answer for a moment. Then, as they approached the house, he said, quietly, "And *Helen?*"

Lisle Baillie hesitated. "*Helen* is Clara. She is the only one of whom it is true. It was an experience unique in its way, and I used it. I wish to heaven I hadn't done it." They had reached the door.

After dinner, Baillie found himself sitting near Mrs. Perkins. He watched her curiously. He had been out of reach at dinner, but now, he felt, she had him in her power.

Before she could speak, he began: "Clara, I must beg your pardon."

She smiled as she raised her eyes to his. "For what, Lisle?"

She was a handsome woman of thirty-two or three, and the diamonds round her throat were very becoming to her.

"Don't you know?"

"No. Surely you are not begging my pardon for breaking my heart six years ago?"

It was an awkward position to receive gracefully.

"No, I am *not*—" he answered, sharply.

"Then——?"

"For putting you in my book. That is, for putting that—episode in it. It seemed very long ago, very much a thing of the past, and it was writeable — uncommonly writeable. Can you forgive me?"

Mrs. Perkins fanned herself slowly. "Yes, I forgive you, Lisle. Which of the characters superseded me? May I know?"

"Oh, no one of them. The others aren't from life——"

"Then I am flattered!" There was a certain lazy mischief in her eyes.

"It is awfully good of you to take it that way," he said, in a curiously humble voice.

"No; not good. As I say, I am rather flattered."

With a sudden feeling of pique, Baillie rose. She gave him her hand, still smiling gently.

"So glad to have seen you again, Lisle, and—you won't be angry, if I tell you something?"

"Angry, Clara? No."

"Then, to tell the truth, I hadn't recognized myself until you told me. It was an unnecessary confession."

"Do you mean to say you didn't see——?"

"May wants me to sing— No, I didn't see. I had never looked at it quite in that light, you see. Your

point of view and mine were very different— Yes, May, with pleasure."

She unbuttoned her gloves slowly, and smiled a friendly dismissal to Baillie. "And no doubt—don't look so upset, my dear boy—if I wrote a book and put you in it, you wouldn't recognize yourself either. There is so much in viewpoints, isn't there?"

Baillie went home through the snow, his head bent. He was thinking.

## TO A MODERN DAVID

AH, comrade of the choir of nature-kings!
Our souls shall cleave the blue on tireless wings,
When all the tears and kisses of light loves
Have swelled the limbo of forgotten things.

ELSA BARKER.

## THE TURNING OF THE WORM

"WHILE I believe that we should love our enemies, and all that, and when one of 'em demands our coat we should forthwith hand our vest over, too," paraphrastically and a trifle cynically said the neck-whiskered, but otherwise eminently astute summerboarderculturalist, "I think there are times and occasions when the exercise of such humility should be tempered with justice. For instance, when we are smitten on the right cheek we should turn the left for some of the same, but when we are struck on the nose it becomes an entirely different proposition—very few of us have more than one nose.

"Last Summer we had here in our midst, in addition to the rest of the city boarders, a lady who came of an excellent old family; but who, instead of strivin' to live up to it, was cursed with elocutionary talent which she felt just naturally obliged to get out of her system at the very earliest opportunity. One evening, while she was favorin' us, as usual, with a long, dank spasm of woe, with fur on its tongue and ice down its back, she dislocated her jaw, and had to sit with her mouth open while I rode on a slow horse for the village doctor.

"He was a very slow horse at best, and I don't recollect his ever havin' been more elaborately dilatory before or since than he was upon that momentous occasion. He never was a deliberately bad horse, but was just one of them conservative, languid, thirty-third-degree sluggards that love to meditate by the way and sleep in their walk.

"Perhaps I might have pelted him into activity, but when I thought of that talented lady sittin' there in compulsory silence, surrounded by her former victims, and with her mouth immovably open, awaitin' my return with the doctor, I hadn't the heart to whack the horse; a merciful man is merciful to his beast, anyhow; and, besides, I really felt that I had no right to curtail the happiness of the rest of the boarders. Old Judge Tubman, who weighs nearly three hundred pounds, said afterward that hers was the most dramatic and vociferous silence he had ever had the pleasure of listenin' to."

TOM P. MORGAN.

## APPRECIATED

I MADE some verses on "Her Glove,"
Somewhat in Locker's fashion,
And sent them to her with my love,
A token of my passion.
Around that dainty piece of kid
I let my fancy linger;
Within the thumb a kiss I hid
And one in every finger.

It seemed to me a proper time
To make a bold confession;
The thoughts I dared to put in rhyme
Were tender in expression;
I told her I should like to be
Her glove for one brief minute—
A perfect fit of joy for me
To squeeze the hand within it.

Her answer was a page of prose,
One paragraph satiric;
She thanked me in a style that froze
The passion of that lyric;
For in a postscript just for spite
These heartless words were written:
"I think that now you ought to write
A poem on 'Her Mitten.'"

FELIX CARMEN.

## THE STEPMOTHER

VICTOR—How is your new mamma, Bobby?
BOBBY—She does very well for an amateur.

## THEY KNEW IT ALL

"I HAVE been studying up the causes of our modern tendencies."
"Indeed! What have you been reading?"
"Oh, Plato, Aristotle and those other old fogies."

# THE SCIENCE OF THE SEA

By Prince Albert of Monaco

ONE of the latest of the great sciences to come to maturity is that study of the ocean, its currents, winds, beds, water and inhabitants, which seems best described by the word oceanography, although it implies far more than does the corresponding study of the earth. In the development of this new science the United States takes, in the opinion of even foreign students, the very first place. Monsieur Thoulet, an eminent French savant, writing on the subject, says that great as have been the contributions of some Europeans to this science, the merit of all the most important discoveries, and of almost a century of organized and methodical labor, belongs to the United States. That country, in fact, may be said to be the founder of oceanography.

The debt that the world owes to the United States in this matter can be fully realized only when we understand the far-reaching usefulness and importance of the science in question.

At the very beginning it concerns itself with the laws of meteorology, and these have a very important practical bearing, for they are the basis of weather forecasts. The usefulness of such forecasts to humanity is self-evident. Agriculture would be much less a question of luck if coming winds, whether favorable or otherwise, could be foretold. On the sea, voyages would be shortened, and, best of all, many disasters would be averted. An illustration of the real value in such accuracy of information may be seen in our decreasing fear of cyclones. Formerly they were the sailors' terror, but in our time the laws governing them have become known, and use is made of them to shorten sea journeys. Thus storms have been tamed, for they assist the navigator, and the gale bears a ship home quickly, while driving all dangers from its path. Our forefathers would never have dreamed of the possibilities shown by the researches of Bridet. While it is true that steam has considerably modified and simplified the former conditions of navigation, and that steamers now follow almost a straight path, in spite of winds and waves, nevertheless sailing vessels are not so obsolete as one might be led to think. There is, indeed, still an economic future for sailing vessels. The rising value of coal, the very large amount of space taken up by machinery and coal-bunkers, the high salaries paid to engineers—for these and many other reasons, several nations are reverting to sailing vessels. The Americans, especially, possess very fast clippers, on which freight is cheaper than on steamships. Thus oceanography must remain of practical utility to navigation.

The question of currents is closely allied to meteorology, because of the relation currents bear to trade and other periodic winds. They also regulate the course of floating icebergs. The dangers of the Newfoundland Banks are well known. The warm waters of the Gulf Stream meet the icebergs from Greenland, brought down by the Labrador currents through Baffin's Bay. Near Newfoundland are met icebergs from the island itself, under the influence of the Labrador and Cabot currents and of the Gulf Stream.

These icebergs are of great importance, because of the danger of collisions, and because they cool the surrounding atmosphere, which, when it comes in contact with warmer air, produces thick fogs. Hundreds of wrecks could be prevented and an enormous saving in the cost of freight could be effected, if a knowledge of the dangerous approach of these phenomena could be gained beforehand. The admirable pilot-charts published monthly by the Weather Bureau at Washington attempt to solve the problem, by noting the lowest latitudes reached every year by icebergs, by recording their number, and by issuing probable forecasts based on the numerous records kept for that purpose. Fogs due to analogous causes—*i. e.*, to submarine currents—are very frequent in the northern and even in the temperate portions of the North Sea, in the English Channel and along the English and French Atlantic coasts. They are everywhere the terror of navigators, and ships are frequently lost in them. If a vessel in a fog continues its course, there is danger of running ashore or of colliding with another vessel. If it remains stationary, there is danger of being run down. And in any case there is a loss of time; and time is becoming more and more precious. An improvement in the study of oceanic conditions would have for immediate result the possibility of forecasting fogs and of following a safe course if surprised by them.

Experiments have been made and have been crowned with success. A ship's bearings at sea are usually obtained by means of astronomical observations. The navigator calculates his precise position on the waters by the observation of a star, and once he knows where he is and where he is to go, nothing is easier than to follow his course. But an essential condition is to be able to see the star, and this is impossible in foggy weather. This impossibility is the cause of many shipwrecks. The bearings, however, may be calculated in other ways: by a bathymetrical chart, indicating with accuracy relative depths by means of curves; and also by another chart, showing the nature of the bottom at various depths—sand, mud or rocks. Thus a ship, overtaken by fog, can pick its way by taking soundings. The depth of water sounded will be limited to an area shown by the bathymetrical chart; and if the line is fitted with an apparatus to bring up samples of the soil at the bottom, a reference to the lithological chart will reveal the ship's position with practical accuracy. This method has been applied in France with remarkable success by Commander de Roujoux, and by Captain Trudelle in the English Channel, and by others in the entrances to the harbors of New York, Havre and Brest. Thus oceanic observations sometimes take the place of astronomical observations, so that a ship can steer its course by feeling its way when it cannot see it. One of the principal objects of oceanography will be to draw bathymetrical and lithological charts.

Oceanography can also be applied to fisheries with great advantage. The importance of this will easily be understood when we consider that in France alone there are 86,000 deep-sea fishermen; and that 200,000 persons depend, either directly or indirectly, on these fisheries for a livelihood.

Man makes use of numerous fishes and other inhabitants of the sea either for food or for other needs. For example, sponges, pearls, coral, whales—all are utilized. No living creature can escape the influence of its environment, and in no case is this more evident than in the sea. Doubtless this is because living creatures are there found in their simplest form; or, more correctly, in their least complicated form. The laws governing the ocean govern the fisheries also, and the study of these is now conducted on methodical and scientific lines.

The very fact of a particular fish being found in a given locality indicates that in this spot the depth, temperature and degree of saltness

are confined within certain limits, as are also the nature of the bottom and the speed of the currents. All these details are implied by the presence or the absence of that particular fish. In the case of the fisheries, the real problem is to know beforehand whether fish will be abundant or scarce, at a given place and at a given time. To take the fish is then merely mechanical work.

Professor Mohn, of Christiania, discovered that at the Lofoten Islands cod are invariably to be found in waters whose temperature is always between four and five degrees. Acting on this discovery, a cruiser was despatched to the spot to study the depth of this water and to verify the professor's statements. The results were remarkably satisfactory; and now the Norwegian fishermen make use of the thermometer as a recognized means of detecting the presence of cod. A thermometer is lowered into the water, and when a temperature varying between four and five degrees is reached, lines are cast and fish are unfailingly found.

In Norway the people depend on the sea for their means of existence; they are consequently certain to undertake pisciculture, and they affirm that they have been able to stock their seas with cod. Their system has since been employed by the fishermen of Newfoundland. It was noticed that young cod require water of a certain temperature and density, and that if these conditions are not present the fish cannot thrive. Cod-breeding is now carried on at Flöderig under scientific conditions, to the greater prosperity of the fishing industry.

The laying of submarine cables is dependent on oceanography, in the same way that the building of railways is dependent on topography and geology. In the former case, the importance is even greater. Railroads and cables follow natural outlines, and both, for many reasons, must avoid heights. In certain cases, when the ocean-bed is swept by currents, as off the north coast of Scotland, the cable is subjected to continuous friction on rocks, or is continually rubbed by stones and shingle. In either case the strongest and thickest outer coverings are worn through. In other places, and especially on volcanic bottoms, as in the Greek waters, the nature of the ocean-bed not infrequently causes rupture of the cable.

The land-connection of a cable is also of great importance. Rocks are very dangerous, especially when they are situated in places under the influence of waves and tides. Although the bed may be level at a distance from the shore, it may be greatly broken up nearer the coast, presenting rugged peaks and deep crevasses, with sharp edges everywhere, like those recently discovered by Monsieur Pruvot in the Gulf of Lyons, a few miles from the small port of Banyuls. A cable laid across such a crevasse will surely snap; and if a perfect knowledge of the ocean-bed in that locality be not possessed, all attempts to strengthen the outer covering of a cable would not then prevent other similar accidents.

The above is a mere outline of some of the ends to which oceanography can be applied. We see that it is necessary for the proper development of ocean travel, of weather forecasts—consequently of agriculture—of fisheries, of submarine cable-construction—to say nothing of submarine tunneling and the making of marine buildings, such as docks and harbors.

In short, few sciences can make a larger claim to the gratitude of humanity.

SIRE—What's all this?

SON—Oh, er—running expenses.

SIRE—Gad! You must be going at a great pace!

## MY WILDERNESS

SO fair, my wilderness smiles to the day,
The tiny violet seeks the cedar's shade,
The giant sunflower, straight and unafraid,
Throws his tall shadow o'er the grassy way;
My wilderness is fair and sweet to see—
Love, will you come and visit it with me?

The tender rose-bough trails against the wall,
The brown thrush sings, the sun smiles always fair,
The charm of Spring is lingering everywhere,
The glow of love is smiling on it all;
My wilderness is near the turquoise sea—
Sweet, will you ever walk in it with me?

In the long, silent night, you come again,
Your hand clasps mine, your eyes are wet with tears;
O sweetheart, through the dark of these long years
I hear your voice, with mingled joy and pain.
O wilderness of dreams, that may not be—
Love's shadow walks there every day with me!

MABEL GREENWOOD.

## HOW IT HAPPENED

"IT was kinder funny—that is, overlookin' the seriousness of it," said the landlord of the Pettyville tavern. "You see, Miss Gabriella Lanks, who has—not meanin' any disrespect to her, you understand—been an old maid so long that it's generally believed to be chronic, approached the railroad crossin', and a brakeman waved a red flag at her to warn her of the danger. She thought he was tryin' to flirt with her, and advanced toward him with a smile; and a caboose that was backin' up struck her good and plenty. Luckily, no bones were broken; and the first thing she said when she recovered consciousness was:

"'Oh, this is so sudden!'"

## THE MEAN MAN!

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON—If somebody should threaten to abduct me and hold me for a ransom, what would you do?

MR. SCRAPPINGTON—Laugh like thunder.

# HIS DELICATE MISSION

By Cecil Charles

FROM the moment he heard the soft sweep of her gown approaching, Cotesworth should have realized the gravity of the situation. Bowing over her hand, it was yet possible for his involuntary side glance to discover the detail of a gilded jardinière filled to overflowing with orchids.

"So good of you to come," was her greeting.

"So good of you to permit me," was his reply.

"You will let me give you some tea?" She was quite engagingly in earnest.

"Am I not too late?"

"Too late for tea? Imagine! Shall we sit here?"

The half-hour he had begged for by letter was actually at hand. The perfection of her form—she was not a large woman—the marvelous simplicity of her black and velvety gown, with its fleeting turquoise lights, might have overcome an older and wiser head than his own. He could see that her hand—not the one she had given him—was completely covered with turquoises and brilliants: but he might have remembered that Mrs. Walsingham could make or unmake good taste.

She went on speaking in that playful tone, yet with no abatement of the earnestness that ever characterized her. "Really, it was good of you to remember not to forget me. I made you promise it last year, in Paris—it is quite a year. I was delighted to get your wee note. And I am going to ask you to manage all sorts of clever things for our coming bazaar—the Infants' Infirmary, you know."

Cotesworth lifted his eyes slowly. It might have flashed on him that he would rather relinquish his efforts in Amory's behalf; that Amory might not have been thoroughly in his senses regarding Netta Walsingham, the millionaire's widow—the proud, the absolute Mrs. Walsingham! He might have remembered that Amory's Mrs. Walsingham should be about fifty years of age; while this divine creature, with her gracious, graceful erectness, her rounded cheeks, her glowing eyes, her red-brown hair, her vitality—surely, she had never seen three-and-thirty! Poor Amory's mind might be affected by some wretched malarial fever, such as the countries he had just come from reeked with at certain seasons of the year.

Mrs. Walsingham was smiling at her caller. "I knew," she repeated, "that one could count on you. And we want to make our bazaar notable this year. It should be!" Her voice thrilled, her eyes were liquid. "Little creatures, deserving of all tenderness! One wants to make up to them for all their sorrows, you know."

Cotesworth inclined his head. "Will you pardon me, if I seemed—absent? It is your orchids that distract me."

"Ah! Beautiful, are they not? Gordon is having famous luck with the greenhouses this year. He has several new varieties. I sent him to the Isthmus during Midsummer. He nearly died of the mosquitoes—but he stayed." She rose and moved toward the pedestal. "You know this, perhaps?" Her delicate index finger touched a blossom. "The 'Holy

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"So good of you to come," was her greeting.

"So good of you to permit me," was his reply.

"You will let me give you some tea?" She was quite engagingly in earnest.

"Am I not too late?"

"Too late for tea? Imagine! Shall we sit here?"

The half-hour he had begged for by letter was actually at hand. The perfection of her form—she was not a large woman—the marvelous simplicity of her black and velvety gown, with its fleeting turquoise lights, might have overcome an older and wiser head than his own. He could see that her hand—not the one she had given him—was completely covered with turquoises and brilliants: but he might have remembered that Mrs. Walsingham could make or unmake good taste.

She went on speaking in that playful tone, yet with no abatement of the earnestness that ever characterized her. "Really, it was good of you to remember not to forget me. I made you promise it last year, in Paris—it is quite a year. I was delighted to get your wee note. And I am going to ask you to manage all sorts of clever things for our coming bazaar—the Infants' Infirmary, you know."

Cotesworth lifted his eyes slowly. It might have flashed on him that he would rather relinquish his efforts in Amory's behalf; that Amory might not have been thoroughly in his senses regarding Netta Walsingham, the millionaire's widow—the proud, the absolute Mrs. Walsingham! He might have remembered that Amory's Mrs. Walsingham should be about fifty years of age; while this divine creature, with her gracious, graceful erectness, her rounded cheeks, her glowing eyes, her red-brown hair, her vitality—surely, she had never seen three-and-thirty! Poor Amory's mind might be affected by some wretched malarial fever, such as the countries he had just come from reeked with at certain seasons of the year.

Mrs. Walsingham was smiling at her caller. "I knew," she repeated, "that one could count on you. And we want to make our bazaar notable this year. It should be!" Her voice thrilled, her eyes were liquid. "Little creatures, deserving of all tenderness! One wants to make up to them for all their sorrows, you know."

Cotesworth inclined his head. "Will you pardon me, if I seemed—absent? It is your orchids that distract me."

"Ah! Beautiful, are they not? Gordon is having famous luck with the greenhouses this year. He has several new varieties. I sent him to the Isthmus during Midsummer. He nearly died of the mosquitoes—but he stayed." She rose and moved toward the pedestal. "You know this, perhaps?" Her delicate index finger touched a blossom. "The 'Holy

Ghost?' Odd name for a parasite! This other, this passionate crimson, should be in a separate vase. The 'Guaria?'"

"That I have seen," said Cotesworth, also rising and stepping over to the flowers. "The natives down there have their own name for it: '*Sin-ti-no-vivo*'—'Without thee I cannot live.'"

"Fancy! Poetic, as everything that comes from Spanish countries."

"And that," said Cotesworth, smiling, "should bring me to my subject, which is even of more importance than the Infants' Infirmary bazaar."

She returned his smiling glance with one of sweet surprise. "Why, is it really?" she asked, and motioned to him that he should sit down again.

"Yes," he answered, in a low, grave voice. "I came to speak about—to enlist your kind offices for a friend of ours who has just returned from the land of orchids." She raised her eyes. "You will guess whom I mean; you have not forgotten Amory Gunning."

"Amory Gunning!" echoed Mrs. Walsingham, her sweet look turning to one almost of pain. "Amory Gunning, to whom I am indebted for knowing you! How could I forget him? He has been away, traveling in the South?"

Cotesworth looked down at the Persian carpet, which was more somber of tone than the silken wall-hangings. There was a steadfastness in its shadows not found in the exquisite lightsomeness of the paintings and bric-à-brac.

"Since the death of his uncle, last Spring," he answered, presently. "Immediately after that tragic event, he left New York."

"Tragic, indeed," she said, gently, as he paused. "I remember so well the shocking news of the poor old man, struck down in his own library—and by dastards too craven to carry out their plan of robbery. No wonder poor Amory had to go away for a change. His father's only brother!—But go on telling me. Amory has returned?"

"He has returned," said Cotesworth, "and for a very serious purpose—to defend his innocence."

All at once the drawing-room seemed pervaded by a thin and dangerous silence; so absolute that Cotesworth could hear the dull roll of carriages along the Avenue and the gusts of wind laden with Autumnal rain, and even the quickened throbbings of his own heart.

Then Mrs. Walsingham said, slowly, "You startle me. I am trying to comprehend."

"As you may recall, the circumstances of the murder were unusual. Unhappily, there has since been made public the story of a quarrel between the old man and Amory, that in reality did take place much earlier in the evening. A monstrous suspicion is cast on the nephew, through the malicious tale of a dismissed and revengeful servant. This fellow contends that the quarrel culminated, after words about Amory's mother, in Amory's striking down his uncle."

"Monstrous—and preposterous! No one can, for a moment, credit it. Amory Gunning harm an old gentleman? His father's brother! Absurd!"

"Absurd accusations have borne weight before this, and men have been carried by them into the shadow of death. Amory's hasty departure from the country was not well explained. Their violent quarrel—the fact that Amory's mother had never been a welcome sister-in-law——"

"And—he has returned," Mrs. Walsingham repeated, dreamily.

"He has returned; and, in all likelihood, will be arrested."

"Impossible! It cannot be."

"We have every reason to believe it will be."

"And where is Amory, meanwhile?"

"With friends."

"Ah!"

He looked up at her, and met a radiant smile.

"That means he is safe, then. You have startled me, Mr. Cotesworth; but all will come right. I must

really give you some tea, and have some myself."

"Oh, with pleasure."

The velvety gown, the matchless figure, went before him. Her hand, with its gorgeous flash of turquoise-set diamonds, never quivered as it lifted the cup.

"All may come right," he said, very softly. "It is for you to determine."

His eyes lingered on her countenance. It occurred to him he had never seen quite such another bow-shaped mouth, with lifting corners, optimistic, resolute.

She smiled, and seemed to be pondering his words: "It is for you to determine."

"But what," she questioned, suddenly, with almost childish candor, "what is it you wish me to do? How can I be of service to our friend?"

"By helping him," he answered, "to prove his whereabouts on that night."

Again the thin silence in the room; again the dull rumble of carriage wheels without; and Cotesworth with his eyes on the carpet.

Mrs. Walsingham settled back a little in her chair. "Did he suggest this?" she asked, gently.

"No; it was I."

"He must have told you, then—of that night." In her voice there was only thoughtful kindness.

"Barely enough to convince me that you might come nobly to his aid."

"He told you—he may have told you—that we were together that evening on a mission of benevolence?"

"I inferred as much."

"You think that I can aid him by disclosing the circumstances?"

"I feel sure you can."

"It is unfortunate. I wish that I might."

"Is there anything to forbid?"

"The most serious reasons."

"But I may, perhaps, learn them?"

"Oh, yes—but—first— To go back to the beginning: he mentioned at what hour I met him?"

"About nine, I understood."

"A little earlier, I fancy. It was quite soon after dinner—I had dined alone that evening. Briefly, these are the circumstances: There was a young woman who had been a protégée of mine. She had always merited my esteem because she had proved herself of highest principle, maintained a stainless character even in days of direst poverty. I should not have cared to help her, had it been otherwise; these so-called 'unfortunate women' inspire me with disgust and horror. This person—I may call her lady—married very nicely. She was comfortably settled in a little apartment over on the West side; and I went there occasionally to see her, always feeling a cordial interest in her material advancement.

"That afternoon she sent me a pressing message, much troubled in tone, begging my advice and assistance. A relative had died, and there was the question of an inheritance, or of her being defrauded of it. The co-heirs, who were no relation to her, were unscrupulous, prepared to invent wretched falsehoods; in short, a sort of blackmail threatened. It was a natural impulse for me to go to her. I had no engagement that evening; it was Friday, and the Lenten season not over.

"It seemed to me that legal advice would be necessary for her; and—I thought of Amory Gunning as a kind and trusty soul, one who would help. I sent a messenger to Amory, with a note outlining the story and asking him to come to me. He returned an answer that, as he was dining with his uncle, he might be delayed a little; and he suggested meeting me at the lady's apartment.

"My purpose was to take my maid, of course; but Warren complained of her throat, and I found she had taken a bad cold. This was at the last moment, so there was nothing to do but go alone. One of my age and position could safely do this, I thought.

"Amory came gallantly to my rescue. We found the young woman greatly agitated. Her husband was out of the city. She was alone, and

we remained there till long past midnight—discussing matters. When I drove home it was probably—one o'clock."

She ceased, and sighed almost imperceptibly. "That is all there is of it. Simple and harmless, but a story impossible to give to the world." The stable calmness of her voice, the brilliant smile that flashed over her face, were disquieting to him. Seeing this, she questioned, more easily: "And Amory—told you as much as I have told?"

"What he told me," replied Cotesworth, with the slightest possible dryness, "was precisely the same."

The smile died from her face; or, rather, seemed to be absorbed inward through her eyes, giving an intenser glow to their gold-brown depths.

"I am sorry," she said, with gentle decision, "that I cannot help you, as you wish."

Cotesworth set down his cup. "You must help us," he said, quietly.

"Must?" Her voice was silvery.

"I know," said Cotesworth, smiling in turn, "it may seem strange for Mrs. Walsingham to hear that word; and above all from a poor fellow who is only half in society, and who has neither the time nor the necessary millions to spend; and who is nothing better outside than a mere counselor-at-law, compelled to attend closely to his practice."

"Counselors-at-law are not only very necessary, but very important members of society," she answered, without the faintest show of offense. "You have done perfectly right to ask me to help you, to insist on my doing so; but I, on the other hand, have done right to explain the impossibility. You certainly understand. I have no reason to deny to you, to any friend of Mr. Gunning, or to anyone closely interested in the matter the truth of his—of our whereabouts that evening. But—it would not rest there. The public would know of it. And—well! You understand what the scandal-hungry would say."

"On this point I am in keen sympathy with your ideas," said Cotesworth, as she paused, "but there are heights from which one can ignore all that. And when it is the question of an innocent man's danger or safety, one should not hesitate; one—knowing herself innocent—should be far above all fear."

"True, above all fear for one's self. But one's duty to society? If one has to choose between injury to many and danger to one, the welfare of the many must come first; society must be protected. There must be no breach in the barriers. An important lesson of our *noblesse oblige* is silence. In all emotions, joy, surprise, ecstasy, but most of all in sorrow—silence! Is not this the law of good breeding? Does one of social position suffer less because he draws the curtains of his room and bears his anguish in secret, than the ignorant boor who publishes his woe and makes it vulgar? Society must be protected," she repeated, firmly, and smiling as she spoke.

"Even though, as in this case, the life of the individual may be sacrificed?"

"Oh, in this case it will not be as bad as that. There can be no real danger to our friend. He is innocent. You know this; I know it. It is a long time since an innocent man was punished unjustly—a very long time."

Cotesworth waited for her to continue, but she remained mute, pensive. "And," he said, after a few moments of silence, "so you really refuse to help us?"

"Say rather that I have shown you how utterly impossible it is."

He rose. "But—if the worst comes? and a trial? and you were to be called on? and also the lady to whose help you went that night—with Amory?"

"I do not contemplate being subpœnaed, if that is what you mean," she answered, laughing softly. "As for the lady, I think—in fact, I am almost certain—she has left the city."

He made one further effort. "I am expecting to see Amory this evening. Is it your wish I should tell him you absolutely decline to aid him? that you consider society first, the individual second?"

"You are expecting to see him?" she repeated. "Ah! Remember me most kindly to him; and say how sorry I am there is the faintest shadow over his home-coming. Tell him, also, that I feel certain all will end right. He is innocent. You know it, I know it, he knows it. Innocence must always prevail— You must go? But I shall see you soon again?"

"I beg you," said Cotesworth, as with a sudden impulse, "to consider the matter till to-morrow; and to send for me at any hour—so that it will not be necessary for Amory to appeal to the—lady, to your former protégée — till to-morrow—" He said good-night and was out of the house.

Alone, she stood smiling sphinx-like at her orchids. "*Sin-ti-no-vivo*," she repeated, softly; "without thee I cannot—prove my innocence." Her smile slowly faded.

That evening Mrs. Walsingham dined at home, quite alone in her private apartments. On a plea of sudden illness, she despatched eleventh-hour regrets to the hostess of a brilliant affair that her presence was to have graced. A little later she rang for her maid, an unemotional Englishwoman of rigid bearing.

"Give me," she said, "one of my plainest gowns—the môde broadcloth will serve very well—a small hat and my sable neck-scarf. Order the coupé to take us to the Grand Central Station. Are you feeling well, Warren? You seem a little pale. I am expecting some friends from a distance. They are not to stop long, possibly an hour, and then go on to Boston. You will leave me with them, and return in the carriage. Take your warm cape; you must protect your throat. It is damp to-night, I fancy."

As the carriage rolled down the Avenue and crossed the Plaza she was glad of the dimness and unbroken silence. She had directed the maid to keep her mouth closed tightly and to draw the storm collar over it—as precaution against fog. "I shall do the same," she added; "bronchial irritations should be avoided."

In this well-premeditated dumbness they finally reached Forty-second street; and the carriage, soon after making a second turn, deposited them at the side entrance of the station.

It was unavoidable that Warren should alight and accompany her to the great waiting-room. Mrs. Walsingham shrank involuntarily as she stood in the vast public place. She had been accustomed, when going to Newport, to pass quickly from carriage to car; and frequently, on returning to town, the car had been side-tracked, quite apart from coaches carrying the common people.

"Go," she said to her maid, "and find out the arrival of the next through train, and if on time; there is surely some sort of bulletin-board."

Warren bowed; she knew it to be on that side of the station farthest from them. The lady, left alone, dropped quietly down on one of the long seats with tremendous backs. She was hastily arranging her plan. She must at once get rid of the maid. She gazed reflectively at the myriad lights, each in its niche, forming a luminous border under the white ceiling. Warren was intelligent and observing, and would be back in a moment. She preferred that the maid should actually see her join some ladies. They ought to be elderly, and plainly dressed.

Her glance ran vainly from side to side of the room. She rose and walked further down, past the glass doors leading out to the trains. Outside, where the glare of electric light was intense, were some ladies, rather plain of attire and manner—she glanced down the room and saw Warren returning. As the woman came close enough to notice her movements, Mrs. Walsingham, nodding slightly to her, slipped through the swinging doors and approached the elderly ladies. In a smiling, deferential way she inquired if they knew where the Western train would come in. Such a manner won a gracious response.

A moment later she was back in the waiting-room, where the maid stood in rigid respectfulness. "And now," she said, "as I have found my friends, Warren, you may drive home at once." As she spoke she walked back with her servant toward the entrance outside of which the carriage waited. "You understand," she said, gently, "some dear old friends who have seen better days, and are not so well-off now; I want to seem as simple and—like them, you know. So go at once; I do not think they saw you—and be sure to protect your throat." She watched the maid out to the street, lingered to hear the carriage door snap shut—the wheels— At last she was free!

She retraced her steps as far as the booth where time-tables are supplied, paused to take one, and passed out again into the chill of the great train-shed. It was still early. She heard them calling out the train that left at nine-twenty. Trains went out here, it seemed. She walked further over, came to steps and descended to where the trains arrive—trains with common, ordinary people in herds. Here little groups stood, or single individuals, with anxious faces. She noticed one young woman, thinly dressed, who seemed to shiver now and then.

A train was coming in. How it crept, slowly, heavily, like a mammoth worm, caterpillar, centipede, pinching the rails to its bosom—peering with its big eye! How it threaded its way through the difficulties of the vast yard! How perfectly, how absolutely true and safe, it came up to the very rail-ends! What inevitableness! It fascinated her, made her think of other inevitable things that might turn into horrors.

As the alighted passengers began to pour through the gates, she retreated with swift fear. If it was a train from Newport, and someone should recognize her! She continued to retreat, through the waiting-room once more, and out, this time, to Forty-second street. Surely by now James was driving Warren up the Avenue.

She had meant to call a cab; but a street-car, pausing in front, drew her attention. She remembered having seen such cars on the West side. It was a red, swift-running car. Without further hesitation she got aboard and sat down in a corner next the door. The other passengers appeared to be working people. It was unlikely that any person who knew her even by sight would ride in such a car. Besides, people were all at dinner, or the play, or—somewhere. She felt secure as she slipped the change from a tiny purse and paid the conductor. How odd it seemed!

At this hour she was to have been at Mrs. Winterton Grant's. Cards and inquiries as to her indisposition would pour in to-morrow. It was more than odd—preposterous—that she should have to leave her home in such a way, feign illness and forego a charming dinner, all because of this insane demand of Amory Gunning's! Were they in earnest? Or was it merely to annoy her? Such things had been done by men out of a spirit of revenge. Amory might be paying her back for that night in April. There was only one thing to be done: to see the Vanderveer woman and find out if they had communicated with her. Could it be possible that Cotesworth had imagined himself able to persuade Mrs. Gibson Walsingham? She smiled at the idea of such presumption.

The car ran on, rapidly as her thoughts. More people had got in, and there was a man standing in front of her. Unused to strange odors of clothing, she felt stifled at his proximity. After a little he moved past her. Then there were two women on the opposite seat. She was strangely pained as her eyes rested on their bonnets. Why were such horrible bonnets ever permitted to be worn? She wondered if they had made them with their own hands. The car had crossed Fifty-ninth street, cut away from the Park, passed through other avenues. Presently they were proceeding up the quieter Boulevard. Great sheds and beams that had loomed along the way grew

fewer. She remembered petulantly how this miserable subway work had caused her horses to run away. Not many minutes later she alighted. It was not quite the right street, but she preferred walking a block or two, that she might compose her thoughts. Just what she would say to the Vanderveer woman she had not decided. She must first ascertain if Gunning or Cotesworth had called or written.

It would prove, of course, a matter of money. Mrs. Vanderveer must go to Europe; for a considerable time, too. She would doubtless be glad to go—she had wished it in the Spring. Mrs. Walsingham had not seen her since then, though she had heard from her, and had sent her money; ostensibly in payment for a scrap of lace, an heirloom. She picked her way along the wet, dusky street, still planning but undecided. Once it occurred to her to hasten, and have it over. It was vexatious beyond telling. And with almost the same breath she acknowledged it was a little odd and diverting. She was out alone at night—a very queen *incog.* It was amusing to fancy how Mrs. Winterton Grant's smart guests would gasp and stare if they could see her in her plain gown, her thin house-shoes—she had forgotten to change—and her superb sable collar. She was out quite alone, like a housemaid.

She turned the corner, quickened her steps, and in a moment stood in the vestibule of a cheap apartment-house. The light was insufficient. She glanced anxiously along the row, paused, went out and looked up at the number. There was no mistake, it was 219. But, good heavens! The name had vanished from the letter-box. She searched all the other names. Only "Vanderveer" was missing. She rang the janitor's bell. A German woman came, and told her brokenly that the people had moved away. And their present address? The woman thought they had left the city. Mrs. Walsingham took a bill from her purse. "Try and find out for me," she said, smiling. "I will call again in a few days."

Then she went down the steps. She felt a stifling sense of defeat. She must get home and reflect. She turned eastward, remembering that cabs might be found in the avenues, or there was a little horse-car that tinkled across the Park. A certain increasing quietude of the streets made her walk faster. There were only a few persons to be seen, hardly any of her own sex, surely not one alone. It was wet and chilly. The roar of the elevated railway startled her. She caught her gown closer and ran to avoid a surface-car. On the opposite side she paused, uncertain. A man came suddenly and stood beside her. She turned, irresolute. Surely a cab were best. The man beside her was smirking. "Nice evening," he seemed to exhale at her, "nice evening for a walk." Her heart seemed to stand still. She fled again, on toward the Park.

She must not stop running—that drunken monster might be following. Oh, to gain the avenue next the Park and find the little horse-car! Her feet were damp; she had stepped in water. She was running southward now; surely she would soon come to the street. Was this the place? There was open space at her right; beyond loomed the great museum building; she saw a sunken road leading down into the dim Park. Surely the car was there. She hesitated, glanced behind; someone was coming—the drunken man— She plunged across the avenue and down into the cut.

On and on, down the path! Her feet were soaking. Where was the car—the track, even? Still she ran on. She dared not go back, dared not even pause. Higher grew the wall above her head. Leaves of vines and dead grasses that overhung the road brushed her face with wet. Was it beginning to rain? Now she was under a great stone arch. Here and there through the leaves the lights blinked mockingly at her. Would this never end?

Another thought smote her with sudden horror, and she stopped—as

much from terror as for want of breath. Was it not late? Were not foot-farers forbidden after a certain hour in the Park? In agonized fancy she saw herself stopped and questioned by a policeman—who would, of course, doubt any tale that she might offer. Other frightful ideas possessed her as she kept breathless on her way, now under huge arches of rock, now unprotected from the misty drizzle—praying that the road might lead her out at last.

What had she ever done that she should thus be tortured? Had not her life been one of stainless integrity? Dare Amory Gunning say one word? A few impassioned letters!

On she fled, till at last the cruelty was over. Gasping, exhausted, ready to sink, she had reached Fifth avenue. She was but three or four blocks from home. She remained on the Park side and walked slowly, recovering her strength. Even now she had to enter her own house in such a way that— It seemed odd to be out there looking up at the mansion.

She was not yet herself, and would not be till she was inside. Her wet silk stockings made her feet burn painfully. She mounted the great steps, and stood a few seconds. Twice she seemed to place her finger on the bell-button, in vain; the third effort was effectual. The door opened, and once again Mrs. Walsingham stood in the soft warmth of her own home.

At the foot of the stairs she paused and spoke with mild rebuke. "Martyn," she said, "it is a little annoying to be kept for moments on one's own doorstep, and in this damp. What is the matter with the bell?"

The man apologized. "Had I even heard the carriage wheels, ma'am——"

"You are not here to hear rubber-tired cab-wheels, but bells. Have the electrician early to-morrow," she said, with considerable sharpness.

"Very good, ma'am."

Mrs. Walsingham passed on up to her rooms. The maid met her just inside and took her hat, gloves and fur. "You are not chilled, madame?" she inquired, anxiously, "I thought to order some mulled wine."

"Quite right, Warren. Unfortunately, the fog is so thick I stepped in a puddle, and must change my stockings instantly. Then to be kept waiting on the steps after dismissing the cab!"

"Martyn is not always the promptest, madame."

"So I discover. I must speak to Mrs. Foster. The head housekeeper is certainly at fault in such a case. I can draw on my own stockings, Warren. You might bring the claret. First, however, push over that little table and give me writing materials. I must send a very important letter."

"A letter arrived for you, madame, after you had gone—by messenger."

"Yes? From the Winterton Grants, of course. Don't bother to get it now; I must write this, and you may wait to take it down— Or have you rung for the wine? Give it to the maid, and have one of the servants post it instantly at the corner."

And this was what Mrs. Walsingham wrote in her firm and characteristic handwriting:

MY DEAR MR. COTESWORTH:

Since you left me this evening I have given some further thought to the subject of our conversation; and another aspect has made itself clear. While standing firm for society, we must also protect our friends, and those who confide in our loyalty. Dear Mr. Gunning must not be exposed to danger if we can help him, and no doubt we can without publicity. Pray come to me to-morrow soon after twelve, and let us endeavor to arrange some definite plan. Above all, do not think of appealing to an outsider, a stranger like that poor little protégée of mine, for help that should be rendered by a friend, and one of unassailable position.

Yours faithfully,
NETTA WALSINGHAM.

"Warren," said the lady, more restfully, when the letter had left the house, "give me my blue lounging-gown. Brush out my hair, and then

leave me," she added. "You are pale, and need rest. I desire absolutely nothing but to sit here and watch the fire."

The woman obeyed, faithfully, her square, respectful face never changing. "There is nothing more, madame? The note that came by messenger?"

"Leave it on the table in my dressing-room. Time enough to-morrow to be bothered with inquiries. Good-night."

"Good-night, madame."

Mrs. Walsingham sipped her warm wine and watched the delicate curves of flame. The die was cast. She would have to deal cautiously with these men. It was two against one, yet is not one feminine mind often superior to two of the opposite sex? She wished she had had more time to prepare her note. "A friend, and one of unassailable position—" she hoped they would understand that closing sentence.

But what did it all mean? Why had Cotesworth made that stupid remark about being a counselor-at-law? A most clumsy, out-of-place remark! Might not the entire story be a made-up tale, a revenge of Gunning's for that night, long past? Thoughts came flocking back to her, including those she had had in her breathless homeward run, and added bitterness. In all her life, what fault had she committed beyond those few impassioned letters! To be impassioned and stainless was possible for all the world—else, where were all great and beautiful dramas, operas, romances?

Had she not borne Gibson Walsingham's name, both as wife and widow, as no other woman could have borne and upheld it? Had she not deserved praise long years before that—when her aunt had brought her, an unformed girl of eighteen, out of the middle West, and had introduced her into society? Unformed, though of excellent education, had she not quickly and attentively formed herself? changed, modified, altered herself, even in accent and pronunciation? When her aunt had said, "Antoinette, you must get that Western 'r' out of your speech, else they will ask if you are from Dublin," had she not thanked her aunt and promptly renounced the fault? Could anyone's speech now be more perfect? Had she not won her way, and held it, by sheer merit? Had not her aunt been satisfied; and had not proud old Gibson Walsingham adored her? Throughout her admirable life reward had been her due!

Then why this torment of the past few hours? This apprehension? This frightful attempt at mastery by miserable men? Surely they were in league, else why his insolent assertion that Amory's story had been identical with her own? Else why had Cotesworth asserted what he was aware she knew to be false? Placing them in such comradeship of untruth! Then Gunning had—? Yes, Cotesworth knew the *truth* about that night!

How little she had imagined of all this, when Cotesworth's letter had come to her, begging for a few moments of her time. Ill-bred, impossible creature! And she had once thought him a charming fellow—had even contemplated, only a year before, launching him. What had Amory told him? Spoken of her, perhaps, as he had spoken to her that April night, calling her "Incarnation of Selfishness!"

Amory's sudden departure from New York had never been explained, Cotesworth had said. Did they desire her to explain it? Because an unreasonable young man had chosen to take a harmless close acquaintance too seriously, and to resent the caustic wit with which she had been obliged to sting him into a correct perception of his duty—above all, as to the returning of letters — because of him and his folly she must endure these abominations!

The fumes of the street loafer's breath came back to her. She shuddered. Moments, that seemed hours —in the Park—pursued by— No, no! She would think no more about it. He would receive her note in the morning and come to her somewhat

less on the defensive. She would find a way to persuade and silence him. Nothing so atrocious could happen to one who had lived a life as blameless as her own. Her reign must go on unbroken. She would still be Antoinette Walsingham, leader.

The clock chimed softly. It was midnight. She rose and turned off the light, and passed on to her dressing-room. As she stood by the dressing-table her glance fell on the note that had arrived by messenger. It was not a woman's handwriting. She lifted it a little wearily, and broke the seal. The letter said:

MY DEAR MRS. WALSINGHAM:

On leaving you I went to dine with Amory. Imagine my surprise and joy to find that all our worriment has been unnecessary. The servant has to-day confessed his story to be untrue. We have an excellent clue to the real criminal. Amory is no longer in danger. I hasten to relieve your mind, and to thank you cordially for the kind forbearance with which you received me on my most delicate mission. I am, as always,

Faithfully yours,

DEFOREST COTESWORTH.

## RESURRECTION

I HAVE lived too long in a world of shadows—
A world I built in a day gone by
Of an unreal earth and an unreal sky.

I have walked too long with a wraith that lured me—
A wraith I raised through my own desire,
With my own eyes' light and my own lips' fire.

The blood of my innermost heart I gave him,
With my very breath did he speak and move,
And I called the wondrous name of him "Love."

I will die in this unreal world I builded,
Die in this vain, sweet world, and then
I will arise in the world of men.

I shall live and move where the strong men gather.
I, too, shall strive where their way is laid,
And forget the world that my own hand made.

And aye in this place of resurrection
Nothing that was shall arise and be
But the tired and cynical soul of me.

JOHN WINWOOD.

THE cynic thinks that others are no better than he is; the cheerful idiot thinks that others are better than they are—that he, too, is better than they are.

# THE RING IN THE BOX

By Ralph Henry Barbour

ALBERT took my hat and cane with an air of suppressed suffering. He was pale and wide-eyed, and I feared the stupendous.

"Is he up?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir. I think not."

"H'm'm; you are looking for another place?"

"Yes, sir." Albert glanced nervously across the little reception-hall at a tightly closed door, and continued, hurriedly, "I've given notice, sir; me that's been with him more than seven years! It's more than I can stand, Mr. 'Arris." Albert would ride superbly all day over six-barred aspirates only to come a cropper in the end over my unhappy name. "You know, sir, that I ain't the complaining kind. I don't mind when he swears at me, if he does it as a gentleman should; and I've put up with boots and golf-balls, and even inkstands now and then, sir, and said nothing; but—" Albert drew himself up to the heroic stature of five feet five inches—"but, sir, when he calls me a blundering ass, sir, and says as how I 'ought to be valet in a livery stable,' sir, I rebels, sir; the insult is too deep, Mr. 'Arris."

"I see. What seems to be the trouble with him?"

Albert shook his head despairingly. "I don't know, sir. He was all right till I took in the letters and the papers. Then he rings sudden like, and when I goes in he yells, 'Albert, pack my suit-case for a week's trip! Put in everything!' And when I tells him, very respectful, that I can't get everything in the suit-case, he—he calls me—me—*that*, sir, and tells me——"

"Never mind; it'll work out. By the way, did you tell him that you were going to leave his service?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Indeed?" I paused with my hand on the knob. "And what did he say, Albert?"

Albert hesitated, glanced again timidly at the chamber door, and tiptoed across to me. "Begging your pardon, Mr. 'Arris, for the expression," he whispered, hoarsely, "his words were—" and with his lips to my ear he breathed something exceedingly characteristic of my volcanic friend.

Suppressing a smile for the sake of Albert's wounded feelings, I opened the door and went in. John was sitting Turkish fashion in the middle of the floor, attired in a suit of pink and yellow pajamas. His expression was one of unnatural gloom, slightly mitigated by a trace of interest in my advent. About him lay the contents of the drawers and closets—trousers, coats, waistcoats, boots, underwear, ties, linen, stockings, leather cases, smoking articles and a general litter of books, magazines, letters, newspapers and bills. A dead cigarette dangled despondently from the right-hand corner of his mouth, and he held suspended in mid-air a pair of riding-breeches and a pink négligée shirt. At his knees lay one solitary suit-case, a veritable atom in that wilderness of apparel.

I dropped into the big arm-chair, that was shoved tightly against the wall, and nodded. John growled, and slammed the breeches and shirt into the case. There was a perceptible atmosphere of Scotch in the room.

The mystery was quickly solved. On the table, beside an apparently untouched breakfast, stood a bottle of whiskey in friendly communion with a siphon. The case was evidently desperate.

"Going away?" I queried.

Another growl. A pair of riding-boots was jammed on top of the pink shirt.

"Where?" I asked.

John paused, looked up and blinked at me. Evidently his destination had not troubled him. He threw the dead cigarette across the room and seized a box of golf-balls. Then, with his finger pointing toward the cellar, he snarled—well, an expression that Albert would have whispered!

"Play golf there, do they?"

He scowled across, and finally discarded the box. The nearest thing was a pair of Summer trousers. He seized these, rolled them into a tight bunch, and jammed them against the riding-boots.

"I fancy they'll be very comfortable where you're going," I observed, genially.

He threw them after the cigarette, and substituted a couple of thick undershirts. Then he viewed me, belligerently. "Say, what do you want, anyhow?"

The tone was not hospitable, but when you have fought and drunk with a chap for twenty-odd years you don't mind tones. I grinned kindly down on him, and lighted a cigar.

"Well, to tell the truth, Johnnie, I want most of all to know what, in the name of everything that's idiotic, you're going to do."

"I'm going away."

"Any special place? 'Away' is a bit indefinite."

"Haven't decided—Jamaica; Palm Beach; Los Angeles; Asheville—any old place."

"What for?"

"None of your business." This remark was duly spiced in a way that would have made Albert's hair bristle.

"H'm'm; Flitterbat lost the handicap, perhaps?"

"Don't be a fool; you know I've stopped betting." He paused, suddenly looked wild, swore under his breath, and added, "That is, I had stopped——"

"Oh!"

John scowled darkly. "What do you mean?" he demanded, savagely.

"Only that two and two make five."

"Huh! You're a chump, if you only knew it. Get out of here, will you? I want to finish packing."

"Finish what?"

"Packing, I said."

"Oh, that's what you're doing, is it? I thought from the looks of things that you were going to have an auction. I don't mind bidding a couple of dollars for that yellow flannel waistcoat yonder. You know you won't want it where you're going. You'll need a fan and a——"

I dodged the box of golf-balls; the contents rolled briskly over the apartment. This seemed to cheer John up, for he crawled across two yards of débris and found his cigarette-case.

"Have a Scotch?" he growled. I shook my head. I never drink before luncheon. John lighted up and sat glowering for several minutes at a portrait on the mantel. Then he examined his cigarette with strange interest. Finally, he spoke.

"It's all off," he said.

"The engagement?"

He nodded, gloomily.

"What! again?"

"There's no 'again' about it," he answered, with asperity.

"Isn't there? I beg pardon. It seemed to me that I had recollections of three other similar crises in the three months that have intervened since Miss Hayward agreed to make you supremely miserable."

"Shut up."

"Very well. But what's the nature of the present misunderstanding, old man? What have you gone and done?"

"Nothing. Why the deuce do you always suppose I'm the one to blame? She did it herself."

"Did what, Johnnie?"

"Broke it off."

"Why?"

"Because I asked her not to give every dance to that idiot, Curlis."

"Anson Curlis?"

"Yes."

"But, great heavens, man! he's only a babe-in-arms!"

"Don't care; he's a—a—" Albert would have died.

"She rebelled?"

"She told me I was—was—something; what the deuce was it?"

"Domineering?" I hazarded. John looked surprised.

"Yes; how'd you guess? That's the word she used."

"Very unkind. I suppose you used your customary diplomacy and tact?"

John stared at me suspiciously. "What in thunder does it matter what I did? I dare say I made a mess of it, Phil; I always do." He glowered for a moment. "Well, it's all over for good this time." He sighed heavily, and kicked over a pile of evening shirts.

"I wouldn't drink any more," I observed.

"I would." He poured out a stiff dose and ran a few drops of soda into it. "Better have one," he said, dejectedly.

I shook my head. "What makes you think it's final this time, Johnnie? If I recollect correctly, the former disagreements were extremely short-lived. The first time—the time when you were going abroad to do the Continent, you know—the tiff lasted just six hours. The next time—let me see, you were going to Colorado, weren't you? And just as you had your trunk packed the note came, didn't it? I thought so. The last time—couldn't have been more than a month ago, eh? —the last time you were going to—to —where was it?"

"New Mexico."

"Exactly; you were going to New Mexico to help Bob Shephard drink himself to death. And you might have gone if you hadn't walked past her house by chance and seen her weeping her eyes out at the drawing-room window——"

"She wasn't weeping; don't be an imbecile."

"I won't. Well, any complications that make the present case exceptional?"

"Yes, there are." John went to the dresser and fumbled over the litter of brushes, collars, ties and cigarette stumps. Then he tossed something over to me, something small and pink, which, when caught, proved to be a jeweler's ring-case. I whistled. Things looked black for Johnnie.

"What's this?" I asked, just as though I didn't know.

"What in thunder do you think it is?" growled John. "It's my ring."

He turned suddenly from the window, tied his pajama cords more tightly about him, and set desperately to work filling the suit-case with whatever came to hand.

Poor Johnnie! He looked very wretched, and I was sorry for him.

"Don't you think, if you saw her now—?"

He shook his head, decidedly. "No use, old man; I'm a goner this time. She'll never forgive me for what I said."

"Specially beastly, were you?"

"Yes, I was a brute! I don't know what got into me, on my word I don't. I—I suppose she'll marry Watkins."

"Not likely. What time are you going?"

"To-day, I suppose; this afternoon, likely."

"All right. I can be ready at—" I looked at my watch—"at two o'clock."

John stopped what he called packing, and looked at me for an instant; while a smile dispelled some of the overlaying gloom.

"You're an idiot," he said, affectionately.

"I dare say. Let's try Asheville. We know what it's like; and we don't know Jamaica—at least I don't. If we're going to be miserable, let's do it where the rations are fit."

"All right. Look up the trains, will you? I say, are you going to take a trunk?"

"Of course I am. Good heavens, man! you can't begin to get what you

want into that thing. Call Albert and tell him to pack a steamer-trunk. And don't forget your golf things."

"Albert's given notice again," said John, doubtfully.

"Of course he has," said I. "He always does when the engagement's off; it's part of the performance. But don't pay any attention to him. Only," I added, "you might just say that you've altered your mind about the livery-stable, you know; Albert's so touchy."

I had been toying with the little velvet case, and had unwittingly snapped it open. I gave a gasp, and stared at the contents.

"I say, old man," I asked, casually, "have you looked at this ring since it came back?"

"No; why?"

"Nothing much. Only, I must say you're an original chap to give an engagement ring of this sort."

"What's the matter with it?" he sneered.

"It seems to be all right," I answered, "viewed simply as a ring; but for an engagement token—well, I'd have selected something different, I fancy."

John struggled to his feet and fell over a pair of golf-boots. "What do you mean? What's wrong with the ring, Phil?"

"Why, it's a ruby seal, with your crest, and here's a bit of paper with some writing on——"

John is very abrupt at times. He snatched the box and ring out of my hand, and strode with them to the window. There was a long period of silence. I puffed vigorously at my cigar and stared at the wall. Presently I felt John's gaze on me, and turned to see him beaming over the littered apartment, like a Cheshire cat. His face, naturally generous of expanse, was too small to hold all the smiles that struggled to find room there.

"It's—it's all right," he said, huskily.

"Is it?"

"Yes. She—she— Here, read it yourself."

I joined him and took the little square of paper. Then I read aloud:

Jack dear, here it is. I hope you'll like it. I was going to give it to you last night, but you were so jealous that you spoiled it all. I know I was to blame, dear, and I ask your pardon very humbly.

Here I heard something like a gulp from John.

If you do forgive me please send word by the messenger who brings this.

John rushed frantically to the door and shouted, "Albert!"

I hope you will like the ring as much as I like the one I am wearing. Ever your BESSIE.

P. S.—I am not going out this afternoon.

I handed the note back just as Albert appeared.

"Here," clamored John, "get a messenger, quick! Don't stand there grinning, you idiot! Do you hear?"

Albert stared stolidly back.

"Beg pardon, sir; but in regard to the 'blundering ass,' sir?"

John stared.

"The *what?*"

"The 'blundering ass,' sir, and the 'livery-stable,' sir."

"Oh, did I say that, Albert?"

"Yes, sir; you did, sir."

"Well, I didn't mean it. The fact is, I was a bit upset. I—I don't think I could do without you, Albert."

"Thank you, sir. You said a messenger?"

When the door had closed I grinned from John to the suit-case. "I fancy there's a train at about four o'clock," I said.

"Train? What train?" asked John, blankly.

"Why, to Asheville."

"Asheville! Don't be a fool, Phil! The only train I want is a hansom."

"Well, it's very disappointing for me, Johnnie," I said, sadly. "I had my mind made up for Asheville. However, better luck next time, eh?"

John's reply was a well-delivered shoe; which, had I not dodged it nicely, would have kept me out of society for a week.

## GOOD-NIGHT, SWEETHEART!

GOOD-NIGHT, sweetheart; the wingèd hours have flown—
I have forgotten all the world but thee;
Across the vaulted dark where stars are blown,
The surge sounds softly from the sleeping sea.

Thy heart, at last, hath opened to love's key;
Remembered Aprils glorious blooms have sown,
And now there comes the questing honey-bee—
Good-night, sweetheart; the wingèd hours have flown.

My singing soul wakes music in thine own,
Thy hand upon my harp makes melody;
So close the theme and harmony have grown,
I have forgotten all the world but thee.

Before thy whiteness do I bend the knee;
Thou art a queen upon a stainless throne,
Like Dian, making royal jubilee
Across the vaulted dark where stars are blown.

Within my heart thy face shines out alone—
Ah, dearest! Say for once thou lovest me!
A whisper, even, like the undertone
The surge sounds softly from the sleeping sea.

Thy downcast eyes make answer to my plea;
A crimson mantle o'er thy cheek is thrown—
Assurance more than this there need not be,
For thus within the silence love is known;
Good-night, sweetheart!

MYRTLE REED.

## HABITUAL

"DID you know that Dolly eloped last night?"
"You don't say so? And last week a horse ran away with her!"

TO remain a woman's ideal, a man must die a bachelor.
Moonlight is accountable for many mistaken matches.
Crying in a woman takes the place of swearing in a man.

## SOMEBODY

O BITTER wind, you may whistle and cry
And tear me with wicked glee;
But what reck I of wind or sky—
Somebody cares for me!

O wintry wind, you may blow, you may blow,
O sky, you are gray and drear;
But whether or no there's wind or snow,
Somebody loves me dear!

O icy rain, you may beat, you may beat,
But what do I care for you—
'Tis sweet, so sweet, O rain, O sleet,
That somebody loves me true!

O twilight gray, you may deepen to-night,
Falling o'er land and sea;
My way is bright and my heart is light—
Somebody cares for me!

VENITA SEIBERT.

"PRACTICE what you preach" may be good or bad advice. It depends on what you preach.

The first symptom of ambition should be an improvement in one's work.

Many a business exists on the fundamental principle that when the average man has spent fifty-five cents he doesn't care what becomes of the rest of the dollar.

When a fool and his money get a divorce, usually someone who is less a fool is the co-respondent.

## EXILE

GRAY lifting sea, chill wind and swirling brine,
White-crested billows that go combing by;
A maze of cordage swinging down the sky;
And one who sees the land behind grow dark,
Till life for him lies in the single spark
That flickers on the far horizon line.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

# THE VANISHING MILLIONAIRE

By James Hazleton Willard

THE general belief is that the most exciting incidents of a law-firm's practice occur during the trial of cases in court. When every nerve is strained in an important legal contest, and attorneys are alert to discover the slightest flaw in an opponent's case, the conditions are certainly favorable for the occurrence of dramatic incidents; yet it is probable that the various phases of life observed by a counselor outside the court-room are even more dramatic. The lawyer who counsels his clients can perceive men as they really are. The mask behind which men of the world usually conceal their emotions and aspirations is then thrown aside, and the counselor often sees much of the baseness of humanity, occasionally its noblest traits. The problems presented for his consideration are often intricate, sometimes even seemingly unsolvable. Lately a case was placed in the hands of our firm that especially illustrates this phase of a lawyer's life.

When I arrived at the office one morning I found a Mr. Andrus waiting for me in my private room.

"Judge," he said, as soon as I was seated, "you have counseled me frequently, and I have always followed your advice. I wish to say, at the outset, that my wealth is greatly overrated. I am reputed to be a millionaire, but half a million would be an excessive estimate of my property. As you are aware, I have five daughters; one happily married, two moving in society, and two at school in New Haven. My family is somewhat extravagant, and my income barely suffices to support us in the style in which we live. Under these circumstances, it was not unwelcome news when my second daughter, Isabel, informed me that Mr. Thaddeus Skervin had proposed to her. Mr. Skervin is a little over thirty years of age, educated, refined, fairly good-looking, amiable, and a member of a number of leading clubs. He is reputed to be worth about three million dollars. His business is that of a broker and a promoter of important industrial enterprises."

"I know Mr. Skervin quite well," I remarked. "He has consulted our firm on several occasions. He always impressed me as being upright and honorable, though somewhat peculiar in his manner. He seems to have had, or perhaps I should say to have, some great grief weighing on him; and he also impresses me as a man who lives in constant dread of some ever-present danger."

"Judge," resumed Mr. Andrus, "you have partly anticipated the matter regarding which I have called. Isabel informed me that she loved Mr. Skervin sincerely and had accepted him, subject to her parents' approval. Mr. Skervin told her that there was a secret in his life, regarding which he had no right to inform her till after their marriage; it could be told only to one united to him by the strongest ties. His father, it appears, was a Polish nobleman; his mother an Englishwoman. The father was killed many years since—he did not say how—and the residence of his mother is unknown to her friends. His father's name was Skervinski; but this was anglicized, prior to the birth of the son, who was born in London.

"Mr. Skervin called on me, as in duty bound, after he had proposed to Isabel, and was quite frank regarding his financial affairs. I am free to say that his business methods are peculiar. He informed me that he had no account at any bank. I remarked that this was strange. He said that he had a most important reason for this, and that he invariably collected all cheques and drafts himself.

"His means, which are quite extensive, are always under his own control; and he holds large sums at his disposal, ready for instant use if the necessity should arise. He owns, it appears, the house in which he lives on Forty-sixth street, as well as those on each side, and several others in the upper part of the city. He estimated his wealth at over two million dollars.

"He gave me as references two friends, both members of the Millionaires' Club, to which Mr. Skervin himself belongs. I called on one of them, and found that Mr. Skervin was mistaken in believing this man to be his friend. He is in the same business as Mr. Skervin, and evidently envious of the latter's phenomenal success. He, however, said nothing discreditable to Mr. Skervin's character, or derogatory to his financial position; but after some remarks, which could not be termed friendly, he said: 'I suppose, Mr. Andrus, that you are aware Mr. Skervin is known as "The Vanishing Millionaire"?'

"I naturally expressed surprise at the use of such a term, and he informed me that it rose from the fact that Mr. Skervin was never known to leave his house, yet was always at his office during business hours. This statement seemed so extraordinary that I deemed it merely club gossip; yet it worried me. I cannot bring myself to consent to the marriage of Isabel with a millionaire who dares not have a bank-account, and who is so eccentric in his habits—yes, more than this, so mysterious in his movements.

"Under the circumstances, I did something, judge, that you will doubtless think uncalled-for, and perhaps ungentlemanly. I employed detectives to watch Mr. Skervin. They have traced him through the business centre and back to his residence, they have watched the house night and day; and have verified the report. Except on rare occasions, he is never seen to leave his house, yet each day he is promptly on hand for business. Where he starts from, the detectives have been unable to ascertain."

Mr. Andrus closed his statement by asking what course he should take in the matter.

With so few facts before me, I felt unable to advise him. I said that I would consult the other members of the firm, and then give him such counsel as I could under circumstances so singular. Leaving the matter thus, Mr. Andrus went out.

I deemed that the first step should be a determination of how far the firm desired to go in the matter; and accordingly we went into consultation. We unanimously decided that no desire to advise Mr. Andrus would justify us in placing Mr. Skervin, who had also been a client of the firm, under the espionage of detectives; so long, at least, as he was not charged with some criminal act.

We also decided that, unless some steps were taken to ascertain the truth of the reports, the matter might become remarkably unpleasant for Mr. Skervin, and even, perhaps, subject him to unwarrantable suspicion. It was to his advantage as much as to that of Mr. Andrus to have the truth known. It was finally agreed that we would obtain all the reports of the detectives who had been employed by Mr. Andrus, and also request Mr. Germaine to investigate the situation of Mr. Skervin's residence, that we might have an intelligent idea of its surroundings. If the facts thus learned were such as would enable us to reach a solution of the mystery, we would advise Mr. Andrus on the subject; otherwise we would decline any further connection with the case.

I have said it was agreed, but it is

only fair to state that Judge Egert did not approve this course of action. He insisted that the direct way out of the difficulty was not only the better but the more honorable, both on the part of Mr. Andrus and of the firm. Judge Egert's proposition was that Mr. Andrus should state to Mr. Skervin the facts, and demand a full and complete explanation; and that in case Mr. Skervin should refuse, then Mr. Andrus should request him to make no further effort to secure the hand of Miss Isabel.

As both methods could be pursued at the same time, Mr. Germaine was directed to obtain, by a written order from Mr. Andrus, the reports from the detective agency, and then to examine the surroundings of Mr. Skervin's residence.

When I called on Mr. Andrus that afternoon and suggested the plan proposed by Judge Egert, he assured me that it would be useless to approach Mr. Skervin on the subject; but he promised to make the attempt.

Mr. Germaine secured the reports from the agency; and my partner, Mr. Rumsey Miller, and I examined them at my bachelor-apartments that evening. They covered a period of three weeks. Mr. Andrus had employed twelve detectives, at an expense of nearly two hundred dollars a day. Six of these had been assigned to the vicinity of Mr. Skervin's residence, and two to the business district. It appeared that one detective had been placed at each corner of the block in which Mr. Skervin's residence was situated; one had rented a room in the house immediately in the rear of the residence; and another, in the guise of an apple-peddler—with the permission of the policeman on the beat—had established a stand on the opposite side of the street. By relieving those on post, the residence, except the hours when Mr. Skervin was known to be in his office down-town, had been watched day and night for three weeks.

The facts established by the reports of the detectives were even more extraordinary than those stated to me by Mr. Andrus. It appeared that Mr. Skervin was remarkably regular in his habits. He usually returned from business at about five o'clock in the afternoon. On Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings he also came in again after ten o'clock. On these evenings it was found that he usually visited the clubs to which he belonged, and sometimes called at the Andrus residence. On Sunday and Thursday evenings he always remained at home; at least, these nights he was never seen to reënter the house. On Tuesday and Friday Mr. Skervin habitually returned to his home late at night, and on these occasions he attended either the theatre or the opera. Moreover, he was occasionally a guest at some social entertainment.

In view of all these facts, the next statement in the report was simply astounding: "Mr. Skervin is never seen to leave the house except sometimes on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and on Sunday afternoon, when he always takes a stroll on Fifth avenue."

After Mr. Skervin had returned home from business, he was sometimes seen at one of the clubs within an hour afterward, and while it was still daylight; so there could be no possible doubt regarding his departure from the house. One singular fact regarding this was that on these occasions he had always changed his attire; indeed, Mr. Skervin was known seldom to wear the same suit of clothes twice, and sometimes changed twice, or even three times, a day; yet no one knew when or how he did this.

The four servants in the house were all men. They were Poles, and could not speak English. The fact that none of them ever left the house except between ten o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, while Mr. Skervin always reached his office by half-past nine, exploded the theory that he might leave the house disguised as one of his servants.

One report, I presume, came into our hands by a mistake of the manager of the agency. It was a report made directly to him in confidence by his own private assistant; but instead of helping to clear matters, it only darkened them. It served, however, to give us a hint that perhaps the twelve detectives on the case were not trusted too far, even by the manager himself. This report showed that about three o'clock one morning, this special detective had removed the iron grating from one of the small cellar windows, and had entered the cellar. I quote from this report:

"The cellar is in no way peculiar. The floor is of Portland cement, and gives out no hollow sound when tapped at any point. There is a large furnace in the centre, and a coal-bin, partially filled, adjoins one of the small windows at one side of the cellar. There is a large cupboard, filled with canned goods, evidently for the use of the household; this rests against the same side wall. There is also a very large refrigerator, which stands against the front wall. Both the cupboard and the refrigerator rest on the cement floor and are without rollers. The doors of the cupboard were not fastened, but those of the refrigerator were locked. The cupboard and the refrigerator, each of which must weigh several hundred pounds, are the only articles of furniture in the cellar, except two dilapidated chairs and an old bureau that stands against one side of the coal-bin. There is no door or opening in the outside wall of the cellar, although I very carefully made the most minute examination of it, both by tapping on it and closely scanning it with a magnifying glass."

"It seems almost beyond the bounds of belief," said Mr. Miller, when we had finished this report.

"He certainly does not go out through the cellar," I asserted, "however else he may go. I wonder if there is any crime a private detective agency will not commit when there is a sufficient reward offered for information?"

The detectives in their reports had made no comments, but simply stated the facts. The manager of the agency, however, had endorsed on the envelope that contained the reports these words: "This is the most puzzling and inexplicable mystery this agency ever investigated during the fourteen years of its existence."

We were still discussing the reports, when Mr. Germaine came in with fresh information. He informed us that Mr. Skervin's grounds occupied three lots, and that the house was built in the centre of this space, completely detached, with twenty feet intervening on each side between it and the adjoining residences, which Mr. Skervin also owned. These, however, he never entered—the rents being collected by an agent—nor did he visit any of his other neighbors. There were several foreigners, most of them Poles, living in the neighborhood, which was one of comfortable rather than of showy residences. The neighbors were very much exercised over the mysterious actions of Mr. Skervin, and had various ways of accounting for his vagaries. Some of them believed that he was maintaining his reserve and secrecy because he was engaged in some criminal transaction, such as counterfeiting bonds or forging cheques. None of them, however, could give any facts consonant with their suppositions.

Mr. Skervin had been engaged in his present business for seven years; prior to that time, he had been an assistant civil engineer in the employ of the city. The servants in the house seemed very well disposed toward their master. They never gossiped, even when questioned, regarding the affairs of the owner of the mansion. Mr. Skervin was an athlete, and exhibited some remarkable feats of strength at the athletic club of which he was a member. Such was Mr. Germaine's report; but it revealed nothing. We consulted him regarding the detectives' reports; and he was positive that no one could leave the house without being seen, if watched by competent detectives in

the manner the reports described. Indeed, he himself was quite as sorely puzzled as were the rest of us.

"This seems to me," said Rumsey, "a case that presents more impossibilities than any we have heretofore investigated. It is confusing, not only by reason of the singularity of the facts presented, but also because of the difficulty in forming any plausible theory as to the motives that would lead a wealthy man, like Mr. Skervin, to such a mysterious course of action."

"Rumsey," I said, "we have learned from experience that impossibilities do not exist. The more singular the facts, the easier should be the solution of the mystery. I am no solver of mysteries myself; my mind is unfitted for the accurate observation of minutiæ, but I think I know mankind, and I believe that Mr. Skervin's motives are pure, noble and unselfish. He is a cultivated gentleman, and I cannot force my mind to the conviction that such a man is willingly a criminal." Then we closed the discussion for the night, and Mr. Miller went home.

When Mr. Andrus came to the office the next morning, it was to report a complete failure in his conference with Mr. Skervin. The latter had listened in silence, till Mr. Andrus had fully stated his views.

"Mr. Andrus," he had replied, "it is not that I am unwilling to tell you all regarding myself, but I dare not. It is a matter of life and death to another. A time may come, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps not for years—yet it might come in a few days if I could bring myself to take a certain course—when I can tell you all. Consider what I have said, and if your determination is that I must abandon all hope of marrying Isabel, I will bear my disappointment like a man. The danger that surrounds me daily seems more imminent now; for during the last few weeks I have been watched by spies; but for what reason, I must not tell."

Mr. Andrus had informed Mr. Skervin that during the next ten days he would determine the matter and acquaint him with the decision. He asked Mr. Skervin, in the meantime, to consider seriously taking such a course of action, which he admitted he could do if he wished, as would end all the difficulties and clear up the situation. Of course, as matters then stood, we could do nothing for Mr. Andrus; nevertheless he decided to leave the affair with us till next day.

The consultation of the firm that followed Mr. Andrus's departure was rather a stormy one. There were as many diverse views as there were participants. Mr. Howard Freeman took the initiative.

"I am," he began, "well acquainted with Mr. Skervin. He is a member of the Millionaires' and the Culture clubs, and a royal good fellow. Any girl ought to be proud to receive his attentions; and it is no disparagement to say that Miss Isabel Andrus, however worthy a young lady she may be, is certainly not a beauty. What Mr. Andrus ought to do, when he has four very plain-looking daughters on his hands to marry off, is to trust Mr. Skervin, give his consent to the marriage, and rely on the honor of his son-in-law to disclose the mystery afterward."

"Yes," observed Judge Egert, "that's very nice—just like a society novel, in which the good are always happy. Of course, Howard's sympathy is all with the love-sick man and the maiden all forlorn. Marriage is a failure; at least, in nine cases out of ten. If this advice be given, the chances are a hundred to one that Mr. Andrus will have a grass-widow on his hands in less than a year. In view of the facts before us, it is highly probable that this man Skervin is an escaped convict."

"While I know nothing of marriage," I ventured, "except by observation, still I could never advise Mr. Andrus to permit this union; especially if Mr. Skervin will not end the difficulties, as he says he can. If we give advice in an ordinary business transaction, and disappointment results, our error is not

irreparable; but here, in case the result should be disastrous, we would deserve censure. There is a very simple course to take: inform Mr. Andrus that in a matter so entirely personal, he must make his own decision; that we decline to advise him, and that we must give up the case."

"I was anticipating exactly that," broke in Judge Egert. "You invariably want to 'give up the case' if any difficulty arises outside of the most ordinary experience. With your view of affairs, it is a wonder that this firm makes money enough to pay street-car fares."

"What, then, would you propose, Judge Egert?" I asked, rather warmly.

"Go ahead and solve the mystery, of course. All mysteries are simple. It is only because the mind is confronted with seeming impossibilities that this matter appears deep or complex. I say 'seeming impossibilities,' for that any circumstance actually occurs is proof that it is not impossible. Assuming that some of these detectives have not been bribed by Mr. Skervin, and that their reports are true, the logic of the case is convincing. Mr. Skervin certainly does not go up in a balloon from the top of his house; he does not pass out in any way that permits him to be seen; he cannot render himself invisible; so, however improbable it may seem, he must pass out underground, perhaps to one of those adjoining houses, which he owns."

"You fail to notice, Judge Egert," remarked Mr. Miller, "that the entire block has been watched by men posted at each corner. It would do him no good to gain admittance to an adjoining house."

"Failed to notice it!" exclaimed Judge Egert. "Of course I noticed it; but I don't think the report of a private detective is as infallible as a pope's bull. How should I, or anyone else, know exactly where he goes? He might go in as many directions as there are points of the compass. What I assert is that he must pass out underground. Now, the floor of the cellar is not hollow; and the walls have been examined, except where the cupboard and refrigerator rest against them. When you have excluded the impossible, what remains, however improbable it may seem, must contain the true solution of the mystery. Along these lines we must search for the truth."

"You assume too much, judge," rejoined Mr. Miller; "nor do you cover all the facts in the case. In the first place, there may be some other way, either under the furnace or the coal-bin. Again, I do not see how you are to pursue your investigations along the line you suggest without committing burglary. Besides, we are not sure that there may not be some secret passage in the walls leading down under the ground."

"Oh, yes," replied Judge Egert, with some warmth, "this is so probable a solution! While Howard is imbued with the society novel, your taste runs to romantic fiction like the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' with secret panels, concealed stairways and all the rest of the rubbishy paraphernalia. If what I suggest will not solve the mystery, how would you go about it, Rumsey?"

"Begin at the other end," returned Mr. Miller. "The true clue is not to find how, or where, Mr. Skervin leaves his own house; but to ascertain where he goes, where he comes out on the street. It must be a very peculiar and retired spot in a city like New York, where a man can emerge from a hole in the ground and not be visible. Of course, you will say he enters some other house, but this will not help you much. If this were so, and the place not very retired, we should have a corollary to our problem; and something deeper even than the present mystery, for we should have a man coming out repeatedly from a house he was never seen to enter. There is no such mystery known to the residents of that portion of the city, or the detectives would have heard of it."

"Very pretty theory, indeed," sneered Judge Egert. "Beautiful as a dream. The only trouble with it is that it does not have a single fact to support it, and proves about two and a half times too much, if it proves anything; for the fact remains incontestable that he does come on the streets—somewhere."

"Exactly what I was going to say," resumed Mr. Miller; "and therefore he must emerge at a very retired spot, where he is free from observation, and can reach the street without being noticed. It must also be not very far from Mr. Skervin's residence. I am going to take a walk in that part of the city this afternoon, and I believe that with even a cursory examination I can solve this mystery."

"I wish you good luck, Rumsey," laughed Mr. Freeman, "but for my part I think you are wasting your time. Mr. Skervin is all right—of that I am sure."

"You are welcome to your opinion, Howard," responded Rumsey, "but I, too, know Mr. Skervin, and I can frankly say I do not like him. He is too reserved. He seems to me to be always thinking about himself. He wears as many different suits of clothes as the veriest dude. He may be a royal good fellow, as you think; but I believe that when a man starts from a simple sub-engineer in a city department, and accumulates over two millions in seven years, no one knows how, his methods of acquiring a fortune may well be regarded with suspicion. I do not think it will take me long to lift this veil of mystery in which Mr. Thaddeus Skervin has——"

"Mr. Thaddeus Skervin is waiting in your room to consult you, judge," said my office boy, opening the door and addressing me.

The effect was startling. I cannot say whether it was dramatic or not. Mr. Miller paused in the middle of his sentence, and stood almost breathless. Mr. Freeman smiled as he said, "That spoils your peroration, Rumsey." Judge Egert, as he rose to his feet, remarked, "We shall never solve the mystery: Mr. Skervin will explain all to the judge."

I went at once to my room and found Mr. Skervin awaiting me. He looked careworn and heavy-eyed, as though he had slept badly the previous night.

"Judge," he began, "I have come to you for advice regarding some personal interests that are certainly not within the purview of an ordinary consultation. I am deeply in love with a young lady; but her father, before giving consent to our union, desires me to explain certain somewhat unusual matters connected with my course of life. I have offered to explain all after my marriage. I wish to ask you a question, judge. Do you not think, if the young lady really loves me, she would trust me, and——?"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, Mr. Skervin, but you need go no further. If there is any man on this footstool of the Almighty who knows what any particular woman will do, under any given conditions, I have failed to make that person's acquaintance. How should I, of all men in the world, know what a woman will do when she is in love? You have come to the wrong place. Perhaps a skilled physician, an alienist, one who has studied the effect of emotions on the female mind, might give a fair guess at an answer to your question; but you must excuse me from going further on this subject."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Skervin. "In the past you have been very kind in advising an almost friendless man; and I did not, for the moment, think how strange my question might appear. I was thinking of you as a friend, rather than as a lawyer.

"But, judge," he continued, after a brief pause, "I wish your advice on another matter regarding which I have studied deeply. Suppose an intimate friend of yours was threatened with death, and suppose your whole life was saddened thereby, and you could release your friend from danger by contributing a large sum of money to—to—" He hesitated a

moment, and then went on: "We will say to people whom you detest and abhor, and you knew this money would be used for evil purposes, would an honorable man be justified in paying this money to criminals, simply to secure his own personal comfort and the safety of his friend?"

"Mr. Skervin, you certainly must have queer ideas regarding a legal consultation. I am no keeper of men's consciences, nor yet an analyst of the ethics of criminal action. If you wish to obtain light on a moral question, why don't you consult a minister of the gospel; or, if you are a Catholic, a priest?"

"You are in error now," he responded. "What I wish to ask is whether by a certain course of action I may not become an accomplice, if a criminal act follows my payment of money to criminals?"

"Your questions, Mr. Skervin, give me no light on your situation. If I am to advise you it will be necessary for you to state fully all the facts, that I may judge intelligently of your position, for I cannot act in the dark. If someone is trying to levy blackmail on you, I shall certainly advise you not to pay a cent, no matter what may be the penalty."

"Judge," he answered, with feeling, "much as I need your advice, I cannot, I dare not, state the circumstances, even to you. They are so extraordinary that I should only rouse your incredulity. The need of concealment has been so great as to embitter the years of my early manhood, and now I fear the happiness of my maturer years must be yielded as a sacrifice to the stern necessity that confronts me."

"I sympathize with you deeply," said I, "and would willingly aid you if I could. I do not see how I can do so, however, unless you can bring yourself to confide in me. I can only give you the general advice that, in this imperfect world of ours, the first great rule of action is that every man should look out for himself, and let others do the same. With this rule as a guide, perhaps, you can work out the solution of the problem you have only dimly hinted to me."

"You will act for me, judge, if I need a lawyer?" he inquired.

"I cannot tell till I know the facts. I can only say that from your present statement it looks unlikely that I shall be able to serve you. There are enough pettifoggers and scalawags in the profession who would be glad to do so, if you pay them. However, if you can bring yourself to confide in me I may be able to assist you. I cannot say more till I know all."

Mr. Skervin withdrew, and I can say frankly that the mystery of "The Vanishing Millionaire" seemed to be growing deeper, darker, more obscure and puzzling as additional light was thrown on it. It seemed evident that Mr. Skervin was in some way shielding a criminal, whose life was sought by other criminals. Was this the secret of his suddenly acquired fortune? However well we may know mankind, we all occasionally make mistakes regarding character. Perhaps Mr. Miller's clear, analytical reasoning, which led him to believe in Mr. Skervin's criminality, was more to be relied on than my impressions, formed only from casual conversations with this man. At any rate, Mr. Skervin had confessed to having dealings with the worst criminals.

The following morning Mr. Miller came to my room.

"Judge," he said, "the coils are tightening round Mr. Thaddeus Skervin. A very short walk in the vicinity of his residence revealed his method of reaching the street. As you know, Mr. Skervin's house is on the north side of Forty-sixth street. St. Aloysius's Convent, a Polish Catholic school for girls, is situated between Eighth and Ninth avenues and Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets.* It is surrounded by a high wall. On the east side of this wall is a small court or passageway. Only one residence

* The location of this house has been purposely misstated, for obvious reasons; although those familiar with New York City can doubtless recognize the real locality.

faces this court, and the high wall is opposite it. One can stand in the bay-window of this house and see if anyone is coming either way through the court; and if not, then step at once to the street, without the slightest danger of being seen. This house, an entirely unpretentious two-story brick, is about three hundred feet in a direct line from Mr. Skervin's residence, and is the only place in many blocks where he could gain the street unobserved. As to Mr. Skervin's motives, I am still in the dark; but I have solved the mystery of how he leaves his house."

"No one," I observed, "can even approximately state the motives that may actuate another. How often our actions are misjudged, and evil is imputed to us, when we are acting from the highest motives! I, too, have gained some information from Mr. Skervin's own statement. Leave the case in my hands for the present, Rumsey, and I believe, ere a week is over, I shall learn from Mr. Skervin himself the secret of his mysterious actions."

A few days later Mr. Skervin called on me again. I have never seen a man more changed in so short a time. He was pale, haggard, nervous and evidently much excited.

"Judge," he began, "you promised to assist me, if possible, should I confide in you?"

"Yes, if I know the facts, so I can do so intelligently."

"I do not wish," he continued, "to employ your firm in the business I have to do. It needs a shady lawyer for shady business. Besides, the other parties have selected their own lawyer, a hanger-on at police-courts. What I wish to know is if you have some clerk or employee who has sufficient legal knowledge to see that I am not imposed on, who will accompany me as a witness."

"I think Mr. Germaine can do that much for you," I answered.

"How strange it is," he continued, "that a man can never know how others regard him! None of my club companions ever hinted to me that I was regarded with distrust, or was known by such a nickname as 'The Vanishing Millionaire.' I never dreamed that I was the centre of a mystery. It remained for a dishonest private detective, who had been hired to spy on my actions, to come to my office and tell me the facts; in the hope, as he expressed it, 'of getting money from the other side.' Perhaps it was a good thing he came to me: it determined my course of action. I can maintain the vain struggle no longer. It would be useless if I did; for, after all my precautions, the secret I have guarded so well would now soon become known. I am going to pay over the money and secure immunity. It is an awful thing, judge, when one has to pay money to further criminal plots in order to save his good name and secure protection that the law cannot give."

"The time has come, Mr. Skervin," I said, "for you to act. If I am to assist you it will be necessary for you to make a plain statement of all the facts."

"The story I am about to tell you, judge, will sound strange to an American, but to one familiar with European plots and cabals, it will not seem remarkable. My father, Alexander Skervinski, was the only son of a very wealthy Polish nobleman. One of our family once sat on the throne of Poland, and the Skervinskis have always been nationalists, hoping that the time would yet come when Poland should have her own again. My father attended the University of Warsaw; and there, when quite young, joined a secret political society known as the propagandists—at least, that is the equivalent term in English.

"The avowed object of the order was the furtherance and propagation of the ideas of the nationalists and the continuance of the use of the Polish language. My father had not long been a member of this organization when he found that it resembled the nihilists of Russia and the Carbonari of Italy; that its members were willing to commit any crime to further the political schemes of the leaders.

He endeavored to withdraw from the order, but found he was bound by his pledges during life. To escape the consequences of the rash act of joining such an organization, he sold all his Polish possessions and fled to London.

"He anglicized his name; and hoped, by living in retirement, to avoid being called on to take part in the criminal acts of the propagandists. He had a fair clientèle as a consulting civil engineer, and married an English lady. I was a child of eight, and can just remember when a 'head,' or chief, of a section of the order called on him for the first time. He informed my father that he was to pay a fine of two thousand pounds to the organization for having concealed his whereabouts. My father paid the sum, moved to Birmingham, and thought his hiding-place was secure. His precautions were in vain. Four years later the head of the section visited him late at night and informed him that he was again fined two thousand pounds, and that he was also one of five selected to assassinate the chief of police of Warsaw. My father refused to pay the money or to join in the criminal enterprise. The head told him the penalty would be inflicted, and not only himself, but his wife, my mother, would be marked for assassination.

"That night, my father, leaving everything in the house except a few papers, fled with my mother and me to London. He took up his residence in a remote suburb of that great city, deposited his money in a London bank, and changed his name. To avoid suspicion, my mother kept a small candy-shop, while my father was supposed to be an invalid, unable to leave the house. After several years of peaceful life, the suspicions of my parents were lulled and fewer precautions were taken. One night, while I was asleep and my parents were quietly talking, a bomb was thrown through the window of our sitting-room. The explosion was terrific. My father was instantly killed, my mother crippled and frightfully disfigured. She lay for months in a London hospital, suffering untold agonies. The sight of one eye was saved, but her features were so frightfully mangled that from the day of her discharge no man except myself has looked on her poor, distorted face.

"After my mother's recovery, she had great difficulty in securing the large sum of money my father had deposited in the bank, there being many legal formalities to comply with, on account of his change of name. Shortly after she had secured this money, another head of the society called on her, and said that the fine assessed against my father was still due, notwithstanding his death, and that if it were not paid the penalty of death would be inflicted on her. Her money was deposited in another bank, and the following day she made the pretense of going there to draw out this sum. She went to the bank, drew out a part of her funds, but then went to a sea captain's wife of her acquaintance. With her as a companion she sailed at once for Australia, and for years was a wanderer, known always as 'The Veiled Lady.'

"I was then nineteen years of age, and my mother left me sufficient money to complete my education. It was necessary to wait seven years—until my mother's absence was presumptive proof of her death—before I could secure the money she had deposited in the bank. Meanwhile I came to New York, and obtained employment as a civil engineer. When I had secured the money from the London bank, I opened an office as a broker, and appeared soon to acquire wealth, but it was really only my own money that I received.

"My mother had grown weary of her wanderings. She was tired of flitting from place to place, with her face always covered. I found a house in St. Aloysius's Court that was quite free from observation, and also where she could receive the ministrations of the sisters and mother superior of the convent, for she is a

devout Catholic. I knew that I was still under espionage, and might be followed to my mother's abode if she came to the city.

"I finally conceived the idea of purchasing this house, in the name of a Polish friend, and securing a residence for myself in the neighborhood, but not in the same block. This I did, securing four houses in all. I then, with my servants, who are descendants of tenants on the Polish estates our family once owned, faithful as dogs, and expert miners, dug a tunnel from the cellar of my own house, deep under the street, and also under my houses on the opposite side, to my mother's house by the convent. It was slow, hard, costly work, especially as it had to be done in secret. We worked from both ends. When we met rock we blasted silently by means of quicklime cartridges. The dirt was removed gradually in sacks, a few at a time to avoid suspicion, in my carriage; taken on board my steam launch and dropped in the Hudson. Water bothered us a great deal, but being an engineer myself, I conquered this by making a secret connection with the sewer. The tunnel is small, and one must crawl to pass through it. The entrance is through a large refrigerator in my cellar, which is always locked. The labor of constructing this small tunnel was Herculean; but I felt repaid when I knew that I could once more be in safety with my afflicted mother, and comfort her declining years.

"My mother arrived in New York about two years since. The lady with whom she made her voyages, now a widow, lives with her. Every morning before I go to business I visit my mother, the dearest being in the world to me, and cheer her for the day. I always pass two evenings of each week with her. For a time I used to return to my own house on each occasion, crawling the second time through the tunnel, and then starting from there to go out. This became irksome, and as there is very little travel in St. Aloysius's Court, and as it is free from observation of neighbors, I deemed it much simpler, and equally safe, to start from there when I had occasion to go out after visiting my mother. I had only to provide a dressing-room and a sufficient wardrobe to make this easy, for my clothes were always soiled by passing through the tunnel. The result, as you know, has given me the strange nick-name by which I am known.

"About a year ago, one of the chiefs of the Polish society called and said that the organization had no claim on me, nor would it ever take any action against me; but that, even now, I could secure immunity for my mother if I would pay the penalty originally assessed against my father. My mother violently opposed this. She declared that she would disown me if I ever paid a penny to my father's murderers. I knew not at what moment I might have to flee with her to save her life, and I always keep my ready means in my own possession in case such a necessity should rise. After my experience with banks, it is needless to say I never deposit a cent in such institutions.

"Circumstances have now become too strong for me. I have decided to pay the sum demanded and to live in peace. I know I am doing wrong in taking this course; it would kill my mother if she should ever learn of my action. I feel as if I were a real criminal, and I know not whose blood may be on my hands because of paying this money to such an association of murderers. But oh, judge, what else can I do?"

Here Mr. Skervin broke down completely, and I passed one of the most painful half-hours of my life endeavoring to reassure him. I did not attempt to dissuade him from his course. I could not even conjecture what I myself might do under similar circumstances.

The next day Mr. Germaine accompanied Mr. Skervin, and the payment for immunity was made. Mr. Germaine found it necessary to take an oath of secrecy in order to aid our client; and I never learned exactly

what took place, or how the transaction was completed. Mr. Skervin married Miss Andrus; and his mother lived with the young couple in the splendid residence he erected on Fifth avenue.

Years have passed since then, but the story of the heroic devotion of this son has remained untold. Changes have come with the ever-changing years, and the narration of these facts can now affect none injuriously; so I have turned to my notes of the case, and here make clear what I know has always been a mystery to most of my club associates.

## DREAMER'S LAND

CRIMSON sky and crimson sea,
You and I;
Crimson lilies on the lea
Where we lie;
Heart and hand and eyes and lips
Zephyr-fanned,
By the sun-warm wind that slips
Out of Dreamer's Land.

Gray-green sky and green-gray sea,
You and I;
Ghosts of lilies—what are we?—
Wander by;
Heart and hand and eyes and lips
Barrier-banned;
Pity for Love's dark eclipse,
Down in Dreamer's Land!

CLARENCE URMY.

## CORRECTED PROVERBS

WHEN in Rome do as the Romans do.
Too many cooks spoil the broth policeman.
Necessity is the mother of invention thieves.
Those who live by the sword pen die by the sword pen.
There is nothing we forget sooner than past favors.
A friend in need is a no friend indeed of mine.
To withhold truth is to tell lies sometimes the best policy.
Small profits are (a trifle) sweet—er than none, at all.
Man proposes and God disposes woman sues him for breach of promise.
He that cannot find wherewith to employ himself, let him buy a wife advertise in the papers.

JOHN ELIOT.

# A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN

By Mary L. Pendered

THERE was no one in the town of Whitborough who would have hesitated to describe George Field as an excellent man of business and a very decent fellow. To his townsmen he was just that—no more, no less. Most of them envied him a little; he had slipped through childhood and adolescence to the border of middle age so easily. As a boy he had taken prizes at the grammar school in examinations and athletics; as a youth he had gone soberly into business, and had fitted himself to his stool without a chafe or a swerve; very soon he had obtained his articles.

George had always been popular with girls, as with his own sex, sailing along in flirtation without damage to himself or to anyone else, until, at twenty-two, he married a pretty, domesticated damsel, whose father gilded her with an appreciable dowry. To match her settlement, George's father provided him a house on the outskirts of the town, and made him partner in the flourishing firm of Field & Sons, solicitors. So the young couple had a fair start on the matrimonial path, and for nearly twenty years they had been as happy as bees in foxglove bells. No child had come to them; they were reputed to be quite content without offspring, and devoted to each other.

Mrs. Field's prettiness had broadened and coarsened, as prettiness often does, but she was still comely in a buxom way; and her credit as a housewife was beyond question. Everything in her small realm seemed to be wound up with a key, and the works never failed or broke down. Her meals were marvels of punctuality, precision and immaculate cooking; her arrangements and habits unimpeachable. She was always the pink of neatness and repose. Nor was she a stupid woman. She read a little, played the piano a little, talked fluently, did needle-work exquisitely, and gave popular whist- or tea-parties several times a year. She had a pious dread of innovation, a distrust of enthusiasm, a sublime contempt for sensation and a horror of the unconventional, which, to her view, was not in good taste. In short, she was one of those adaptable and delightful human automatons on which a man of any imagination can hang the ideal qualities of womanhood he most prefers, or thinks he prefers. George thought her an admirable wife, and so did everyone else, including herself. And it was true; no man in the town had a more dutiful wife than had George Field.

And no man was more popular than he. It is unnecessary to chronicle here on how many boards and committees he sat every year, the public dinners he attended, the speeches he made, the subscription lists he headed. As his father grew older and retired by degrees from business, George filled his place, and filled it with a greater success than the senior had ever known. He reaped the advantages of a position built up by the older man from a small beginning; he had received a better education, and was, moreover, blessed with gifts of person and manner that made him attractive as well as respected.

But, despite all his blessings, there was, unfortunately, in George Field's

individuality a certain humor that kept content from ever taking root within him. He remained psychologically untouched by worldly success, by good dinners, old wines and a perfect system of domesticity. We find in some men and women a peculiar quality, hard to name, which is characterized by a vague yearning for something outside bodily comfort or luxury. This yearning occasionally vents itself in travel and adventure, but it is more often manifested by an immense output of energy in the race for wealth—wealth itself, and not the things it will buy. Perhaps this is the secret why Englishmen are called born traders—a clumsy error for born gamblers, which they have ever been. Money-making implies venturesome undertakings, risk, excitement, and thus is the craving satisfied.

But the inner longing did not take this form in George Field. At heart he was a dreamer and a man of strong emotions. His imagination fed itself on printed romance—the only kind he had known—and no one in the world, not even the wife of his daily breakfasts, suspected the unsounded depths that lay below his rind of commonplace custom. The habit of taking things as they came, of doing his duty as a model cab-horse does his, in a steady jog-trot through life—this had been the way of least resistance, and George had placidly ambled along it.

But the half-atrophied, latent *ego*, of which a man is often unconscious, sometimes leaps up and stares him in the face, plays queer pranks with him, shows him to himself. And this happened to Field. From a humdrum country lawyer in a humdrum country town, he was transformed, by such a flash of self-revelation, into a man with a secret, the undiscovered hero of a brief romance, that held in it a certain flavor of tragedy.

He felt the first stirring of an unwonted sensation one morning at his office on receiving a letter. It came from a lady who had recently taken an ancient manor-house, not very far from Whitborough. On the surface of her name a little froth of talk had gathered, talk about her wealth and her beauty—the latter in dispute, but well maintained. From the first mention of her, George Field had felt a prick of interest. He knew the old house; it had often appealed to that undefined sense in him which never rose to expression. A peculiar essence that he would have called glamour, had not the word seemed foolish, hung about the place, which to him was haunted by more than the mere vulgar ghosts of its reputation. And now, occupied by a woman who wore a slight garb of mystery, it gained a fresh aura. He was conscious of this, but he could not understand the sudden movement of his pulses when he read the lady's letter. Like most men, he was unused to analysis of his feelings.

The letter was matter-of-fact enough, and quite formal. It simply stated that Mrs. Philip Clary would be pleased to see Mr. George Field as soon as possible, on a matter of important business. Without a word to his father or to any of his clerks on the subject, George went immediately to the post-office and telegraphed, "I will come this afternoon."

At luncheon he told his wife about the letter, somewhat concerned to find himself inwardly opposed by a desire not to do so. Such a desire was so foreign to every instinct and habit of his life that he thwarted it resolutely. Edith Field received the news with as much show of excitement as her nature and sense of propriety would permit. That is to say, she asked a dozen questions and wondered aloud, at least three times, what Mrs. Philip Clary's business could be. George listened to her remarks with his usual deference and that smile on his lips by which he always covered his thoughts, and through which his wife never penetrated. For Mrs. Field knew her husband even less than he knew himself. She was quite satisfied with her knowledge of the shell, and made a boast of understanding thoroughly his weaknesses and cruder appetites, his ordinary ways and expressed feelings, to all of which she com-

placently matched her own. Had she ever found the kernel, it would only have perplexed and troubled, perhaps have shocked her. The bliss of such ignorance as hers is a thing not to be lightly disturbed, and probably her husband was instinctively aware of this. He kissed her perfunctorily when he left that afternoon, and experienced an odd little sensation of freedom and pleasure as he heard the click of the garden-gate behind him.

## II

THERE was a train at three o'clock by which he could get to Merle. Although only sixteen miles away from Whitborough, it was a cross-journey and very slow, so that he could not arrive till half-past five, at the earliest; and there was but one train by which he could return, that night. If the business with Mrs. Clary did not detain him more than an hour, he had told his wife, he might be able to catch the connection back; but as this was doubtful, he carried a small bag, in case he should sleep at the village inn.

At the miniature rustic station of Merle he alighted, and again his pulses seemed to quicken strangely. His consciousness was in that peculiar plastic condition which makes it supersensitive to external impressions, every sight and sound being stamped on it so sharply that they gain unnatural importance and stand out as wonders unseen and unheard before. Just as certain sun-rays give largeness and distinctness to birds and shadows, so did the mental atmosphere in which he found himself make clear and vivid to George Field every detail of the little station and its surroundings. The rows of well-kept flower-beds, that mixed their fragrance of sweet pea and mignonette with the more pungent odor of the soft asphalt under his feet, the roses climbing about the station-master's windows, the stillness and clearness and suggestion of drowsy repose, all made a photographic picture on his brain.

Outside, in the falling sunshine, a smart ralli-car was waiting, with a groom at the head of its horse. The servant touched his hat, and said: "Mr. Field, sir?" Then they drove off. The lanes and roads were pink with dog-roses and heavily scented with elder-bloom and dying hawthorn. George sat dreaming by the side of the ralli-car's driver. He would have said his mind was a blank, but that was because he did not happen to be pondering over a legal case. And through the vague-running stream of his unworded reflections the common things of the wayside continued to take uncommon aspects. It was as if he had never known before the wavering gray line of a country road with its border ribbons of green, the flickering shade of trees, the gurgling laughter of rivulets, the sudden rich scent of white clover, the piercing cry of a pewit.

Presently the cart passed through the park gates of Merle Manor, and the horse's hoofs sank to a lower clack in the softer ground. Then, with a quick start that was almost a thrill, Field heard a burst of trembling song, the chorus of thrush, blackbird and linnet, breaking out everywhere among the oaks and beeches, making the warm air quiver. He had never felt anything like it since the day he was married! The forgotten emotion half-choked, puzzled and distracted him. He felt nervous and unlike himself.

The lady was standing on the terrace by her house, at the top of a flight of mossy and broken stone steps. On each side huge grotesque shapes, cut in yew, towered over her protectingly, as if she belonged to them. There was something unusual about her. George Field could not define what it was, but he recognized instantly that here was a creature of a kind unknown to him. Her beauty did not insist—it was even doubtful; her attire bore the stamp of distinction without fashionable pretense. She had gray eyes with very large black pupils and sweeping lashes, dark hair dressed loosely, rather decided but irregular features, a pale,

smooth skin, small, pointed hands and a red, flexible mouth whose smile had a curious downward curve, suggesting irony. She wore a white gown that looked as if it were guiltless of seams, and it had a great deal of yellowish lace falling about it. Field had never seen a tea-gown — he had always scoffed at the name; but he thought this must be one, and he liked it. He felt as if he had stepped out of a modern dog-cart into an old poetry book; and he became, for the moment, idiotically, speechlessly shy.

The lady gave him her hand with a frank, though rather languid smile.

"Shall we have tea first? I have waited for you," she said.

At this all constraint vanished. There was not a trace of conventionality in her manner. As he put it to himself: "She might have known me all her life!"

"You are very kind. But if your business will not take long, perhaps we would better proceed with it at once, so that I can catch the only train back, at half-past seven." The incongruity of the words "business" and "half-past seven train" struck him as he uttered them. They seemed so out of place.

Her face clouded. She stood, irresolute.

"We should be hurried, I fear. There are explanations to be made. Do you want—I mean—*must* you go back to-night? I have ordered that a room be prepared for you."

George hesitated. He did not want to go back, and that was what troubled him, for he asked himself: "Why don't you wish to leave here? You know that you hate staying away from home a night. How often you have said so! What does this mean?"

He looked across at the great dark trees in the park; then down at the mossy steps; then up, and his troubled eyes met, in full gaze, the questioning ones of the lady.

"There is not the slightest reason why you should be hurried," he answered her. "My time is entirely at your disposal, and I shall be most happy to stay. I have a bag in the cart there, for I thought it possible I might have to sleep at the inn."

She laughed, and in laughing her mouth took delicious lines, while her eyes swam merrily.

"Put not your trust in village inns! They are for ornament rather than use. There are plenty of rooms at your service here, and I promise not to give you a very haunted one."

"The more haunted the better," he declared. "I might experience a new sensation, as I have never seen a ghost."

Her expression changed quickly; the laugh went out as a light turned off. She looked at him intently, and he found himself thinking what wonderful eyes she had. Her reply was enigmatical.

"Haven't you? I have lived among them all my life," she said. "To experience a fresh sensation I must find something that is truly alive."

They sat at a daintily decked table bearing pretty tea-things, under the shade of a cedar that held the secrets of many centuries in its slowly crumbling heart. Field could think of no response to her last remark. She drifted to the common refuges; they talked of the weather, the country, the Autumn prospects. Then a silence fell between them, as if the conversation had been too barren to go on producing its kind.

Suddenly he spoke again. "I believe I know what you meant just now when you said that you had lived always among ghosts. Have you not been very much alone?"

It seemed impossible to speak to her of things on the surface of existence. Her eyes penetrated all reserve; the force of her personality made her intimate, stimulated candor. Field, although a man of almost womanish tact, felt no apprehension that this last speech of his might invite a charge of impertinence. To speculate on the exquisite problem before him, to question the lady about herself, was the most natural proceeding in the world.

Her answer gave him a slight mental concussion. "I mean that

I have never lived. I have been dead all my life," she said, calmly, and apparently without the least consciousness of the paradox.

He was silent for some minutes. Then he lifted his head and looked at her earnestly. "So have I."

His own words surprised him. Were they true? Had his life, too, been passed among bloodless ghosts? What a discovery to make at forty years of age!

"I am glad you understand me," she said, "for now my task will not be so difficult as I feared it would. Your sympathy and comprehension are more than I expected, though I heard you were wise and discreet and kind. You will do what I ask without too many questions? It is to help me make a new will."

"Yes."

"I am rich, you know, in money—" there was an accent that he could not quite interpret in her tone—"and under the old will, made just after my marriage, my husband is entitled to all my wealth when I die. Now, I think it will not be very long before I die."

"I hope—" George began, but she interrupted him.

"Don't hope till you know what I wish for myself. To go on breathing is, on its own account, no particular joy, that I can discover. It might be tolerable as a negative physical sensation, if one were not compelled to ache with it—to feel sick with longing and——"

She broke off abruptly. There was a curious vibration in her voice, suppressed excitement in her manner, quiet as it was; and George felt himself tingling from it. But soon she continued, in level tones:

"I suppose I need not tell you so much, but confession clears the way and is a means of relief, as everyone knows. To speak plainly, I have come to the conclusion of late that I would rather the sea had my money than that it should all fall into the hands of my husband."

"You have—ceased to care for him?"

"I never cared for him. I married in the hope of becoming alive. It was a ghastly error; I have been more dead than ever since I married him."

"Have you not tried to—free yourself?"

She smiled. "No; I've gone no further than to plan it. But I have not the vestige of an excuse. He is the most unimpeachable of husbands. I cannot even dislike, much less hate him, poor fellow! One has no positive feeling for the shadow one treads on." She made a queer little grimace, like the flash of a flint on steel.

George began to look bewildered. Was there ever such a woman? Could she be quite human?

"Why, then—if he—if you—" He floundered and did not know how to finish.

"'If he has done me no wrong, why should I not leave him my fortune?' I will tell you. It is because I love money and dislike waste."

He was immensely surprised at this candid avowal. It was a flat contradiction to her face, to her whole personality. He waited.

"It is a beautiful thing, gold; full of suggestions and possibilities. To waste it is criminal; to enjoy it a glorious duty—a duty I've failed in, so far, though perhaps not entirely through fault of my own. Do you think I am going to end my misspent existence by throwing my golden key into the gutter? No!"

"He is—a spendthrift, a profligate?"

She laughed outright, a musical but not very mirthful laugh. "He is nothing," she replied; "just a husk, that is all. He can enjoy like a cat; he was born to purr in the sun. But why do I speak of this to you, a stranger? All I wish to impress on you is that I am determined some of my money shall be turned into joy—real joy, not mere comfort or luxury. As the girl in the fairy-tale spun flax into gold, so shall my gold be spun into delight. I do not mean vulgar pleasure, eating and drinking and the like; but acute feeling, exal-

tation of heart and mind. You understand?"

"I think I do." He was musing.

"So I leave my husband a legacy —enough for cream on his milk and a sunny spot to bask in. Of the rest, half to a fund for making a park in the dullest and ugliest corner of our terrible city, London; half to *the one I love best.*"

Field was aware of a distinct shock and a sense of sudden cold. He shrank. Was she about to tell him the secret of her heart? He stammered: "Unless I know his name, it will be—" Words failed him, and his eyes dared not interrogate hers, though he knew she was looking straight at him.

"There is no name; I do not even know the sex! I have never loved anybody—yet. Think of that! I am twenty-seven years old, and I have never loved anyone! It is why I am dying. But I still hope it may come. If not—there is the park for my money."

She went on to unfold her plan for the disposal of her wealth. The will was to be quite conventional up to a certain point, and then the words, "*to the one I love best*," were to be set in the place of a name; with a clause stating that, when she had decided on this legatee, the name should be written by her, under her seal and signature, and forwarded to her own solicitors in London, who had drawn up the former will, made at the time of her marriage.

In vain Field protested that such a document might be questioned, and involve her testators in a lengthy lawsuit; she showed an amount of determination he had not anticipated, and he was obliged to own she could argue with force. Much as he disliked putting his name to a document so bizarre and unorthodox, some power against his volition held him in thrall, and he drew up the will according to her desire, merely declaring that he would not answer for its validity.

When it was done, and her butler and housekeeper—two old servants, who evidently adored her—had been called in to witness the instrument, she thanked him earnestly, and appeared relieved of a burden. Her strange, magnetic eyes shone like stars, a faint flush rose under them, and her mouth relaxed frequently into the whimsical smile George had noticed when they first met. She had become beautiful, intoxicating.

At dinner she talked gaily and without effort on a wide range of subjects, wider than he had ever heard a woman discuss before. And her animation, her interest, found echoes in him, buoyed him into flights of thought and expression surprising to the man who had never until now met his own individuality face to face. He felt himself transformed, galvanized into another being; and this new George Field was so strange to him that he was fascinated by the apparition, regretted it had been in hiding for all the years past. The old George retreated humbly into a distant perspective, where he was dimly to be seen sitting opposite a plump and pleasant body with an impassive face, ruminating over food and speaking occasionally of the obvious. The picture of these two haunted the mind of George the awakened, and caused him certain qualms of discomfort; but they were too faint to be very distressful; the vision was too misty. He found it difficult to believe that in twenty-four hours he would actually figure in that domestic tableau, an actor, not merely a far-away spectator.

With the dessert, when the servants had withdrawn, a slight restraint seemed to fall on the two. A light faded out of the lady's face and she became silent for some moments, as if in meditation. Then her eyes met those so steadily fixed on her, and she smiled.

"How we learn," she said, "to fill up the space of our longing with the little that we can have! When one thinks of the pleasure we manage to extract from ordinary things, how the mere interchange of thought can excite and intensify feeling, one is

almost afraid to imagine what it must be like to realize any great joy."

He could find nothing to say, and she continued:

"Is it not absurd? When I wrote down those words, 'to the one I love best,' it was, for the moment, as if I had found what I wanted. Of course, I knew it was only another ghost—I have dreamed it all so often before—but the flash was there, and it made me know how I could feel. Do you think many women have their heart's desire? Is it usual or unusual for one to be cursed as I am?"

The concentrated passion in her voice and in her wonderful eyes thrilled him, and mounted with the fumes of wine to his head.

"Say, rather, that you are blessed. Few women can feel, and perhaps fewer men. Have you never considered that you probably extract more from the 'ordinary things,' as you call them, than half a world extracts from the greatest? Until I saw you, I did not know how—" He paused, abruptly.

She made a little swift motion with her hands, as if waving something aside. "Yes, yes; that is true enough, but much always wants more. Why should I have a thirst that can never be satisfied, while others are made content? Why should my capacity for enjoyment be wasted? I tell you I hate waste. Think—think of it—what it must be! Heart and mind and body set to one tune, every pulse leaping, every nerve tingling with sensation, all the color, the music, the perfect beauty of the universe in one transport of soul, one zenith of feeling that reaches to the great arc of heaven itself—oh! to think of missing all that!"

She rose and pushed back her chair, suddenly. He followed her across the black oak-paneled hall, dusky in the glow of its few candles. As they entered another room, as yet unlighted, she said, in an altered tone:

"You must think I am very mad."

"I would rather have your madness than all the sanity in the world," he breathed.

She went to the open window, and stepped out on the terrace. Then, with a quick gasp, stepped back again, almost into Field's arms.

"The prose!" she ejaculated, with a strange laugh.

George looked at her, alarmed. Before he could speak, she stabbed him wide-awake with the words, quietly uttered:

"I did not expect my husband home for several days."

There were voices in the hall, one rather loud; and then a gentleman entered the room.

"How you startled me, Philip! Let me introduce Mr. Field, a—friend of the Mortons. You have heard them speak of him."

The two men bowed at a distance. Then the newcomer said, "How d'ye do? Had dinner, I suppose? I'm hungry as a wolf. Just see what there is, Viola. Couldn't stay away from you any longer, so I thought I'd take you by surprise. But I didn't expect to be quite so late. Very sorry, my dear. You must forgive me this once."

Out of the above speech only one word seemed to reach George Field. So her name was Viola! It affected him as a perfume of musk in the air.

After discussing with his wife the important topic of dinner, while a servant stood waiting by the door to receive commands, Mr. Clary turned to George and talked civilly, a gentle patter on level ground. The man was readable at a glance. About Field's own age, he carried the flesh of indolent content, and his inexpressive eyes were set over rounded cheeks. A coarse mustache partly concealed a weak and amiable mouth; lack of energy and ambition was perceptible in his very atmosphere; his fat hands looked as if they could do nothing more athletic than wield knife and fork. Perfect self-satisfaction had smoothed from his features every line that might have been an honorable scar of inward strife. Yet he was a pleasant-looking fellow enough; one who would be invariably a favorite at clubs. "A nonentity."

George thought, and then he flinched under a pursuing question: What more dare he say of himself?

The lady now appeared in a new rôle. Here was the languid, elegant, slightly blasé woman of society, politely interested in the subjects chosen by her husband, with a sweet, false smile and faintly drawling voice. George watched her till his growing sense of discomfort became a pain. He was thankful when the evening ended, and he was free to be alone in the "least-haunted" room of the old house.

## III

He could not sleep. Merle Manor had become an enchanted castle, and no ghost would have startled him. Reality, that screen which we postulate between the known and the unknown, which, up to this moment, had been to George a solid consistency, was now worn so thin that he seemed able to see through it to a region where glamour shed strange rays and burned strange incense. Was he in the same world he had awakened to that morning? He almost doubted it. A nightingale sang outside his open window, with such passionate sweetness that it loosed all the unruly echoes of his soul and set them vibrating intolerably. He sprang up, at last, to shut out the cruel, unavailing music.

As he stood by the old-fashioned lattice, something moving in the garden below attracted his attention and made his heart turn a somersault. He leaned out and whispered, as if in a dream:

"Is that you, Viola?"

"Yes. Will you not come down?"

He dressed with a surging in his ears and came to the window again. It was not far from the ground; thick ivy led up to it, and a tree's branches swept the vines. Without pausing, he began to descend, as a venturesome youth might have done; and presently he stood beside the dark-robed figure, under a scented acacia.

Moonlight threw deep pools of shadow about the grass and made pale patches of the colorless blossoms dreaming in the rose trees. The nightingale had paused in its song; there was only the faint hum of moths to be heard in the warm stillness.

"Did you think me a ghost?" she asked, tremulously.

"Yes; or a fairy. Something made of moonshine and dew."

"Not bad, for a lawyer!" Her whimsical smile was the same as it had been before the arrival of her husband; her voice glowed again.

"Don't think of me as that, but as a man," he pleaded.

"Ah, yes! let us be man and woman for five minutes. I have been an abstraction so long that it is joy simply to feel my blood rushing, and to know that it is pumping life into my heart. Oh, the wearisome, empty days that I have crept through, without heart or pulse!"

"I, too," he said, softly.

They stood quite still in the shadow, not close to the touch, but breathing, feeling, thinking as one. The fire of life burnt through them as the sun's fire burned through a rose at noon. They were flushed and exalted; their eyes shone; the woman had grown suddenly beautiful as a goddess; the man handsome and proud as a god!

"All my life—no, not my life, I mean my days," she said, her words falling swiftly under her breath, "I have felt myself imprisoned in a kind of court-yard with high walls round it. Over the wall on one side, I have known that there was an enchanted garden, full of exquisite flowers and delicious fruits and every ravishing delight. But I have never been able to look over the wall, never caught even a glimpse of the garden—never before!"

"Nor I—never before!" he echoed, watching her hungrily, lest he should miss a movement of her lips, a ray from her eyes.

"And, oh, how I have longed, and longed, for the roses there!" she continued, vehemently. "I wanted one, just one to scent memory and keep it

always sweet. How could I grow old without ever having lived? That would be too terrible a paradox! But to see the garden is to taste life; one can then die in peace."

"I am not listening to you," he replied. "I do not hear a word you say. My mind is absorbed by a single thought. May I tell you what it is?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"It is this: A man might well throw away everything he valued in the world only to hold you in his arms for one moment—one glorious moment!" His breath failed on the last word.

"Then—why—not?" she faltered, lowering her starry eyes.

But he did not advance to take her, and they remained apart, motionless in the moonlit fragrance of the night. The song of the love-sick bird began again, a long, low trill. It ached through the amorous air.

"You can't," Viola breathed, softly; "you think you can, but you cannot. We are the creatures of our habit, of our training, both of us. We were born of conventions; we have been made—respectable!"

There were tears of regret in her ironical laugh. He dared not trust himself to speak.

"You have a wife," she went on. "What of her?"

"She—is not here; she would not know; and besides——"

"That sophistry will never content you—or me. Tell me, do you love her?"

"I am—fond of her; I respect her—she is a good woman," he stammered.

"And so am I. That is the trouble! If I were other—well—you know what I would do?"

"Yes; I know."

There was a long pause, and the small brown singer in the acacia filled it with rapturous music. Then Viola spoke again.

"You have a good wife, and you are a good husband. You will go on being a good husband all your days, 'for God hath made you so.'" She broke into her whimsical laugh, which seemed to hold such pathos that it gave George Field a strange, sharp pain. "Isn't this an amusing world?" she asked. "We prize our sins, and are sorry for our virtues; we cultivate temptations, and keep wild souls in tame bodies. Never mind. We must try to enjoy the roses without plucking them."

She trailed her clinging skirts, all white under the dark cloak, over the grass to a cluster of rose bushes, full in the gleam of the moon. He saw, for the first time, that her little feet were bare, and glistening like silver on the velvet turf. She gathered a bud, and held it out to him.

"Take this one," she said; "I, too, must keep one in remembrance."

Her face was so poignantly sweet, the aroma of her personality so intoxicating, that this man, who had never known himself before, lost all power to resist himself.

"Viola!" he cried, hoarsely, and clasped her wrists to draw her into his arms.

She shrank, then leaned forward. Their faces were so near that their lips almost touched; their eyes met, entranced, each gaze drowned in the depths of the other. But there the wave stopped—and receded. They stood thus a few moments, so tensely strung in feeling that they felt as if locked together by a spell, while a century rushed past like a comet into eternity. Then he released her hands, and she fell a step back.

"You see I was right," she panted. "Our habits, our instincts, are too strong for us; we are too weak to prevail against them. A hundred years ago we might have been happy, in the old, easy way. But we are the children, the forward elder children, of our time. We can but dream that we feel, and pretend that we live. We may not even respect ourselves for being respectable, since we cannot help it!"

Again her little derisive laugh rang into the fainting air. A white moth, vague as a shred of mist, settled in the dusky folds of her cloak. George was intensely aware of it, as

of everything just then; not least of a subtle, embracing odor distilled from June blossoms by the warmth of the Midsummer night. It was as insistent as the tremulous passion of the nightingale or as the mysterious blue light on tree and flower.

"Nevertheless, we have snatched one gift from life that time itself can not take away," Viola went on, the cadence of her speech falling, "one moon-haunted hour of romance. Is not that something to be thankful for? Think of it! We have looked over the wall; we have had a glimpse of the garden."

Some chord seemed to break in her voice. He could not reply, or loosen the mysterious spell that bound him. When she was lost in the shadows, he began to know what the struggle had been. His blood surged until he no longer saw or heard distinctly, and he thought he must be losing his senses. Perhaps it was so, for at that moment he committed the most unreasoning act of his life. Falling on his knees, he bent low and kissed the warm grass that had just been pressed by two little bare feet.

As he sprang up, hastily and half ashamed, he saw something lying there, where he had knelt. It was the white musk-rose bud that his lady had gathered for him, all wet with dew, crushed, and faintly perfumed. The dew was of her tears, the perfume from her touch, he thought; his soul was shaken with passion.

## IV

George Field left Merle Manor next morning by the first train. He did not see his host and hostess before leaving. They sent him apologies for their non-appearance at breakfast, and a courteous farewell. Over luncheon at home he told his wife all about the visit: how he had been met at the station, had taken tea and dined alone with the lady, who was very nice, he said; how he had drawn up a most eccentric will for her, and how her husband, a good sort of fellow, had returned unexpectedly after dinner. Further details he did not enter into, nor could his wife extract them from him. The prying curiosity that stands for psychological interest in a certain type of mind made her catechise him with inquisitorial minuteness on Mrs. Clary's style, manners and opinions, on the nature of the document he had drawn up, and other matters; but she found in his answers nothing definite; they told her little more than she knew before of the mistress of Merle Manor.

Weeks glided by and ran into months. George Field lived outwardly an unchanged life, spending so many hours in his office, so many in his tidy home and garden, so many at his board-meetings and public dinners. A keen observer might have noticed a subtle difference in him from that placid George Field who had gone forth one golden June afternoon to a remote village, and returned next morning; a difference as positive in degree, though not in seeming, as that which transformed Rip Van Winkle from a youth to an old man. But there were no keen observers in Whitborough. The dreamy gaze, the irrelevant reply, the less fluent speech, the openly accentuated attentions to his wife, his watchful anxiety to please her in every possible way—these things passed unnoticed by his neighbors. Edith herself thought that George grew daily more aware of the treasure he possessed in her. She regarded his renewed courting as a well-earned tribute to her many virtues.

One day she said to him: "George, when did I give you that withered rosebud I found in your pocket-book this morning? It must have been a long time ago." And he answered, with an inward tremor and forced smile: "It must, my dear. You never give me rose buds now;" a reply that, while it fed her complacency, caused her to reproach herself, and brought on him frequent undesired floral decorations. He bore them with that spiritual nausea to which

the unaccustomed liar, the honorable impostor, is ever liable.

Then, after nearly a year had passed, he received a shock that drove the blood from his lips and made the morning paper tremble in his hands.

He saw in print the name of Viola Clary, wife of Philip Clary, Esq., of Merle Manor and half a dozen other addresses. And it came under the heading of "Deaths."

A few days later he experienced again the same trembling of limbs and dryness of lips, the same quick flutter of his strong heart. For a letter came to him from a firm of London solicitors containing the startling announcement that a large sum of money had been left to him by the deceased, Mrs. Viola Clary; but that her friends were prepared to contest the validity of the will. As it had been drawn up by the said George Field in his own favor, there was, stated the lawyers, a decided suspicion of undue influence over the testatrix; and as the terms of the will were strangely fantastic, the lady's soundness of mind at the time it had been made was gravely called into question. This much George read under the profuse legal verbiage, and it roused a sudden fever in his veins. He paced the narrow office till its walls pressed on him, and then, without a word to anyone, he took the next train to London.

He settled the affair in a very short time. There need be no contest, he assured the legal men, as he had no intention of laying claim to the money. He considered that the will was invalid, and that Mrs. Clary had been suffering from a mental derangement when she had called him in. The inward shiver that passed through him as he made this statement had no effect on his speech or on his face. One resolve dominated every word he uttered, put all other motives aside, held him stiff and impassive before these strangers: to keep her sacred name inviolate, beyond reproach of the vulgar. This was the end to which he bent every force of his soul. Had his life been needed to prove her immaculate, he would have had no hesitation in offering it. But he could do nothing except acquiesce in an imputation on her sanity. It was horrible, but necessary to save her character. And he played his part so well that his sturdy evidence, his cool, business air, achieved complete success. No one could ever meet George Field face to face and doubt that he was an honest man. The fact was clearly signed by his eyes, sworn by his voice and sealed by his manner. The London lawyers were impressed, and this impression brought George many fees in the future. They parted with mutual self-congratulation and respect.

Field went home feeling that he had won a battle; exhausted, feverish and unstrung. To his wife he said nothing, save that he had been called to town on harassing business; and, for the first time in his life, he showed such irritation when she questioned him that she concluded he must be ill, and coddled him accordingly. He bore the coddling better than the questioning, and was so humble that Edith glowed more than ever with her sense of virtue rewarded.

For several weeks he was kept in a state of nervous anxiety lest some word of Mrs. Viola Clary's strange will should appear in any of the papers. Never in the whole course of his career had he been so desperately anxious that a certain thing might not happen. He went so far as to pray that it might not. To his intense relief, the Clary affair never came to public light; and the lady, whose exquisite form haunted his sleeping and waking dreams, lay under her elaborate tombstone, with only the kind accusation of temporary madness to cover her one act of rebellion against fate. Merle Manor was let, and no doubt the pleasant, fat man, with the sleek hair and sinewless hands, was enjoying his dead wife's thousands in his own way —lapping the cream off a milky existence. George felt a qualm when he

reflected on the passionate desire of the poor, frail ghost to have her gold spun into true delight. But he said to himself: "After all, what could I have done with it? My life is mapped out by circumstance. I have but to trot along its smooth ways till my wife wears crape for me." In this wise he consoled himself for disobeying the clearly expressed wish of his lady.

The comely automaton that sat at his board and shared his days was never half so near as this wraith of memory. She it was who filled his mind and influenced every motion of his soul. Sometimes at night he would clench his hands and stifle a groan, while beads of sweat broke out on his temples. "She was a woman to die for," he would say to himself, with gnashing teeth, "and I did not even kiss her!" All the regret of his life pierced him in that thought. He was not satisfied with a glimpse of the garden, as Viola had been. He wanted more, and would want it till he died.

## ONCE MORE

HE, an acceptable parti,
And eke a man of mark;
A woman of six seasons she;
They cantered in the Park.
"We take the bridle path?" he said.
Quick her response and clear:
"The bridal path?"—she drooped her head—
"This is so sudden, dear!"

JULIA C. WALSH.

## AN INSPIRATION

"IN holding the church fair, the Rev. Dr. Saintly thinks that only a small part of the flock should participate."

"Why?"

"Well, that leaves all the more to be fleeced."

## "TIME LOST IN SLEEP"

"TIME lost in sleep!" Ah, never say the words!
Oh, dear, dead faces by those slumberous streams,
God opened this one way for your return,
This drowsy pathway through the Land of Dreams!

CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

# UNE NOUVELLE MALADIE

Par E. Osmont

QUAND Hector Espalier eut terminé ses études médicales, il eut la sagesse de s'avouer à lui-même qu'il ne savait à peu près rien. Cette constatation aurait pu décourager une âme moins bien trempée que la sienne; mais une profonde expérience de la vie lui avait appris que, pour réussir en ce monde, le savoir n'est rien, tandis que le savoir-faire est tout. Et il compta que son habileté pratique l'aiderait à tirer parti des événements.

N'ayant plus aucun prétexte pour continuer sa vie oisive, il jugea le moment venu d'embrasser une carrière quelconque. Il n'était pas de ceux qui se sentent appelés par une vocation irrésistible et se déclarait prêt à accepter n'importe quelle place, pourvu que le travail fût minime et le salaire satisfaisant. Comme de pareils emplois ne se rencontrent pas tous les jours, Hector comprit la nécessité de mettre à profit les quelques qualités qu'il avait acquises au cours de sa vie d'étudiant.

Il aurait pu faire un gérant de café fort présentable, comme un parfait bookmaker, mais il pensa que ces professions n'exciteraient que médiocrement l'enthousiasme de sa famille. Il regretta que de fâcheux préjugés lui fermassent les carrières où il aurait pu le plus heureusement exercer son activité. Et, puisqu'il en avait conquis péniblement les grades, il résolut de se faire tout simplement médecin.

Comme on aurait tort de faire ses débuts dans une profession sans en avoir acquis préalablement une teinture vague, il s'efforça de connaître l'opinion des gens sur la médecine. Sa petite enquête lui fit connaître que c'était une carrière très encombrée. Mais il lui fut impossible de définir si cet encombrement résultait du trop grand nombre de médecins ou de la trop faible quantité de malades. Sans s'obstiner inutilement au déchiffrement de cette énigme, Hector chercha le moyen d'apporter quelque remède à un état de choses aussi déplorable. Ayant acquis la certitude qu'il ne pouvait diminuer le total de ses confrères, il comprit qu'il ne lui restait qu'à augmenter l'importance de la clientèle. Et il inventa une maladie.

Il avait souvent remarqué la fréquence des maux d'estomac. Mais il avait, en même temps, jugé que les noms imprécis dont on les affuble ne peuvent aucunement satisfaire la curiosité des gens. Dyspepsie, gastralgie, gastrite, ce sont là des expressions vagues qui ne possèdent une valeur imaginative que pour les seuls initiés. Les autres ne peuvent se faire une idée des régions mystérieuses où le mal opère ses ravages. Il fallait donc trouver un mot qui déterminât plus exactement l'emplacement intéressé. Hector crut meilleur de le choisir simple, et il lança la pylorite.

La pylorite consiste naturellement dans une inflammation du pylore. Lorsque se présente un client souffrant de l'estomac, Hector lui déclare gravement qu'il est atteint de cette maladie. Puis, il lui rappelle que le pylore n'est autre chose que l'orifice inférieur de l'estomac. Il lui montre, sur des planches anatomiques diversement coloriées, des reproductions de son appareil digestif. Il lui fait suivre le parcours des ali-

ments du palais aux intestins. Sans prendre une attitude dogmatique, il a soin de se servir uniquement de termes précis, afin que le malade se meuble la cervelle de vocables scientifiques dont il pourra faire étalage à l'apéritif et dans les dîners de famille. Sa parfaite bonhomie lui vaut instantanément la confiance du visiteur. Et quand il indique, sur la feuille, le point affecté, le client, déjà flatté de se savoir atteint d'une maladie originale, est infiniment satisfait de constater que, s'il ne peut la voir, elle offre du moins cet avantage d'être très nettement localisée.

Le traitement de la pylorite est horriblement compliqué. Hector ne l'a pas élaboré sans s'attarder à de prudentes réflexions. La formule "facile à suivre, même en voyage," lui parut inspirée par une conception vraiment trop niaise du charlatanisme. Jamais les malades n'accorderont leur confiance à qui prétend les guérir avec trop de facilité. Il est bon de les impressionner par des pratiques ennuyeuses, qu'ils subiront d'autant plus volontiers qu'elles retiennent plus longuement leur attention.

Pour que tout fût nouveau chez lui, Hector commença par laisser de côté les expressions de la thérapeutique ordinaire. Il trouvait, d'ailleurs, que la médecine a tort d'employer des mots d'un usage courant. Faire mesurer les médicaments au moyen de gouttes, verre à bordeaux, cuillerée à café, c'est se servir de termes d'une métrologie par trop domestique. Le procédé apparaît quelque peu vulgaire et ne légitime pas assez toute une adolescence passée parmi les salles des hôpitaux. Hector emprunta son vocabulaire au domaine du système métrique.

Il ne s'exprime que par grammes et par centilitres. À vrai dire, sa compétence déconseille les remèdes, mais le régime qu'il préconise est d'une sévérité absolue. Ses malades doivent peser leurs aliments et mesurer la capacité de leurs boissons. Ils n'ont droit qu'à telle quantité de solide et de liquide, mais encore ne peuvent-ils absorber leurs breuvages que dans certaines conditions de température et toucher à leurs viandes qu'après tant de minutes de cuisson.

Au premier abord, ce traitement a quelque chose de déconcertant. Mais les clients ne s'en étonnent pas, puisqu'il s'applique à une nouvelle maladie. Il constitue un véritable supplice. Mais ceux-ci l'endurent avec joie, car il leur sert de prétexte à mille attitudes intéressantes. Le fait de ne pouvoir manger sans être flanqué d'une balance, d'un verre gradué, d'un chronomètre, d'un thermomètre, voire d'un baromètre, attire invinciblement sur leur petite personne l'attention des autres convives. Ils deviennent le point de mire de toute la table familiale. On les regarde manipuler d'un air entendu les divers instruments de précision. Il en résulte pour eux comme une petite gloire indéfinissable et un accroissement notable de considération.

C'est au point que la plupart continuent le régime bien au delà des bornes utiles. Quelques personnes, parfaitement saines, se disent malades, afin d'avoir une raison plausible de le pratiquer.

Les premiers résultats furent absolument stupéfiants. Il se trouva que cette alimentation si bien réglée ne tardait pas à exercer quelque influence heureuse sur la santé des malades. Chez tous, de notables améliorations se firent promptement sentir. Hector n'en fut pas autrement surpris, car son bon sens pratique lui avait enseigné que tout peut échoir et qu'il ne faut s'étonner de rien. Il se contenta de louer l'admirable enchaînement des choses et se plut à constater que bien des gens, qui auraient mal soigné leur gastrite ou n'eussent pris qu'irrégulièrement leur bicarbonate, devaient à l'invention de la pylorite de se trouver à peu près guéris.

Dès lors, les cures bienfaisantes continuèrent à se produire. Depuis trois ans qu'il exerce la médecine, Hector Espalier a déjà gagné une petite fortune. Au début, ses col-

lègues le traitaient de farceur, mais ils ont bien été forcés de s'incliner devant l'excellence de ses résultats.

Hector s'est tellement spécialisé que, petit à petit, il a oublié le peu de science qu'il avait appris à la Faculté. C'est, évidemment, le médecin le plus ignorant du monde entier, mais c'est aussi celui qui guérit le mieux les maladies d'estomac.

## THE PRODIGAL

MY heart forgot its God for love of you,
And you forgot me, other loves to learn;
Now, 'mid a wilderness of thorn and rue,
Back to my God I turn.

And just because my God forgets the past,
And, in forgetting, does not ask to know
Why I once left His arms for yours—at last,
Back to my God I go.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## THE MAXIMS OF NIZAM

THERE are two kinds of men who, by their personal appearance, instantly attract the attention of women—the very handsome man and the very homely man. The fellow of average appearance seldom counts.

A woman can always instinctively detect insincerity in a man—except when she is in love.

So long as men are men, and women are women, no man will ever meet a woman without both—perhaps unconsciously—casting up the chances of eventual matrimony.

Women seldom speak from experience—for the simple reason that they rarely profit from experience. They are much more likely to talk of their experiences.

This idea of "living on a desert isle" with one woman for life is all very well in its way—and it is a plan that appeals to a certain form of insanity—but a time would always come to any man who might attempt this when he would be glad to sit down and chat socially with his mortal enemy.

Most men think that women are fools; probably because they would like to have them so. This would give the majority of men so much more of an opportunity.

Women get more out of incidents than men do—because their lives are made up of incidents. They are not capable of undergoing a protracted experience.

ALBERT LEE.

THERE are frivolous folks whose gaiety wearies them—and others.

## MY SHARE OF ALL THE WORLD

MY share of all the world, dear love, you are,
My precious part in earth's wide field of space;
The thought of you, my heart's abiding-place,
A brightness that no storm of life can mar;
Out of my reach—apart, beyond, afar,
Yet mine; as when in dark too deep to trace,
Still waters skyward lift their yearning face
And take the image of a distant star.

Yea, and as flowers hold the prisoned gleams
Of sunlight born a million miles away,
And grow, beneath its spell, more sweet and fair,
So, by the night of thoughts and prayers and dreams
I feel your far-off presence day by day,
And guard, with jealous love, my soul's dear share.

NANNIE BYRD TURNER.

## HIS OBJECT

PLAYWRIGHT—It will take me two years to write this play.

FRIEND—And yet you are already trying to sell it.

"Yes. By hard work I ought to get someone to read it by the time it is written."

IF you would be a favorite with women, address yourself to their weaknesses; application to their reason will be neither understood nor successful.

## PHILOSARCASTICALLY SPEAKING

LITTLE ELMER (*who has an inquiring mind*)—Papa, where do those pessimists, that we are always reading about, live?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD—On an island of egotism, in the midst of a sea of woe.

# AT THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB

By M. T. Maltby

"I SAY, Benson, weren't you and young Halliday classmates?"

Captain Ellsley turned in his chair at the window of the Army and Navy Club, lowered the paper he had been reading, and looked over it at the young man opposite, who was smoking silently and gazing at the dripping trees outside.

Benson nodded, without moving.

"Seen this, of course?" continued Ellsley, touching the *Post* he held.

Benson removed the cigar from his lips and gave another curt nod.

The elder man threw him a keen glance, settled down in his chair and returned to his paper.

Presently Benson spoke. "It's odd to think that's the end of it," he said.

The captain looked up from his paper, inquiringly.

"I knew him well," the younger officer continued. "At the Academy with him; and shipmates on our first three years' cruise." He paused, then resumed, meditatively: "It's queer how many real stories there are in the navy. We all know that the life is as unlike as possible the general idea of it. It's hardly the school-girl's heaven of brass buttons and dancing, or the life of loafing that the average board visitor sums it up to be. Still, I don't know how it is, but there does seem to be a pretty fair amount of romance and tragedy wrapped up in most of our lives—at least, judging from what I know."

"Story in Halliday's?" asked the captain.

Benson nodded. "Pretty dull story, you'd call it," he said. "No thrilling incidents, except this last one; no high tragedy. Did you know him?" he asked, abruptly.

The captain was lighting a cigar; he gave two or three quick puffs, and laid his match carefully on a tray; then he shook his head.

"We entered the Academy together," said Benson. "He was just the same kind of a chap as now. Quiet, rather, and grave; didn't make many friends, but those he had swore by him, and everybody, from the 'Old Man' down, thoroughly respected him.

"He didn't go in for the girls much—didn't even dance. He'd have his sister down occasionally to some of the Saturday-night hops—she was at school in Washington—and fill out her card with the pick of the class. It wasn't difficult to do that; she was a beauty—married to Williams now, you know. But he never took any of the girls in the Yard or any of the Annapolis girls to the balls, or anything of the sort.

"It was that way all through our first three years at the Academy; and when we went off for our first-class cruise on the *Constellation*, he was just the same retiring chap that he had been three years before as a humble 'plebe.' With the cadets he was the best of fellows in his quiet way, and took his full part in the pranks that went on. But when we dropped anchor in New London or Newport harbor for over Saturday and Sunday, as we did several times, and the usual number of Summer visitors from the hotels and cottages began to flock on board, Halliday had a way of slipping quietly out of sight.

"When the cruise was half over, the *Constellation* gave a dance to celebrate the event. The cadets had all been in the seventh heaven of delight over it for days before, with the exception of Halliday, of course, and of Kid Ruthven, who figured out, with a howl of wrath, that he came on duty that afternoon. Halliday insisted on taking his watch for him, though I tried my best to persuade him not to, and he paced gravely up and down at his post on the afternoon of the dance, visible every now and then through the crowd of heads, looking like an athletic Adonis done up in blue and gold.

"After that attempt I despaired of ever making a society man out of Halliday, and stopped trying to drag him out of his hole. So he lived in peace and in ignorance of the wiles of femininity, till we got up to Bar Harbor.

"The admiral was there with three or four ships of the North Atlantic squadron, and the night that we arrived, Friday, there was to be a dance on the flag-ship, and the admiral made a special request that the cadets be allowed to attend.

"Halliday couldn't very well get out of that, so he rigged himself in his best dress uniform and prepared to worry through.

"Young Joyce, the admiral's son, was in our class, you know, and he and Halliday were great chums; so, as soon as we got on board, he took him off to introduce him to the admiral. I lost sight of him in the crowd, and only wondered vaguely in the course of an hour or so why I had not seen his tall figure standing about somewhere, gravely watching the scene, as was his habit.

"However, I didn't waste much time thinking about him; for my partner at the time I first noticed his absence was one of those little, dark-eyed, elfin things who are quite capable of taking up all a man's thoughts. So my remembrance of Halliday disappeared, and I devoted my energies to finding a quiet corner where my little brunette and I could settle ourselves comfortably while supper was served.

"Down on the gun-deck some of the gun-ports had been made into window-seats for the occasion—and very nice ones they made, too; cushioned, and with a flag draped curtain-wise over them. I'd had my eye on an inconspicuous one of these for some time, and we hastened down to secure it before the dance ended. I pulled aside the flag for Miss Brunette to pass, and discovered that the seat was already occupied, by the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and—Halliday.

"He was bending toward her in his grave, attentive manner, which had always a peculiar quality of sweetness about it, and she was looking down at the rose in her fingers, with her long, black eye-lashes just trembling lightly against her cheeks. Altogether, it was quite a striking picture; though of course the significance of it, for me, lay in the fact that Halliday was one of its chief components.

"They looked up as I drew aside the flag, and I suppose I must have made quite as perfect a picture of surprise as they did of—content, let us say. Halliday flushed darkly as he met my look of amazement, which I finished off with a sly wink as I muttered a 'beg pardon,' and dropped the flag-curtain—to set off with my partner in quest of another equally inviting nook.

"I kept my eyes open for Halliday after that, but he didn't come on deck till three or four dances later. His partner was claimed immediately, and he fell back into the ranks of bystanders, where he remained till the last dance. Then I lost him again.

"When the *Constellation's* launch was called away, we all tumbled into her; and as Halliday stepped in, a search-light from one of the fleet was turned full on him, and I noticed that his gold cap-band was gone—an acknowledged sign of surrender, to the cadet mind. Little Ruthven, too, saw it, and divulged the fact with shrieks of ecstasy. Poor Halliday! What a chaffing he went through!

His former imperviousness to Cupid's shafts made it all the worse for him now, so he led a hard life of it for the rest of the cruise.

"We stayed at Bar Harbor over Sunday, and every bit of shore leave that Halliday could get, he spent with Alice Joyce, the admiral's niece.

"I did a fair share of rocking myself, and two or three times came on them in some romantic place; and every time they appeared to be absolutely absorbed in each other. Halliday's belt-buckle and cuff-links went the way of his cap-band—and, altogether, the cadets agreed that this was one of those serious cases that do sometimes occur.

"Early Monday morning we weighed anchor and put out to sea for a couple of days' target-practice; then we were to sail slowly down the coast, and were due to arrive at Annapolis about the first of September.

"Halliday came aboard in the last boat, Sunday night, looking as if he had been to his own funeral. Pretty short time, most people would think, to fall very deeply in love, between Friday night and Monday morning, eh? Still, it has been known to occur, and a sailor must learn to make love quickly.

"The *Constellation* sailed away, and we all wondered whether our theory would prove correct, or whether that would be the last of Halliday's desertion from the ranks of the recluses. But by the time we'd got fairly settled down to our first-class Winter at the Academy, it was apparently certain that our decision was the right one—Halliday was in love.

"That Winter was very different to Halliday from the preceding ones; he went out more, came to some of the dances, and after New Year's announced that Miss Joyce was coming down to the next officers' ball.

"Halliday's bill for writing materials increased enormously about this time, and the sergeant-at-arms left frequent and weighty missives, all directed in the same stylish handwriting, on his table. He had her picture always at hand, and altogether was as much in love as ever a cadet thought himself—which is saying a great deal. Still, he was never known to speak of her except as he might of any other girl.

"Of course, she came down to the June ball, when we were graduated, and we all expected they'd announce the engagement then; but they didn't, though everyone agreed it was an understood thing.

"He got the China station, and spent the next two years out there. I had been with the North Atlantic fleet all that time; but when we came back to Annapolis for our two years' 'exams,' I asked Halliday about Miss Joyce, and he simply said that she was abroad.

"So he didn't get to see her then, for after two weeks' leave he and I were both assigned to the old *Hercules*, under orders to join the South Atlantic squadron.

"We fussed up and down all along the South American coast for the whole of our three years' cruise; most of the time we were on the Atlantic side, and the time we put in at Rio or Montevideo, or some of the larger cities, wasn't so bad. But, finally, some of their precious republics got on the rampage, and we were sent round into the Pacific and detailed to hunt up all the forsaken coast towns we could find and 'show the flag.'

"Well, it was pretty slow. There was absolutely nothing to do; the natives were almost savages, and quite bandits in most places, so it was wise not to venture too far away from the coast for hunting and fishing—and, of course, there was no society ashore.

"The *Philadelphia* was supposed to look us up every now and then, and bring us coal and other necessities that we often couldn't get in the out-of-the-way places where we were vegetating most of the time. But there'd be four or five weeks—once or twice nearly two months—when she didn't appear, and we began to believe that the old *Hercules* and everybody on her had passed out of the remembrance of man.

"Our only way of getting letters, too, was by the *Philadelphia;* so you can imagine how eager we were for her infrequent arrivals—though you can't picture the disappointment of the poor devils who received nothing. But whoever else got letters or didn't get them, there was always one or more—according to the lapse of time—for Halliday, in Miss Joyce's writing. Poor Halliday! He needed them or anything else he could get to cheer him up; and so did we all—as Greenway, here, can tell you."

The door had opened, and a tall, bronze-faced man now came in, who, with a silent gesture of greeting, quietly joined the two.

"You are talking of Halliday, I suppose?" he said, soberly, as he seated himself.

"Yes," Benson replied, "and of the days on the *Hercules.* Greenway was with us on that cruise," he continued, turning to the captain, "and he will tell you if I am exaggerating its wretchedness."

"You know how it is," he resumed, "when you are shut up with the same people for any length of time. Officers and men, cramped up in the narrow quarters of the old ship, grew fairly to hate the sight of one another's faces; and some days there'd be hardly two words spoken unnecessarily in the whole mess.

"But if it was bad ordinarily, on holidays it was a thousandfold worse. The nightmare of the Christmas we spent on that penitential coast will haunt me all my life. We'd been there five months by that time, and were a pretty homesick lot; but we thought we'd brace up and have as merry a Christmas as possible. So the 'Old Man' got up some games and races for the crew, and we worried through the day fairly well, preparing for the sports, and then watching them; besides, we were looking for the *Philadelphia.* She was about due, and we hoped she would bring our Christmas letters. But as night fell we had to give up this idea.

"The captain had invited all the officers to dine with him that night, and we tried hard to make it a festive occasion. But I don't think it was much of a success; and finally, when the captain, rising, gave 'Sweethearts and Wives'—well, I don't like to think of it, even now.

"Soon after that Halliday and I both took the fever; and while we lay in the sick-bay, after we were convalescing, I used occasionally to get him to talk of Miss Joyce. I admit I was interested to know how matters stood. I could never get much out of him on the subject, but that was characteristic of the man. There was, however, no doubt that he was extremely fond of her.

"Halliday's was not a long illness, but I couldn't seem to get my strength back, and along in March was invalided home with two or three other officers, and a detachment of time-expired men.

"Our three years were up in July, anyway; and at the end of that time Halliday came home, and in the Autumn Miss Joyce and he were married. I was best man.

"I had got the Annapolis station, and spent the Winter there, running up here to Washington as often as possible. Halliday was on duty here at the department.

"One day in December I was sitting alone in this window when Halliday came in. I was half hidden by these curtains, and he did not see me. He sank into a chair over there by the fire, held out his hands to the blaze in a half-dazed way; and I heard him mutter, 'My God! My God!' under his breath.

"His face frightened me, and I rose and went to him. 'What's up, old man?' I asked.

"At first he would tell me nothing; but I finally got it out of him—as I told you, we were chums. It seems he had gone home early that afternoon, and found his wife crying. And then it had all come out. It was a tragedy, caused by other people's interference.

"When she first met him at Bar Harbor, she had liked him, and had had an attack of cadet-fever, as most

girls do. Then, when she got to know him better, she came more and more to see his good qualities; and the first liking grew into a very real friendship and affection, that strengthened and increased as time went on—but was never more than friendship.

"He had never said or written anything particularly lover-like to her since the days at Bar Harbor, when I suppose they both talked more or less nonsense, so she never thought of his having any more feeling for her than the same calm liking she felt for him.

"Sometime in the Spring, before Halliday came home, she met a classmate of his who had been on the *Hercules* part of the time with him. The fellow was, of course, imbued with the accepted belief that Halliday was deeply in love with her.

"This brother officer of his teased her about Halliday, and they waged a merry warfare for some time. But when he had given her a burlesqued, yet nevertheless a pathetic, account of the desolate life down there, and of Halliday's illness and of his great devotion to her, she suddenly grew grave at something he said, and asked him to tell her seriously if he honestly believed that Halliday loved her.

"'On my honor as a gentleman, Miss Joyce,' said this well-meaning blunderer, fully convinced of the truth of what he was saying, 'I thoroughly believe the only thing that keeps Halliday alive is the hope of some day coming home to claim you.'

"Knowing Halliday's reserved and self-contained character as she did, Miss Joyce was forced to believe that this statement of his returned shipmate and chum was, in all probability, correct. So when Halliday came home in July and proposed to her, she accepted him, believing that, if all this time he had loved her and had thought she knew it and loved him in return, she was morally bound to him. So they were married."

"And she found out afterward that she loved another fellow, eh?" put in the captain.

"No, not at all," said Benson, and remained silent.

"But that isn't the end of the story, is it?" asked the captain.

"No," replied Benson, slowly, "that isn't the end. There's Halliday's side to it, and—another. Halliday, it seems, had never loved her, but he did believe, from the uniform sweetness with which she treated him, from the frequency and length of her letters, from—I don't know how many little things, but especially from the fact that she had never married, though, as he knew, she was very much sought after—from all this he grew to think that she believed he loved her and that she thought it practically an engagement.

"On his part he had as strong an affection for her as she for him, and he came to the conclusion that, if she had cared and had waited for him all these years, the honorable thing for him to do was to propose to her, and leave it for her to decide. And thanks to the blundering fool who had accepted the old cadet theories as truth, and so worked on her sympathies, she accepted him—as I said.

"That is the whole story, as Halliday told it to me here that afternoon in December, '97, when I saw him for the last time.

"When the trouble with Spain broke out the next February, he applied at once for sea duty; and, as you know, was given command of one of the torpedo boats, on which he has served ever since—till now."

Leaning forward, Benson picked up the captain's *Post* that had slipped from his lap and lay on the floor, with its black headlines staring up:

GALLANT ACT OF HEROISM!

LIEUTENANT HALLIDAY LOSES HIS LIFE IN ATTEMPT TO SAVE DROWNING SEAMAN

He folded the paper neatly, and rising, laid it on the table.

"Well, I'm off," he said, in the little silence that had fallen. "I told you it was not an exciting story, either on his side or hers."

"Hold on, Benson," said Captain Ellsley, turning. "Didn't you say there was another side to it?"

"Oh, that," said Benson, with his hand on the door, "that was only—there was another poor devil who did love her, madly: Halliday's shipmate, who advised her to marry him." Then, nodding to the two men, he went quietly out.

"Who was the fellow that loved her, do you know?" inquired the captain, after a minute's pause, reaching for his *Post*.

Greenway walked over to the fireplace and rested one elbow on a corner of the mantel. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and gave a quick, short nod toward the door through which Benson had just disappeared.

"Think so?" said the captain, raising his eyebrows.

"Sure," replied Greenway, laconically.

"H'm," commented the older man, resuming his reading. "Poor fellow!"

## A WILLING PRIZE

PRISCILLA a collector is of weapons most antique,
She has a halberd, battle-axe, stiletto,
A bowie-knife, a flint-lock gun (and oh, it looks a freak!),
An ugly blade she purchased in the Ghetto.
A sword from old Toledo, one from quaint Damascus, too,
And an arrow-point of flint—this last I found her;
So I've concluded she's the girl I've waited long to woo—
She's grown so used to having arms around her!

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

## AS IT SEEMED

"WELL, the strike is ended, and both sides have been successful."
"What makes you think that?"
"I've been reading both sides."

## JUST SO

"WHAT? Lord Howlingbroke—and a variety actress——!"
"Eh—yah!"
"Good Lord!"
"No; bad."

"WOMAN is a different creature when shopping," is the remark credited to a keen observer. Query: When is she not different?

# MILES STANDISH, OF ARIZONA

By J. Frederic Thorne

"'JACK,' says he t' me, kinder soft like.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Jack,' says he again, hunchin' up t' th' fire.

"'What is it?' says I.

"'Jack, I'm in love!'

"'What!' says I, nearly spillin' th' pot o' coffee I was a-settin' on th' coals.

"He didn't answer right away, bein' busy lightin' his pipe for about th' tenth time since he filled it. He'd a-bin th' makin' of a match company, Bill would. Th' idee o' Bill bein' in love amused me a heap, but I didn't laugh. I didn't want t' bust this yere youthful dream, an' anyway it wa'n't healthy fer any man t' laugh at Bill, not even me, his pardner. No man likes t' be laughed at. I don't like it myself. But Bill, he jest naturally got riled all over ef you poked fun at him—couldn't an' wouldn't stand it nohow. But fer all that he was a great hand fer playin' jokes on other folks. Some people are that a-way, you know.

"Bill got his pipe a-goin' again, an' puffed away at it steady until th' coffee biled over. I was busy toastin' some o' Bill's biscuits left over from breakfast, an' didn't notice it. Bill's biscuits allus was as hard as rocks, an' heavier'n lead. He said he liked 'em that a-way; but I found they weren't so bad when split open an' toasted, with drippin's, an' I noticed he ate more of 'em arter I hit on th' scheme. Them biscuits——

"Don't mind ef I do. This weather's bad fer th' rheumatiz—here's lookin' at y'!

"Wal, as I was sayin', Bill never said another word till th' coffee biled over, an' then he says, says he—wal, what he said wouldn't sound nice t' repeat.

"It made me mad, an' I says t' him, says I: 'Ef y' don't like my cookin', an' yer so blankety much in love y' can't tend a pot o' coffee 'thout lettin' it bile over, y' better git married an' let yer wife cook fer y'.'

"'I'm a-goin' to,' says he.

"'Ef she'll have y',' says I, sarcastic like; fer I was still mad at what he says about my cookin'. 'Twan't my fault ef th' beans was wormy an' th' bacon did git a bit rancid. They didn't taste so bad ef y' burnt 'em a bit so's t' kinder mix th' flavors.

"'She'll have me, all right,' says Bill.

"'Ugh!' says I. An' then we didn't say nothin' more till we'd finished eatin'. Neither love ner worms seemed t' affect Bill's appetite much. I had t' eat fast t' git my share—same as usual.

"After we'd turned in, Bill takin' th' extra blanket 'thout sayin' a word, though it was my turn, which I let it go at that—seein' as how a man in love ain't jest responsible fer what he does, an' 's apt t' fergit hisself—I noticed Bill didn't go right off t' sleep, like he ginerally did, snorin' fit t' start a av'lanche. 'Stead, he lay thar, starin' at the fire with a look in his eyes—I could see 'em plain when th' wind made th' logs flare up—like he seen somethin' thar that hurt his feelin's. Lookin' at him made me feel kinder foolish myself, an' I got t' thinkin' 'bout Mary, th' gal I told y' 'bout that died th' Winter o' th' big blizzard in Montana, a-tryin' t' save th' kids she

was teachin'—th' Winter me an' her was t' be married—an' then th' smoke got in my eyes an' made 'em water—

"I'll have th' same, thankee. It does help my rheumatiz a heap. I ain't a drinkin' man; jest a couple o' drops in th' mornin' t' take th' kinks out o' my bones from sleepin' in a bed; mebbe a few now an' then durin' th' day, an' a social glass or two at night when I smoke a pipe with a friend, same as now. Here's may y' allus have a blanket an' grub stakes! But I allus was ag'in' drinkin'. I used t' tell Bill he'd git inter bad habits, drinkin' water every time we come t' a creek er spring. Some day he'd be in a town where th' water wa'n't good — full o' malaria an' typhoid — an' then where'd he be? That's the worst o' water; y' can't— Eh? Oh, yes; where was I?

"Wal, Bill—he finally give a sigh, like th' biscuits wa'n't restin' easy, an' says again, says he, like he'd forgot all 'bout what'd been said afore—

"'Jack,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Awake?' says he.

"'I'm not talkin' in my sleep,' says I.

"'Jack,' says he.

"'That's my name,' says I. 'What d' y' want?'

"'I'm in love,' says he, 's if he was tellin' me his rich uncle'd jest died an' lef' all his money t' a orphant asylum.

"'So y' said,' says I; 'hope it ain't ketchin'.'

"'With a gal,' says he, not noticin' my remark.

"'Sure it ain't a hoss?' says I, a-tryin' t' cheer him up.

"He didn't answer me, nor 'pear t' hear what I said; jest heaved up another sigh, like he wished he hadn't eat them biscuits, an' continnered t' look in th' fire. I was jest droppin' off t' sleep when I hear him sigh ag'in, an'—

"'Jack,' says he.

"'What d' y' want?' says I, thinkin' he might be sick. Them biscuits were a strain on a man's constitution.

"'She's pretty, Jack,' says he.

"'Who?' says I.

"'An' young,' says he.

"'Have a drink,' says I, reachin' him th' bottle, arter puttin' it t' my lips t' be sure thar was some left. 'It'll do y' good.' Them biscuits—Wal, Bill, he emptied the bottle same 's if we wa'n't two days' travel from any more, an' then sighed ag'in. I sighed, too.

"'I don't know whether I orter do it,' says he.

"'Ye've already done it,' says I.

"'I feel ashamed,' says he.

"'Ye'd orter,' says I, holdin' up th' bottle 'tween me an' th' fire.

"'It seems low down,' says he.

"'It's all gone,' says I.

"'The old man didn't like it,' says he.

"'Then he's a poor jedge o' whiskey,' says I.

"'Who's talkin' 'bout whiskey?' says he, sorter wakin' up.

"'We are,' says I.

"'I'm not,' says he. 'I'm talkin' 'bout th' gal.'

"'Every man t' his choice,' says I, turnin' over an' preparin' t' go t' sleep. Jest as I was droppin' off, feelin' thankful it was Bill's week fer gittin' breakfast, even ef he couldn't make biscuits fit fer a white man t' eat, he commenced ag'in. Bill was a great hand fer campin' on a trail o' talk till he plumb wore it out.

"'Jack,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, half asleep.

"'Jack,' says he.

"'Out with it,' says I, sprinklin' in a few swear words, so's he'd know he hadn't made no mistake in th' man he was a-talkin' to. Ye'd a-thought he'd jest met me, an' wa'n't sure of my name.

"'I allus liked y', Jack,' says he.

"'Thanks,' says I.

"'First time I ever saw y',' says he to me, 'I says to meself, says I, "Thar's a likely chap, even ef he ain't much on looks. 'Tain't his fault his eyes ain't mates."'

"'Much obliged,' says I.

"'Yer welcome,' says he. 'That 'ere tobacco-pouch o' mine y' took a shine to,' says he.

"'What about it?' says I.

"'It's yourn,' says he.

"'How so?' says I.

"'I give it t' y',' says he.

"'Fer what?' says I, knowin' Bill.

"''Cause I like y',' says he.

"I didn't say nothin' t' this. Course I was glad he felt friendly, an' 'preciated his good taste, an' I didn't want t' remind him what he said 'bout my cookin', not then. That was a fine pouch.

"'Jack,' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, sociable like.

"'Will y' do me a favor?' says he.

"'Sure,' says I, thinkin' he wanted me t' git breakfast in th' mornin'. That was a way Bill had. When his week o' cookin' come, somethin' allus happened; he'd git sick, er sprain his ankle, er lay hisself up somehow so's he couldn't git 'round 'thout groanin', till I had t' tell him t' lay down. But on my weeks he was as spry as a yearlin'. Funny! Reminds me of a mule I used t' have. This yere mule——

"Talkin' is dry work. Put a little gum in mine, doctor.

"'Will y' do me a favor?' Bill says. An' I says, 'Sure.'

"'It's a good deal t' ask,' says he.

"'Not at all,' says I.

"'Sure y' don't mind?' says he.

"'Course not,' says I.

"'Kinder hate t' ask y',' says he.

"'Don't be a fool,' says I, friendly.

"'Ye'll do it?' says he.

"'Ain't I said I would?' says I, knowin' he'd have cramps er ager in th' mornin' ef I didn't.

"'All right,' says he, 'but th' old man's a terror.'

"'What old man?' says I.

"'Her old man,' says he.

"'Whose old man?' says I.

"'Th' gal's,' says he.

"'What gal?' says I.

"'*The* gal,' says he, 's if thar was only one gal in the world, an' me an' him her first cousins.

"'Oh!' says I, wonderin' what her old man could have t' do with gittin' breakfast.

"'He might take a notion t' shoot,' says he.

"'Who?' says I.

"'You,' says he.

"'Me? What fer?' says I.

"'Fer askin' fer his gal,' says he.

"'Who's askin' fer his gal?' says I.

"'You,' says he.

"'Not much,' says I; 'I don't want no gal.'

"'But I do,' says he.

"'Then git her!' says I.

"'I'm a-goin' t',' says he.

"'So,' says I, gittin' tired o' this talkin' 'bout useless things, an 'wantin' t' go t' sleep.

"'Ye've promised,' says he.

"'Promised what?' says I.

"'T' ask fer th' gal,' says he.

"'I didn't!' says I, gittin' hot.

"'Y' did, Jack,' says he. 'It's jest this a-way: Ef I asks fer th' gal, more'n likely th' old man ups an' shoots me.'

"'More'n likely,' says I, not carin' much jest then, s' long 's it wa'n't me.

"'While ef you do——'

"'Which I don't,' says I, decided.

"'—an' gits killed,' says he.

"'Not me,' says I.

"'—an' kills th' old man.'

"'Ugh!' says I.

"'—I'll still be left t' marry th' gal, 'says he."

## COMPULSORY FLATTERY

"HENNYPECK calls his wife handsome."

"Yes, he knows he'd better."

"A FOOL and his money are soon parted"—when the fool has friends.

## GETTING HER DIVORCE

SHE entered the lawyer's office with a rustling of satin and lace;
With a firm and determined expression on her haughty and beautiful face.
"Ah, I see you're on time," said the lawyer, without any formal ado;
"And here's the complaint in the action—oblige me by reading it through."
"Why," said she, "one would never imagine that it took all that writing to tell
That I wanted to be disunited from a man who's not treating me well."
"Never mind the first clause," said the lawyer; "I think that is accurate quite;
Just read over the main allegations, and see if I have them down right."

She started: "'The plaintiff alleges and respectfully shows to the Court
That the life the defendant is leading is a matter of common report;
That he squanders his substance in gambling, and frequently drinks to excess;
That he fails to provide for the plaintiff, who for months has not had a new dress—'"
She paused and looked up from the paper. "Well," she said, "I suppose that's all right;
I once heard him tell Brother Charley that he lost by not playing the white;
And he said once, if mamma kept nagging at him he'd go out on a spree.
And he wouldn't get me a new sealskin—though I wanted it badly," said she.

"'And the plaintiff further alleges that defendant has practiced a course
Of such cruel and inhuman treatment that plaintiff must have a divorce
To save her from nervous prostration; that he, without any excuse,
Has driven her well-nigh demented by a system of heartless abuse—'"
Again she looked at her lawyer. "Well, I'm not quite sure about that;
I remember he was very angry, one time he could not find his hat;
And he swore, and when mamma rebuked him, and said he was breaking her heart,
He said that if she didn't like it, she could pack up her grip and depart.

"You say you must make it impressive, and show up the facts good and strong?
Very well, then; I think you have done it, and haven't got anything wrong.
And you say that the stronger we make it the more alimony I'll get?
Well, I dare say I might think of some things that I haven't mentioned as yet.
But you say it will do as you have it—that it's finished and ready to sign?
All right—I'll be glad when it's over. Shall I just write my name on this line?
I'll send you a cheque in the morning for what your retainer may be,
And I hope that you won't lose a minute, for *we're both* in a hurry, you see."

WILLIAM F. KIRK.

THE only man who is in no danger of losing his head over a woman is he who has already lost it.




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"The Nigger Baby was a daughter of the Princess, and soon adopted all her mother's arts and fashions of play with little Alma. The Princess used often to come and invite the little girl to take a trip into the woods with her, while Nigger Baby trotted alongside; and after a while the Baby, in her turn, gave the same invitation by dropping on her knees and inviting Alma to mount her instead of Princess. After a while Alma went away to boarding-school, and on her return she found the Nigger Baby quite a well-grown young mare, but the pretty filly had not forgotten her playmate; in fact, she had learned some new tricks, which she soon taught to her little mistress. One moonlight night, for instance, she went to Alma's window, neighing softly there, and when Alma went to see what had happened, the Nigger Baby slyly *winked* at her, dropped on her knees, and waited for her to mount for a midnight scamper through the woods. It was very wrong, no doubt, and they both knew it; but it was all the pleasanter on that account. By-and-by the Nigger Baby was sold, and then she behaved quite differently, throwing her new owner incontinently into the sea, and being forthwith set down as a vicious and ungovernable beast. That turned out quite well, however, for Alma, with one of those precious uncles that little Almas are apt to have, soon hunted up the disgraced mare, brought her back, and then there was joy over her forevermore.

"The other stories of the book have the same delightful mixture of the actual and the improbable, blended, however, in the same charming way, with a fine effect of romance that is ever so much better than the more sober truth, such as one finds in 'anecdotes of animals.' And then, by the by, there is sometimes reason to doubt whether those stupid 'anecdotes of animals' are any more true than Alma Florence Porter's stories. For our own part, we don't believe them to be half so true."

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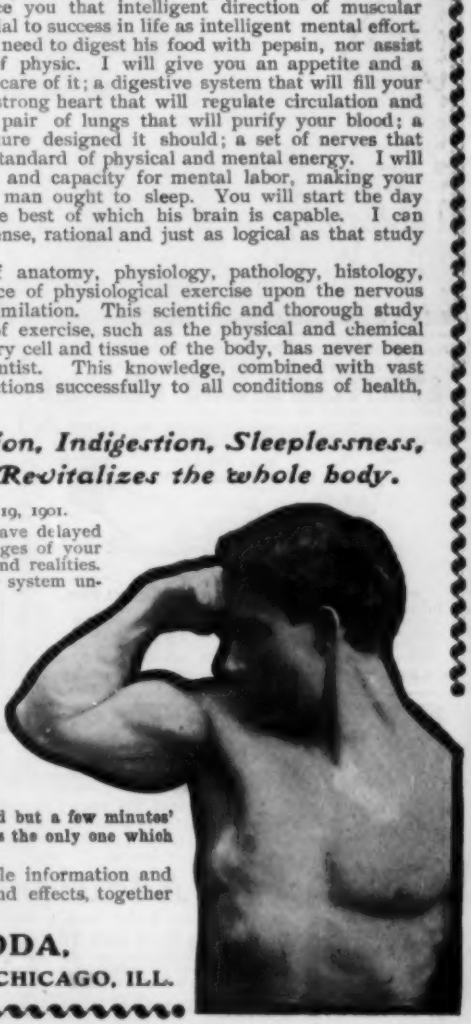
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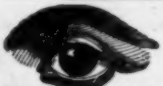


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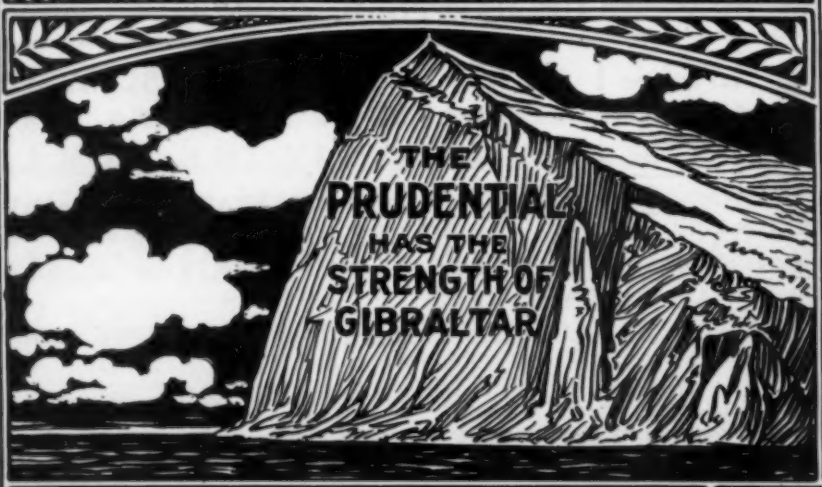
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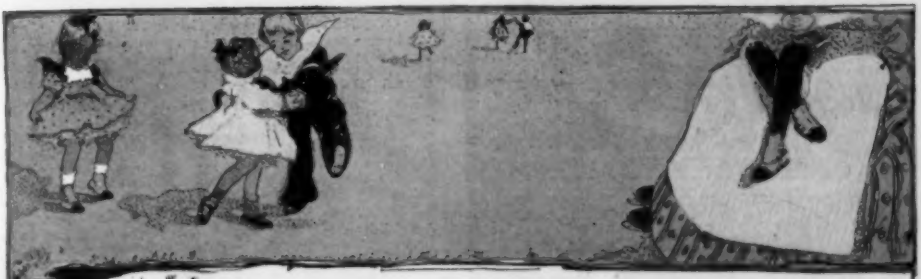
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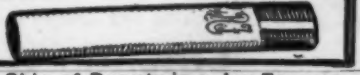
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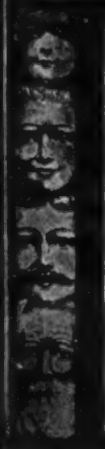
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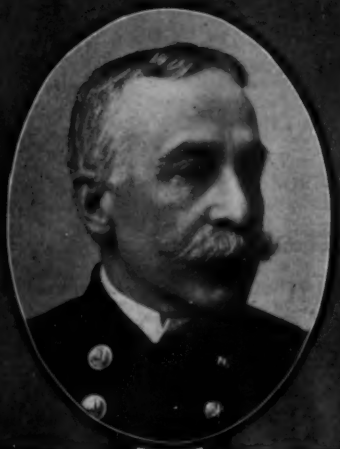
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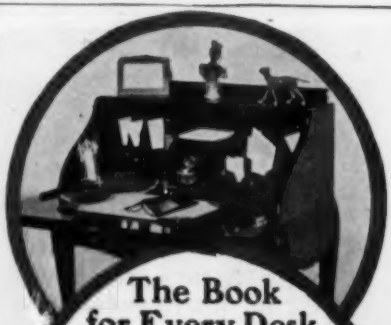
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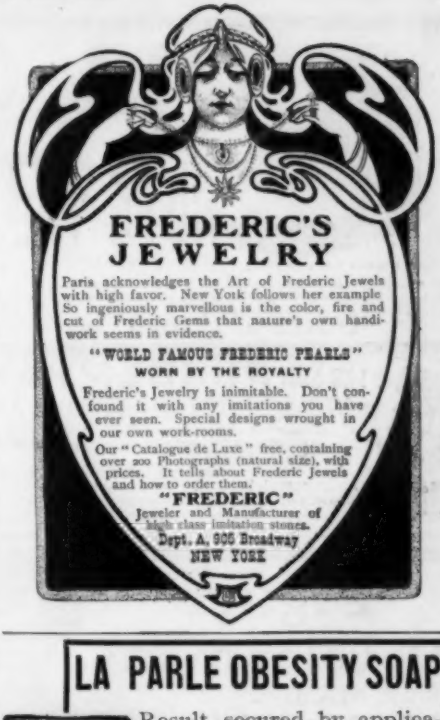


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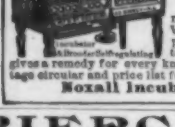
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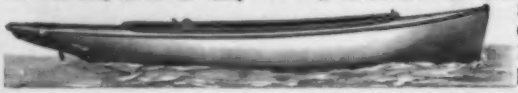
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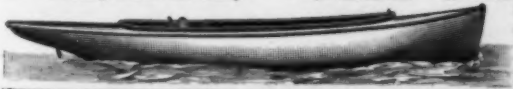
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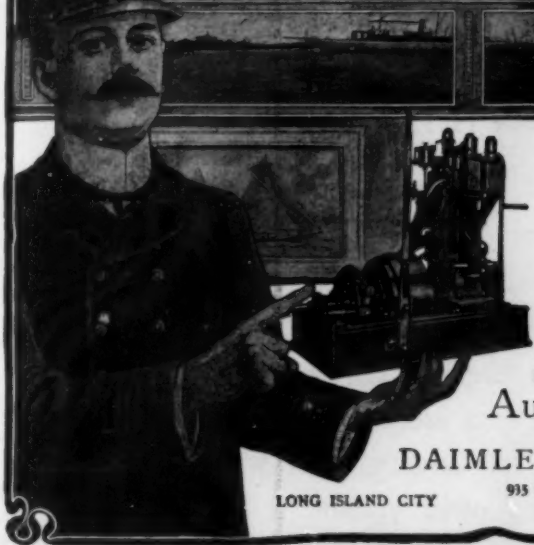
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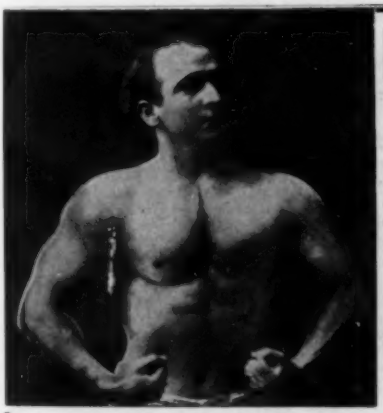


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Brooklyn, N.Y., 314 Clinton St., Feb. 7, 1900.
DEAR SIRS:—I have used your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses in my house *for 26 years*, and have seen them for that length of time in St. Mary's Hospital, and I *do not hesitate to state that they are superior* to those made *from the best curled horse hair*.
JOHN BYRNE, M. D.

U. S. BATTLE SHIP OREGON,
Manila, Phillippine Islands, Jan. 5, 1900.
DEAR SIRS:—The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress I purchased more than nineteen years ago is still in use, and is perfect in elasticity, freedom from knotting, and fully as satisfactory as the day I purchased it.
*I would use no other than the Patent Elastic Felt if they cost double that of any other Mattress made.*
GEORGE F. F. WILDE, Captain.

St. Louis, Mo., 3505 Lucas Ave., Feb. 10, 1900.
DEAR SIRS:—Your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses have been in use *in my house since 1877*. *During these twenty-three years, they have constantly grown in favor, remaining always the same, requiring no remaking. I think them far superior to hair in every way.*
They unquestionably make the most comfortable, the cleanest, and the most wholesome beds.
F. H. GREGORY, M. D.




New Rochelle, N. Y., April 24, 1900.
DEAR SIRS:—The Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses, etc., you furnished for my Yacht "Titania" in 1887 *have given entire satisfaction; should I build another yacht I would certainly give you another order.*
C. OLIVER ISELIN.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH,
New York City, Sept. 20, 1900.
DEAR SIRS:—The Patent Elastic Felt Cushions put into the Calvary Baptist Church in 1853, forty-seven years ago, are still in excellent condition, and I can most heartily recommend them.
R. S. MACARTHUR, D. D., Pastor.

Phila., Pa., 1338 Spring Garden St., Jan. 10, 1900.
SIRS:—I have had one of your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses *in constant use for twenty-eight years past. It is not in the least matted down, but is just as soft, clean and elastic as when new. I certainly would not have a mattress for personal use except the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt.*
REV. JOS. A. SEISS, D. D.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
New York, 150 Fifth Ave., Jan. 9, 1900.
GENTLEMEN:—The Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses I purchased from you eighteen years ago *have given the very fullest satisfaction* in their use. No reason has arisen for complaint in any form.
Yours very truly, WM. BALDWIN.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON R. R. CO.,
New York, April 8, 1900.
GENTLEMEN:—The Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses that I bought of you in 1893, have proven perfectly satisfactory in every regard, and we think them excellent.
Very truly yours,
GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A.

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I have devoted years to the study of anatomy, physiology, pathology, histology and hygiene; also to the effect and influence of physiological exercise upon the nervous system and the process of digestion and assimilation. This scientific and thorough study which I have made of the physiological effect of exercise, such as the physical and chemical changes which take place in the blood and every cell and tissue of the body, has never been undertaken by any other instructor or scientist. This knowledge, combined with vast experience, enables me to adapt my instructions successfully to all conditions of health.

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HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Oct. 5, 1901.

Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.—My Dear Sir: Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months and for your instructions, which have been to me one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises I was simply a nervous wreck—was constipated and suffered intensely with indigestion, was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind, and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without leaving off for months all mental and physical labor, but, thanks to you, I was enabled without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years) to keep up with my work and at the same time increase my weight and general health until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am healthy, strong, and tireless. Now I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring. It acts like a stimulant to a tired body. It does me a great deal of good to say that I have forgotten the taste of "pepsin" and such other medicines for a weak stomach or digestive organs, and that ***I eat anything I want.*** I can heartily recommend your system of exercise to anyone that desires a good physical condition—a condition that when the mind is tired and needs the night's rest, restful sleep will be his reward.

I will take pleasure in answering any correspondence that will in any wise help you along the road to success and some unfortunate to the road of health. Wishing you merited success, I am, very truly yours (Signed) C. O. PROWSE,
Attorney at Law.

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# Good Advice

A writer in the Chaperone Magazine on Flannels, Blankets and Laces insists on little wringing for woollens and no rubbing for laces. Every intelligent woman has a method of her own but all agree on those two points—hard points using ordinary bar soap—harder still with penny-cheap Washing powders.

Have used Pearline a number of years, and like it very much for all kinds of flannel garments. They are soft and nice after washing. Mrs. Rev. C.T.

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Avoid Substitutes

**Pearline**—Safest and Easiest for Coarsest and Finest Fabrics.

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*Crow's feet and wrinkles are the signals of approaching age. They can be obliterated or their appearance indefinitely postponed by the proper use of*

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the ideal skin food, tonic and beautifier. It revives, restores and preserves the skin, removes all blemishes and gives the complexion the freshness of youth. For **10 cents** (stamps or silver), we mail large sample **Jar of BENZOIN BEAUTY CREAM** and booklet, entitled **"The Coming of the Crow's-feet"** a valuable work, containing explicit directions for the care of the skin and correct movements for facial massage.

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Three years ago an instrument was made to simplify piano-playing, and a new word was coined to give it a name.

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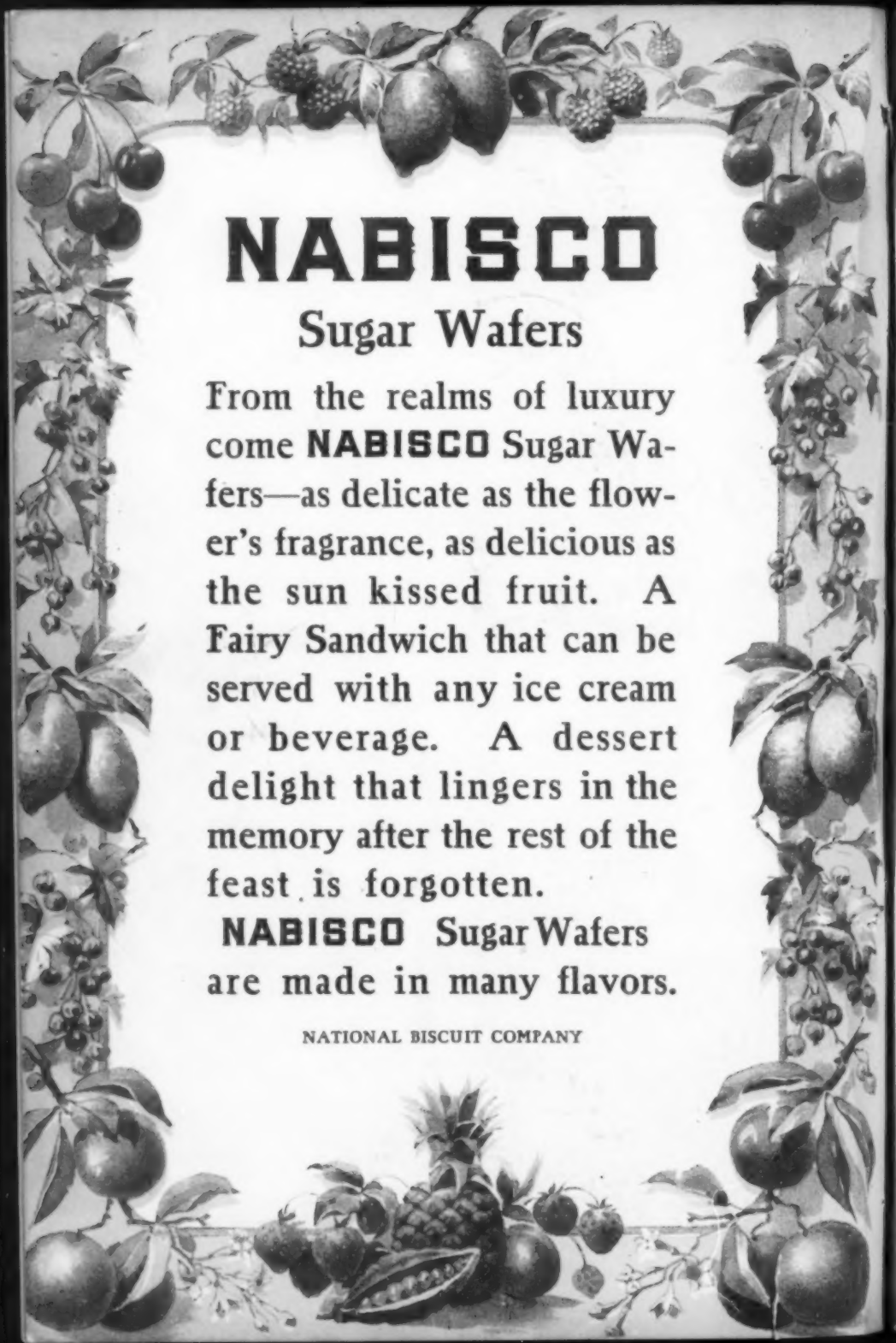


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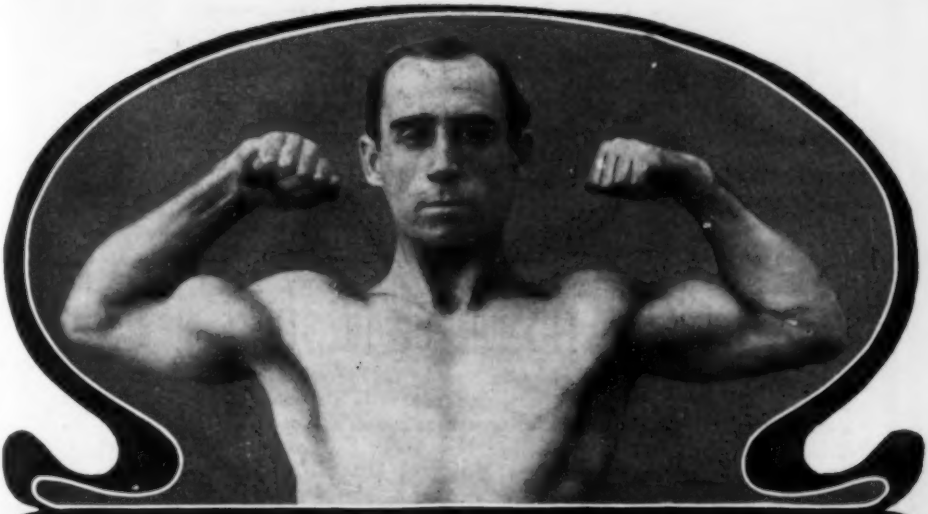
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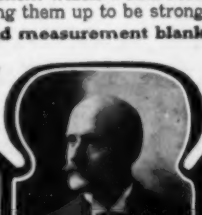
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**Waist Reduced—Chest Increased.**

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Have you read of the wonderful cures made by the Internal Bath? Do you know that it goes to the root of all disease and eradicates the cause? Do you know that many of the greatest physicians of the world, including such authorities as Loomis L. Danforth, M.D., Prof. Obstetrics Homo Medical College, New York: Dr. Cyrus Edson, late Chief Inspector of Contagious Diseases, New York, and Drs. Herman J. Boldt and W. B. DeCarmo, both Professors at the Post-Graduate Hospital, endorse and prescribe this treatment? Do you know that such Eminent people as the following use the Internal Bath: U. S. Sen. A. P. Gorman, Md.; Ex-Gov. Goodell, Vt.; Adm'l Tyrtoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Col. A. O. Granger, Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gen. T. S. Peck, C. A. R.; Miles Devine, Chicago, Ill.; Lillian Russell, Anna Held, Marguerite Sylva, and a host of others?

## It Makes Beautiful Complexions.



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PROF. TYRRELL:

Kindly send me two more Cascades and six boxes of the Antiseptic Powder. I want them to take with me to Europe.

Very truly yours,

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

MON CHER PROF. TYRRELL:

In my country the Bath Internal is much used. I am delighted with "The Cascade," *c'est magnifique* and it is a great improvement on the old-style way of taking the treatment. I tell all my friends it is most excellent.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA HELD.



ANNA HELD.

## IT CURES CONSTIPATION.
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PROF. CHAS. A. TYRRELL.

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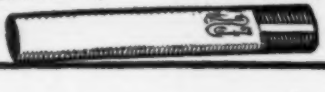
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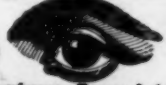
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# Mortality's List

...he causes of deaths wer... as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Abscess of brain | 1 | Influenza | 1 |
| Alcoholism | 3 | Inflammation— | |
| Apoplexy | 16 | Appendix | 2 |
| Asthma | 1 | Bladder | 1 |
| Anaemia | 1 | Brain | 15 |
| Bright's disease | 4 | Bronchi | 9 |
| Burns and scalds | 5 | Kidneys | 19 |
| Cancer— | | [illegible] | |
| Bowels | 1 | Lungs | 81 |
| Liver | 5 | [illegible] | |
| Tongue | 1 | Stom. and bowels | 14 |
| Stomach | 7 | Intussusception, bowels | 1 |
| Uterus | 2 | Indigestion | 1 |
| Breast | 1 | Jaundice | 2 |
| Oesophagus | 1 | Marasmus | 15 |
| Casualties | 1 | Measles | 1 |
| Childbirth | 1 | Neuralgia of heart | 1 |
| [illegible] | 1 | Obstruction, bowels | 3 |
| Consumption— | | Old age | 6 |
| Lungs | 42 | Paralysis | 3 |
| [illegible] | | Poisoning, carbolic acid | 1 |
| Convulsions | 10 | Sarcoma, brain | 1 |
| Puerperal | 1 | Colon | 1 |
| Croup | 3 | Septicaemia | 3 |
| Membranous | 5 | Smallpox | 8 |
| Debility | 9 | Sore mouth | 1 |
| Diabetes | 3 | Suffocation | 4 |
| Diarrhoea | 1 | Suicide— | |
| Diphtheria | 13 | Chloroform | 1 |
| Disease of brain | 1 | Hanging | 1 |
| Heart | 35 | Shooting | 2 |
| Fatty degeneration of heart | 1 | Tetanus | 1 |
| Fever— | | Tumor, abdominal | 1 |
| Catarrhal | 1 | Uterus | 1 |
| Puerperal | 1 | Unknown, Coroner's case | 1 |
| Scarlet | 7 | Uraemia | 13 |
| Typhoid | 4 | Whooping cough | 2 |
| Fracture of skull | 1 | Wounds, gunshot | 1 |
| Hemorrhage, uterus | 1 | | |
| Homicide | 3 | | |
| Inanition | 8 | Total | 440 |

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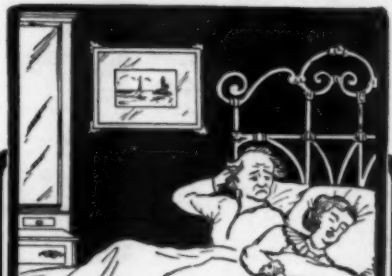
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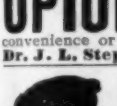
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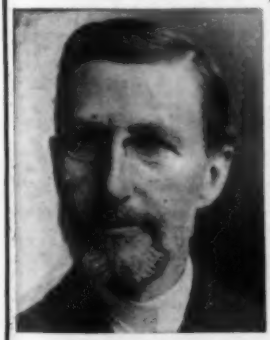
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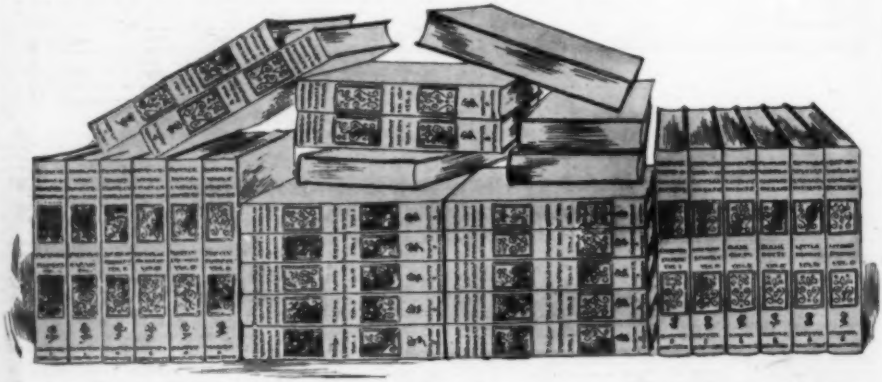
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**GEO. A. KEELER,** RESIDENT MANAGER, **Old Point Comfort, Va.**

# $1,000 REWARD



**Resolution passed at a recent meeting of the American Hair Mattress Renovators:**

**Whereas,** *a large and steadily increasing number of our patrons are discarding Hair Mattresses in favor of the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, in spite of our combined efforts against them, therefore, be it*

**Resolved,** *that a reward of one thousand dollars ($1,000.00) be paid by this society to any member finding an argument that will discourage their popularity and prevent their continued sale.*

## The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

(*Smaller sizes at smaller prices*)

**Express Charges Prepaid Anywhere**

consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous sheets of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand—constructed, not stuffed. Softer than hair—never mats or packs as hair does—and never needs remaking and is absolutely vermin-proof. In all respects practically un-wear-out-able, retaining its shape and elasticity under all sorts of conditions and hard usage.

**SLEEP ON IT THIRTY NIGHTS** and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail.

## Send For Our Handsome Book, "The Test of Time."

which costs us 25 cents but *costs you nothing* but the trouble to send for it. We don't ask you to buy, but we want you *to know*. You will be surprised at the beauty of this 80-page book.

**REMEMBER:**—*Ostermoor Mattresses are not for sale by stores. Must be bought direct of us. Our name and guarantee on every mattress. Write us to-day without fail.*

## OSTERMOOR & CO., 135 Elizabeth Street, New York

*We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."*




*An early start*

# INSURES LUXURIANT HAIR



No matter how healthy a child may be, her hair cannot attain that perfection which adds so much to one's beauty and attractiveness in later years, unless the scalp is kept in good condition from early childhood.

There is no shampoo, wash or tonic so cleansing, so absolutely harmless and effective as the

SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS'

## SCALP CLEANER

It prevents and cures Dandruff, destroys microbes, and is an antiseptic for all hair and scalp diseases. For four generations it has occupied the apex of superiority.

**Sold by 28,000 Dealers**

## "The coming of the Crows-feet" PREVENTED



***Crow's feet and wrinkles are the signals of approaching age. They can be obliterated or their appearance indefinitely postponed by the proper use of***

## Benzoin Beauty Cream

the ideal skin food, tonic and beautifier.

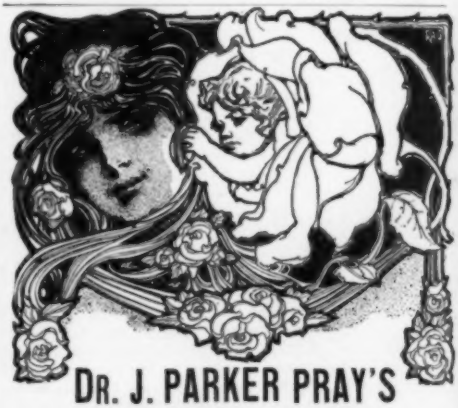
It revives, restores, preserves the skin, removes all blemishes and gives the complexion the freshness of youth. For **10 cts.** we will send

***SAMPLE and BOOK***

"The Coming of the Crow's-Feet" containing explicit directions for the care of the skin and correct movements for facial massage.

**Full size $1; small size 50c. Charges Prepaid.**

**MADAME TAXIS TOILET CO.,**
**F-373 Sixty-Third Street, Chicago.**



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**Standard Toilet Preparations.**

**CREAM VAN OLA.** For softening and whitening the hands and skin. It feeds and nourishes the skin tissues, and is considered the standard by the fastidious. Jars, 25 cents.

**ROSALINE.** This preparation, which cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a most delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. **Rosaline** is not affected by perspiration or displaced by sea or fresh water bathing. Jars, 25 cents.

**DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL.** The quickest and most lasting nail polish, free from grit. Superior to all liquid nail varnishes and exquisitely perfumed. The use of **Cream Van Ola** and the **Diamond Nail Polish** will assure beautiful hands and nails. Boxes, 25 cents.

**ONCOLINE.** Bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, hosiery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. Bottles, 50 cents.

**Dr. J. PARKER PRAY'S** toilet preparations have been on the market for **25 years.** If your dealer is honest he will supply you with the genuine and not push rank imitations upon you. Send stamp for booklet.

**Dr. J. PARKER PRAY COMPANY,**
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors, **19 E. 23d St., N. Y. City.**



# Machine Type-Setters.

## Said to be Hard on Operators.

The work of a typesetter in a modern printing office is very exacting, particularly if he runs a linotype or typesetting machine. It requires the closest attention and rapid and sympathetic action of both brain and hand. This machine works much like a typewriter. Such workers fed on ordinary food give up because of nervous prostration, some in a short time, and some are able to stand it longer.

One of these workers says: "I have been at the linotype three years. It has made a great change in my once robust health. About three months ago, after long expecting it, I completely collapsed, from indigestion and extreme nervousness. The daily physic I had not dared to omit for years, now and then, refused relief and a physician was consulted.

"'Change of occupation and diet,' read the prescription; 'advise eating Grape-Nuts food twice daily.' I had often set up the advertisements of the Postum Cereal Co., but somehow printers are apt to think advertisements are not intended for them to make use of. I could not well change my occupation, but did change the diet.

"Since then have used Grape-Nuts, both at breakfast and supper, daily. The results are truly remarkable. The first perceptible change was in the matter of digestion. It has been six weeks since I have had to swallow an aperient of any kind. At the beginning of my experiment with Grape-Nuts I weighed 124 pounds; last evening I tipped the beam at 157½.

"My nerves, which were completely shattered three months ago, are now strong and steady, and I do not tire easily, though I go to bed an hour later on an average than formerly, and have increased my capacity at the machine fully two columns of type a day. I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food is the food for persons of sedentary occupation, especially for those who work with brain in lieu of brawn." CHAS. H. ECKHARD, 177 N. Chambers St., Galesburg, Ill.

# Hershey's Milk Chocolate - A Sweet To Eat -

Powdered MILK CHOCOLATE-For Drinking




The highest attainment in chocolate making. Two combinations of rich sterilized milk and pure chocolate, for eating and drinking. If not at dealers, send 50 cents for 1-2 lb. can for drinking and 6 cakes for eating, delivered free. You will be delighted with these chocolates. HERSHEY CHOCOLATE CO., 1020 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.




Look on back of the Skirt Binding you buy for the trade-mark S. H. & M. It is your guarantee that you are getting the **Best Made.**

Sold by the yard and five-yard pieces.

# MORPHINE

PAINLESS AND PERMANENT
**Home Cure**
**A Trial Treatment Free**

Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We **restore the nervous and physical systems** and thus **remove the cause.** Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians having refractory cases.
ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 46D Van Buren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SIMPLY PRESS THIS "The Pen That Fills Itself."



You ought to write now for our interesting and instructive free book, with valuable suggestions for correcting common errors in hand writing; how to acquire vertical writing, model capitals, etc., fully describing the pen that has revolutionized the fountain pen business.

## CONKLIN'S SELF-FILLING PEN.

No dropper, no unscrewing of joints, no pulling of plugs, no soiling of fingers, no taking apart to clean, no overflowing or dropping ink, no jarring to start flow; will not roll off a sloping desk. Costs no more than ordinary fountain pens of equal grade. Regular pen, $3.00; large, $4.00; extra large, $5.00; prepaid anywhere; guaranteed. Use it 30 days; your money back if not perfectly satisfactory. **We are sure to fit the most particular hand, as we can match in fineness and flexibility any steel pen you send us.**

THE SELF FOUNTAIN PEN CO., . . . . . 634 Madison Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

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Safe, Reliable and Guaranteed. No fire. No Government Inspection. CABIN LAUNCHES and ROW BOATS. Send for catalogue.
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has been made possible by the production of perfect pneumatic vehicle tires, which were ingeniously and pervasively the most active agents in changing fashion and methods of manufacture in the vehicle world.

The name of the manufacturers, S. R. Bailey & Co., Amesbury, Mass., is the **hallmark** of quality.

They will send illustrated literature on request.

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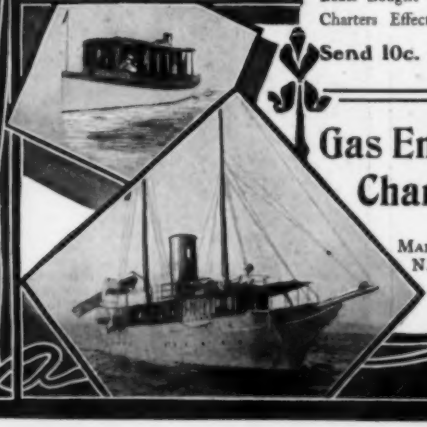


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THE STIFF STRONG COILLESS

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CANNOT CATCH IN FABRIC

WILL NOT PULL OUT IN USE

MADE IN ALL SIZES—NICKLE PLATED AND BLACK.

JUDSON PIN CO. MF'G'RS
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Send Postal Card to 101 FRANKLIN ST. NEW YORK
FOR FREE SAMPLE

# LA PARLE OBESITY SOAP

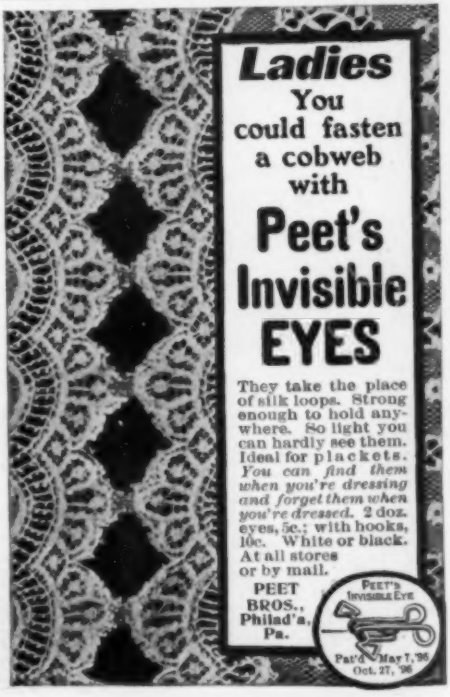
FAT REDUCED *with* OBESITY SOAP

Result secured by application of the lather; no rubbing; no change of diet or habits; absolutely harmless—and

**IT WILL DO IT.**

SEND FOR BOOKLET.

**LA PARLE SOAP CO., Dept. SS., St. James Bldg., Broadway and 26th St., New York.**



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You could fasten a cobweb with

# Peet's Invisible EYES

They take the place of silk loops. Strong enough to hold anywhere. So light you can hardly see them. Ideal for plackets. *You can find them when you're dressing and forget them when you're dressed.* 2 doz. eyes, 5c.; with hooks, 10c. White or black. At all stores or by mail.

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Reassure your guest. He knows that

**White Rock**
LITHIA WATER

will agree with him and that it will counteract any bad effects from a free indulgence of the luxuries of the table.

Our booklet tells the White Rock story—free.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY
Waukesha, Wisconsin.

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Eau de Cologne




THERE is no doubt that the "4711" Cologne is the favorite perfume of the ladies. Its ever increasing popularity attests to this fact. Sweet and pungent, it is the essence of refinement.

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Do you cater for the man's trade in any of the following articles?

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# The Pianola—An Adjunct to the Piano

With the advent of the Pianola, a new era began in the history of the piano.

The old order of things, where, in the vast majority of cases, the piano stood in the home a mute monument to the tremendous difficulty of its own execution, has passed.

And a new order is begun, in which, by the employment of a delicate and essentially modern mechanism, the same piano is transformed into a truly splendid musical instrument, eloquent to the touch of child or musician.

Where, in the past, thousands essayed to learn, hundreds persevered, and one mastered (only to realize at the end that unceasing devotion to practice was the price of excellence in performance), now, thanks to the Pianola and its wonderful simplicity of operation, every one, even the utter stranger to the art, can enjoy and doubly enjoy, through production, practically every piece ever composed for the piano.

To-day, the piano, instead of representing a costly and almost invariably disappointing investment, can, when amplified by the Pianola, become the most fruitful source of pleasure and entertainment it is possible to introduce into the home.

The thousands upon thousands of Pianolas that are being sold in every corner of the civilized world, show that mankind is realizing this and appreciating the value of the improvement that mechanical skill and ingenuity have wrought.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It is not attached to the piano in any way, but is simply rolled to the instrument when its use is desired.

The price of the Pianola is $250.

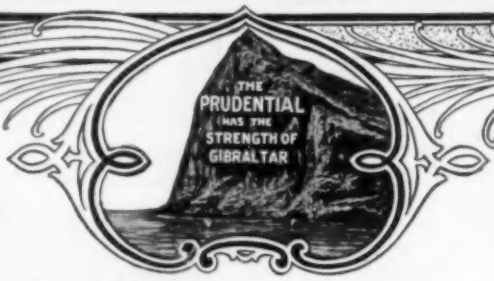
If you have not heard the piano played with the assistance of the Pianola, it may be difficult for you to understand its wonderful success. Certainly you are robbing yourself of an opportunity to judge of an instrument which may prove of inestimable value to you. Visitors welcome. Catalogue 5 upon request.

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## Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.




**The Straight Military Front**

shown in right hand figure is secured by wearing

# *The* FOSTER HOSE SUPPORTER

Patented December 5, 1899.

The only supporter with a pad large enough and supporting bands strong enough to hold back the entire abdomen, assuring the wearer a correct standing position and the much desired straight front. It has a waist band which presses on the sides of the waist, making it round, and has no metal parts to mar or tear the corset.

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Wide web, black or white..**60c**

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Black, white, cardinal, blue, or pink

Heavy silk web..... **$1.25**
Large pad if desired.

The name "Foster" is stamped on every pair. Don't let your dealer impose on you with "something just the same as 'The Foster.'" If he hasn't it, we will mail it to you on receipt of price. Give color desired and your height and waist measure.

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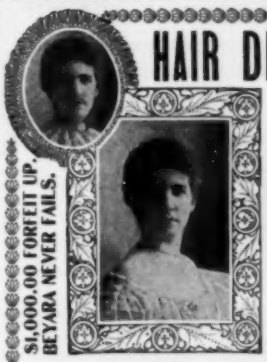
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**Beyara is the only substitute for Electrolysis.**

The first person from each community who writes us can obtain **FREE** a large treatise on Superfluous Hair, and a

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Don't delay in writing to us. Be the first from your locality. Attractive terms to Agents. Ladies only.

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# You Will Feel,



WHEN TREES ARE USED DAILY.

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We ***SHIP ON APPROVAL*** and 10 DAYS TRIAL *without a cent in advance.* Earn a Bicycle distributing catalogs. **Write** *at once* for net prices and **special offer.**

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## Do You Scowl?

Don't get old prematurely. Keep your good looks by eradicating scowls, crows' feet and wrinkles with the B. & P. Wrinkle Eradicator—a wonderful remedy for facial disfigurements, discovered by *two women.* Contains *no chemicals.* Based on scientific principle of muscular control. Applied at night.

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is the most valuable toilet article ever added to the woman's dressing table. It is simple, safe and effective. Free book describes wonderful power. ¼ box 25c.; ½ box 50c.; full box $1.00. We will gladly answer any questions. **A New Idea**—The B. & P. "Frowners." Try them. $1.00 a box.

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## TRIAL BOX FREE

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## BEAUX AND BELLES.

A book of dainty verse by the late ARTHUR GRISSOM. A limited edition of this charming book is now on sale. Price, $1.00. Sent postpaid.

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**a cigarette why not have your monogram, crest, club emblem or other design printed on each one? We sell cigarettes direct to consumer, saving purchaser at least 20%, and we make no extra charge for printing. Samples sent for 20c. Price list free. 50 cigarettes (unmarked) sent post-paid $1.**

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The ideal suspender. Moves with every bend of the body. Perfect adjustment. Trimmings can not rust. Beware of substitutes. The name "President" on the buckle insures the genuine. New model now ready for men of heavy work. Also small size for boys. Sold everywhere, 50c. or by mail postpaid, on receipt of price.

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## TEA-ETTE.




People are fast learning the value of TEA-ETTE, and how important it is to use pure Tea. Physicians will tell you that Tannin is worse than alcohol poison. TEA-ETTE is the best grade of tea with the (poisonous) Tannin taken out, retaining all the good qualities that Tea possesses. People drink TEA-ETTE because they know it is the only Tea that is free from poison.

**People who drink Tea cannot sleep.** It is the Tannin in Tea that excites your nerves so that you cannot sleep.

**People who drink Tea-Ette sleep like a top.**

If your grocer does not keep it, insist on his getting it for you, or on receipt of 40 cents we will mail you a half pound of either Oolong, Mixed, English Breakfast or Ceylon flavors.

**Sold Only in Original Packages.**

Name the flavor you want. **Address Dept. P,**

**ROYAL TEA-ETTE CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

*Send 4c. in stamps for new Tea-Ette Calendar in Colors.*

**1877 FOR 25 YEARS 1902**

We have successfully treated all forms of

## CANCER

Tumors and other new growths except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs and the Thoracic Cavity **without the use of the knife.** As a logical result of our treatment.



## THE BERKSHIRE HILLS Sanatorium

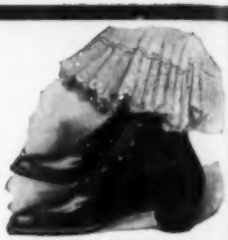
has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest. **All physicians are cordially invited.**

Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor we will mail, prepaid and securely sealed, THE MOST VALUABLE AND COMPREHENSIVE TREATISE ever published on this special subject, and will give you an opinion as to what can be accomplished by our method of treatment, and will refer you to former patients.

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see and appreciate the difference made to your shoes if you keep them when not in use on **LEADAM'S SHOE TREES.** It is economy. Wet shoes dry in shape. The sole is flattened; the leverage does it and holds it. You need never force your feet into curled up shoes again. Do not accept hinged lasts or other substitutes. Ask your dealer for them by name, which is on every pair. For men and women, $1.00 per pair. Illustrated booklet on "The Care of Shoes," free. Money returned if not satisfactory.

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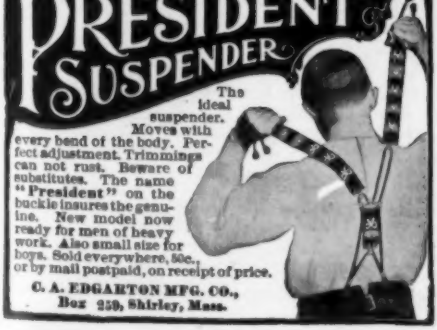


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## THE BERKSHIRE HILLS Sanatorium

has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the Regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest. **All physicians are cordially invited.**

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It brings health, bloom, beauty; produces natural refreshing sleep, and is a wholesome, nutritious tonic to tired nerves. At druggists.

**I KNOW that nine-tenths of the readers of this advertisement would immediately become my pupils if I could but devise a way of convincing them that my system of Physiological Exercise will do all I claim for it and is something new, genuinely superior, safer, more scientific and rational than any other ever before devised.**

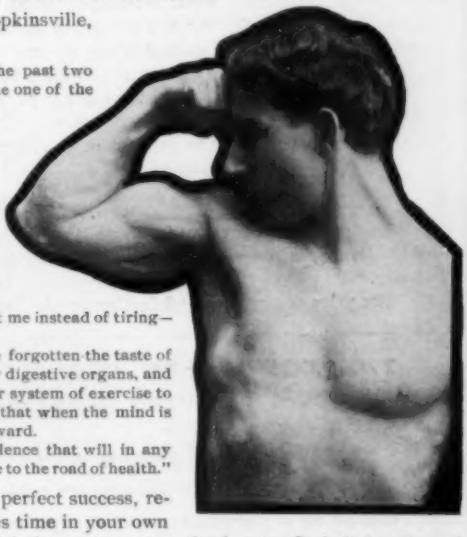


My system produces healthy men, women and children. It embodies the ideal principles of attaining and maintaining the highest conception of perfect manhood and womanhood. If for a few weeks my instructions are faithfully followed, I will not only guarantee a magnificent muscular development and improved physique, but with it a condition of vigorous health scarcely dreamed of by hitherto weak or partially developed men or women. No drugs—no artificial stimulants—no pepsin or digestive bitters are needed by my pupils. I give you an appetite always ready for meal-time, and a digestive apparatus able and willing to assimilate your food and fill your veins with pure rich blood, a heart strong and vigorous to pump that blood to every part of the body, lungs that supply to the full the oxygen needed, and nerves so true and keen that daily work is a pleasure and the capacity for physical and mental exertion proportionately increased. Your sleep shall be sound and dreamless, and the morning light shall find you equipped for the duties of life as you never were before.

All this have I done for thousands. I can do it for you, because my system is based upon natural laws, as rational and logical as those which govern the universe.

**I should like to have you take my word for it, but do not ask it—instead, I offer and shall continue to do so, the indisputable and unparalleled testimony of prominent American citizens.**

Mr. C. O. Prouse, a leading attorney of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes under date of October 5, 1901:



"Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months, and for your instructions, which have been to me one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises I was simply a nervous wreck—was constipated and suffered intensely with indigestion; was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind, and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without leaving off for months all mental and physical labor, but thanks to you, I was enabled without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years) to keep up with my work, and at the same time increase my weight and general health, until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am healthy, strong and tireless. Now I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring—it acts like a stimulant to a tired body.

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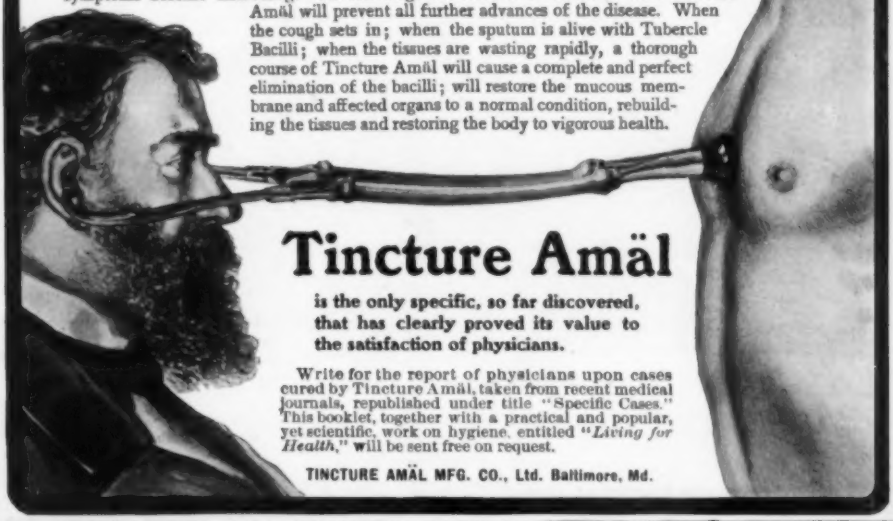
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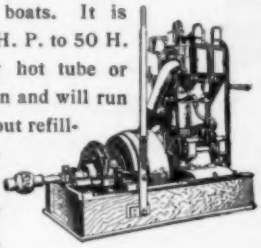
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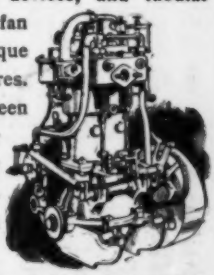
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**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of

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for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for

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*Modene supersedes electrolysis.*

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Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases (securely sealed), on receipt of **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

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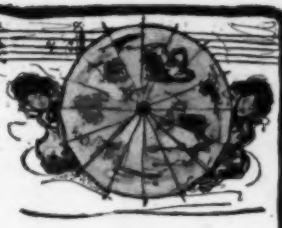
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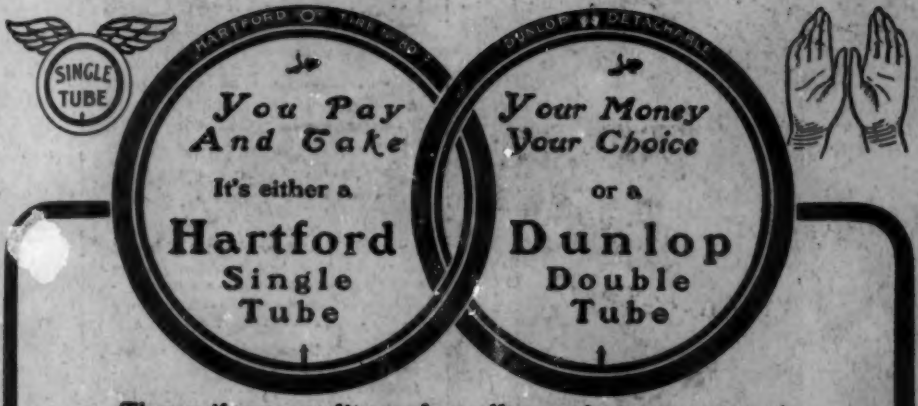
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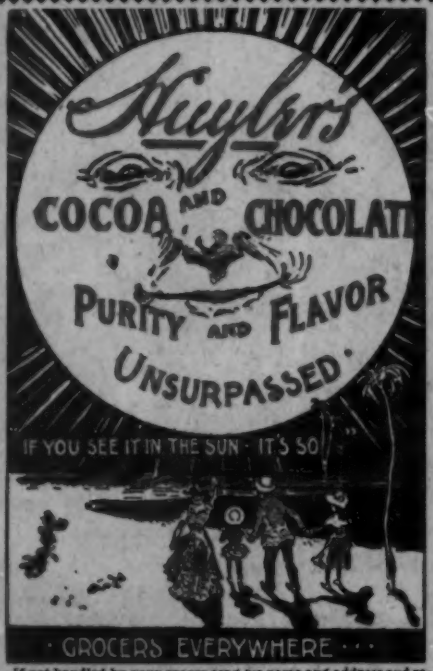
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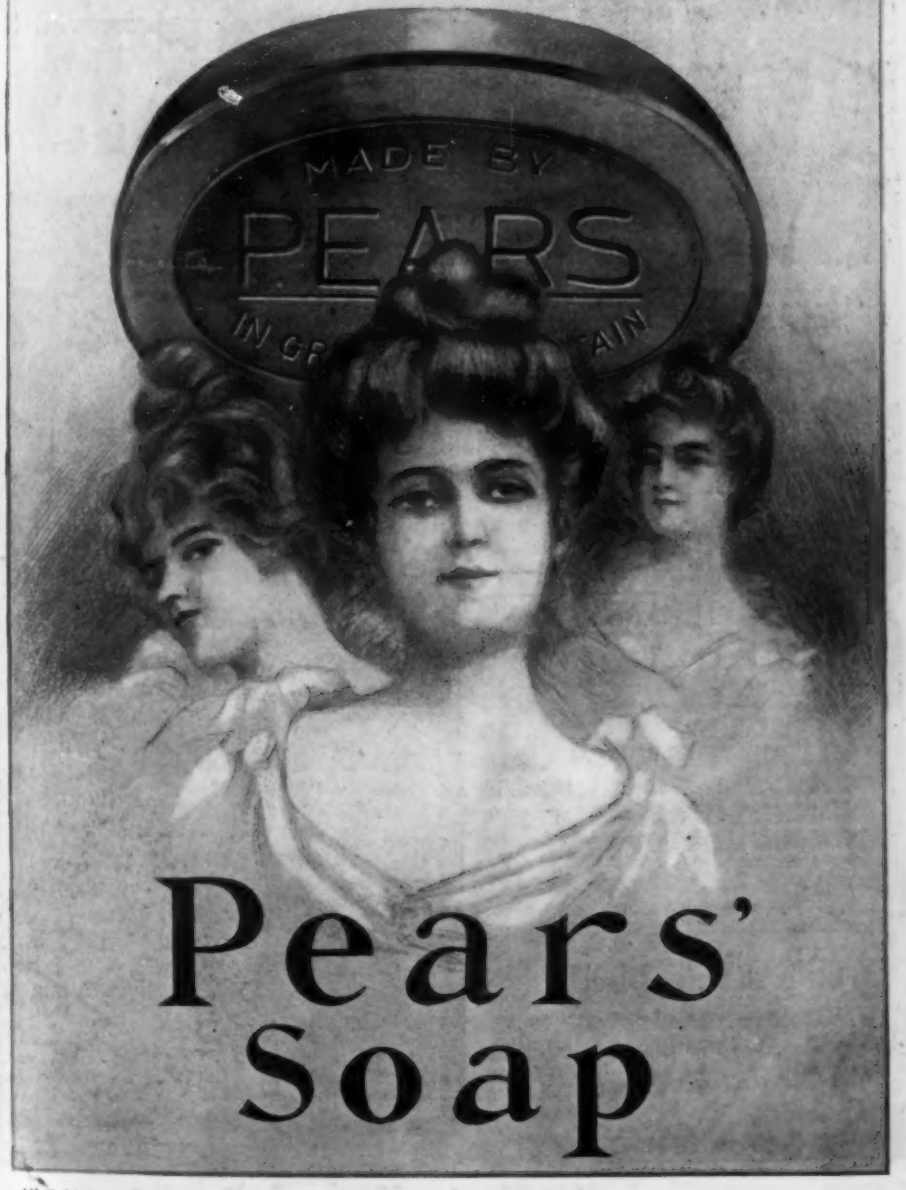
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Every pair sold brings new customers. There's nothing on the market at the price that equals them. They are the equal of any $5 shoe. They possess many features of merit not found in most $5 shoes.

Ess-See-Ess shoes are specially constructed under our direction for comfort, wear and elegance. The remarkably smooth innersoles used in them and the satine linings effectually prevent that burning sensation so often found in some shoes.

Ess-See-Ess shoes come in patent and enamel leather, glacé kid, black Russia and chrome calf skin. There are 40 styles of shoes, 20 styles of ties and 20 styles of slippers suitable for evening and dress occasions. One price, - - **$3.50**

For boys and girls we have shoes of excellent quality, serviceably made and at very moderate prices.

**Simpson Crawford Co.**

**Sixth Ave., 19th and 20th Sts., New York City.**

# WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



## Purity

Of mind and body is revealed by a clear complexion. No one charm possesses stronger power of attraction. Intelligent care can make the skin exquisite beyond comparison.

**Woodbury's Facial Soap**—the only soap made especially for the face—is a valuable tonic. Ladies and gentlemen will be pleased with the improvement in their looks produced by bathing with *hot* water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, every night just before retiring. It purifies the skin, frees the pores from the day's dirt, decayed tissues and other impurities, and leaves the skin glowing with health—smooth, firm, white.

Sold by dealers everywhere. 25 cents.

**Special Offer** Our booklet, telling how to improve one's looks, and trial size package of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Cream sent for 5 cts. (stamps or coin) to pay postage. Address Dept. J

**THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Agents, Cincinnati, O.**



This Trade Mark Face on each Package.

The

# Ostermoor

Patent Elastic Felt

# Mattress



## $15.

Express Charges Prepaid to Your Door. Not for Sale by Dealers.

## Sleep on it Thirty Nights

We will refund your money and pay *return charges* if after **thirty nights' free trial,** it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made — "no questions asked."

## All we ask— Send for our book

Probably the handsomest book ever made for advertising purposes is "The Test of Time," which we mail free. It tells about a product and a process of manufacture on which every intelligent person should be posted—whether you want a mattress or not. We want you to have this book. Send your address for it. We don't ask you to buy, although we hope *some day* you will.

3505 Lucas Av.
St. Louis.
Feb. 20, 1900

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.,

*Dear Sirs:*—Your mattresses have been in use in my house since 1877. During these twenty-three years they have constantly grown in favor, requiring no remaking. I think them far superior to hair in every way.

Hair being an animal fibre—is sanitarily unclean, and uncleanable—while I have proven your mattresses to be what you claim—purity itself.

E. H. GREGORY, M.D.

**THESE PRICES INCLUDE EXPRESS CHARGES:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs., | $8.35 |
| 3 feet wide, 30 lbs., | 10.00 |
| 3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs., | 11.70 |
| 4 feet wide, 40 lbs., | 13.35 |
| 4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs., | 15.00 |

All 6 feet 3 inches long.

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

## Church Cushions

We make and renovate them quickly, thoroughly and cheaper than you imagine. They are in use in over 25,000 churches.

Hartford, Ct., Oct. 19, 1900.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.,

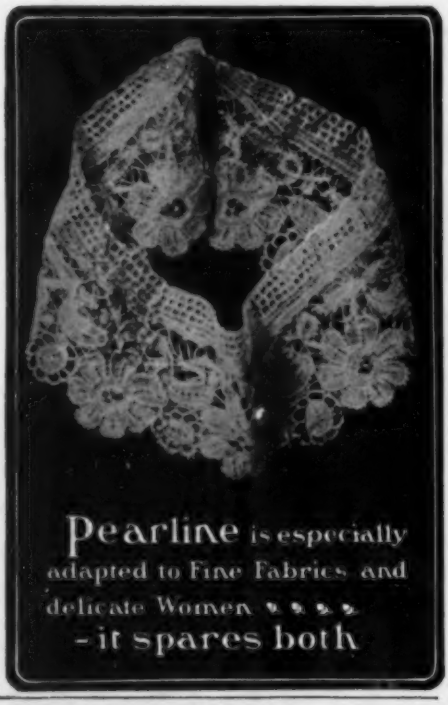
*Gentlemen:*—Forty-five years ago we bought of you the Patent Elastic Felt Cushions for the First Baptist Church of this city. They are still in use and in good condition. If we were to have more we would without hesitation again use yours in preference to hair or any other material.

JAMES L. HOWARD, Pres't.

**Send for our new book, "Church Cushions."**

**BEWARE!** Not for sale by any stores anywhere. Our name and guarantee on every genuine mattress. A few unscrupulous dealers are trying to sell a $5 mattress for $10 and $15 on our advertising. Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses can only be bought direct by mail from

**Ostermoor & Co., 135 Elizabeth St., New York**



Pearline is especially adapted to Fine Fabrics and delicate Women — it spares both



AN IDEAL SHAMPOO

IS OBTAINED BY USING

7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS' SCALP CLEANER

It is a positive cure for dandruff. Keeps the hair healthy, uniform in color, and lustrous. One 50-cent package convinces.

SOLD BY OVER 28,000 DEALERS.

Sidway Adjustable Table

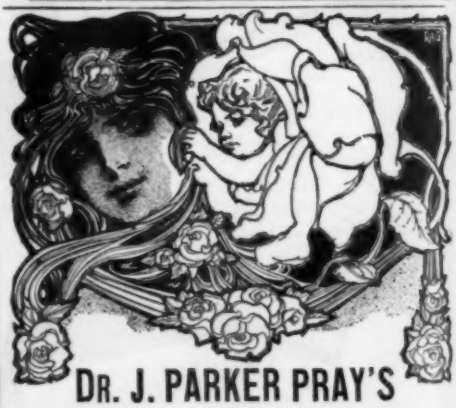


Patented April 23, 1901.

Protected by Patent Title & Guarantee Co., N. Y.

**For sale by leading furniture dealers. The Sidway Adjustable Table** can be raised, lowered, or tilted. Is well adapted for general use, and indispensable in the sick-room; durable and artistic. Thousands are now in use throughout America and Europe. **Six styles.**

No. 30, Black Enamel, with Golden Oak Top, $4.00; No. 1, Bronze Brown Enamel, Golden Oak Top, $4.70; No. 2, Cream White Enamel, Bird's Eye Maple Top, $5.25; No. 3, Oxidized Copper, Piano Finished, or Fine Quarter-sawed Oak Top, $6.50. Freight prepaid east of Colorado. Express 50c. extra. Prompt shipment guaranteed. If not for sale in your city, send for catalogue. **SIDWAY MFG. CO., 248 W. Lake St., Chicago.**



DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S

Standard Toilet Preparations.

**CREAM VAN OLA.** For softening and whitening the hands and skin. It feeds and nourishes the skin tissues, and is considered the standard by the fastidious. Jars, 25 cents.

**ROSALINE.** This preparation, which cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a most delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. **Rosaline** is not affected by perspiration or displaced by sea or fresh water bathing. Jars, 25 cents.

**DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL.** The quickest and most lasting nail polish, free from grit. Superior to all liquid nail varnishes and exquisitely perfumed. The use of **Cream Van Ola** and the **Diamond Nail Polish** will assure beautiful hands and nails. Boxes, 25 cents.

**ONGOLINE.** Bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, hosiery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. Bottles, 50 cents.

**Dr. J. PARKER PRAY'S** toilet preparations have been on the market for **25 years.** If your dealer is honest he will supply you with the genuine and not push rank imitations upon you. Send stamp for booklet.

Dr. J. PARKER PRAY COMPANY,

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors, **12 E. 23d St., N. Y. City.**



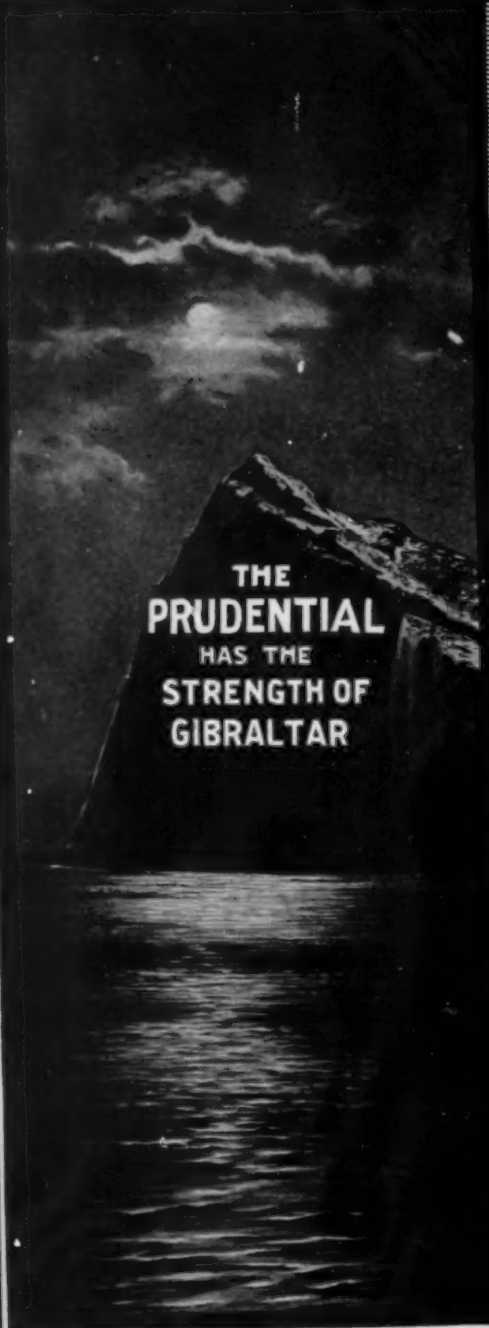

# SCHOOL TEACHER

## Pulled Down Hill.

"I relied on coffee so much to keep me up, having been told that it was a 'mild stimulant,' that I hardly knew what to do when I found it was really pulling me down hill. My sleep was badly broken at night and I was all unstrung, exceedingly nervous, and breaking down fast. My work is teaching school.

"When it became evident that I was in a very bad condition, I was induced to leave off coffee and try Postum Food Coffee. Mother made it first, but none of us could endure it, it was so flat and tasteless. She proposed to throw the package away, but I said, 'Suspend judgment until we have made it strictly according to directions.' It seems she had made the Postum like she always made coffee, taking it off the stove as soon as it began to boil. I got sister to make the Postum next morning strictly according to directions, that is, allow it to boil full fifteen minutes after the boiling begins.

"We were all amazed at the difference. Sister said it was better coffee, to her taste, than the old, and father, who is an elderly gentleman and had used coffee all his life, appeared to relish the Postum as well as my little brother, who took to it from the first. We were all greatly improved in health and are now strong advocates of Postum Food Coffee. Please omit my name from publication." Flagler, Col. Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.




# AN IDEAL INVESTMENT

## THE 5% GOLD BOND POLICY OF THE PRUDENTIAL

THESE BONDS PAY 5% IN GOLD ANNUALLY FOR 20 YEARS, THEN ARE PAID IN FULL IN GOLD. EVERY BENEFIT UNDER THIS FORM OF LIFE INSURANCE GUARANTEED

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET, — DEPT. 16

## THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE, - NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't.

# PATENT 2 LID BOX




## Lease's 20th CENTURY CHOCOLATES

## CAN GO AROUND THE WORLD AND STILL BE FRESH

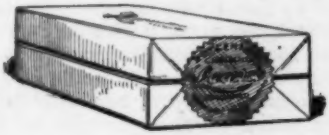
Because 20TH CENTURY CHOCOLATES have chocolate coating so brittle, and cream nut centres so tender and rich, we had to invent a new style box to insure delivery of them to customers in as perfect condition as when they leave our factory.

These Chocolates are made by our new and improved method, which assures a confection superior to all others. Each piece is wrapped in wax paper, on which the name of the flavor is printed. They are made in Pecan, English Walnut, Brazil, Almond, Cocoanut, Maple and Vanilla flavors.

Twenty cents will secure, delivered anywhere in the United States, a quarter-pound box of the above assorted flavors, or eighty cents for one-pound box, $1.60 for two pounds, $2.40 for three pounds, or $4.00 for five pounds. All Chocolates are packed in our patented two-lid boxes.

**Suitable Easter Presents for Loved Ones.**

**PATENTED 2-LID BOX READY FOR SALE.**



**USE TOP SIDE TURN OVER TO LOWER SIDE.**

**Lease's** 636 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

**Sole Agencies Granted Leading Dealers.**

***WHEN I tell you that I teach a different kind of exercise, something new, more scientific, more rational, safer and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised, I am but repeating what thousands of prominent men and women are saying for me who have profited by my instructions. What is so strong as the testimony of others?***





Mr. J. Logan Jones, Vice-Pres. and Sec. of Jones Dry Goods Co., of Kansas City, Mo., after years of gradual but certain decline, physically and mentally, had a complete collapse. It was impossible for him to sleep without medicine, and he went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. He tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place; took hunting trips in Colorado and a sea-coast trip to Northern Maine, with no appreciable results. He had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action. The following is an extract from a recent letter to me:

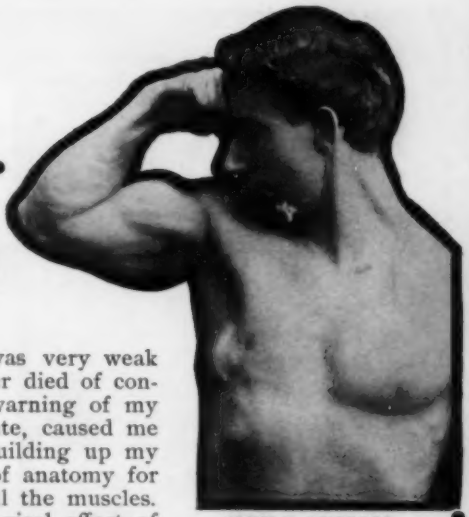
"A little over ten months ago I took my first exercise from you, and under the circumstances consider the transformation a positive miracle. Will say that I am getting to be quite a giant. I weigh more than I have ever weighed in my life, and my muscular development is something wonderful. I sleep soundly, my digestion is good, constipation a matter of ancient history, and do more work than I ever did in my life and enjoy it all the time."

What could be more convincing, and do you wonder that he is enthusiastic? I could name hundreds of others who have received similar results, but it would not make the system any better. But if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common sense, rational, and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

***If you are not convinced from my previous advertising that my system of Physiological Exercise will do all that I claim for it, the fault is in the advertising and not in the system itself.***

*"It adds not only years to one's life but life to one's years."*



ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
ORIGINATOR AND SOLE INSTRUCTOR.

## HOW THE
# SWOBODA SYSTEM
## ORIGINATED.

"When nineteen years of age, I was very weak and debilitated. The fact that my father died of consumption five years previous and the warning of my friends that I would follow the same route, caused me to look toward exercise as a means of building up my health and strength. I began the study of anatomy for the location, functions and relations of all the muscles. I studied physiology to find the physiological effect of exercise; why exercise caused development, and the effect of different modes of exercise. I soon found that the use of heavy weights was the speediest route to development. But I also found that the use of the weights checked the capillary circulation, thereby increasing the pressure in the arteries, consequently placing an undue strain on the heart. Since, however, the use of weights cause a rapid development of the muscles and will-power, and at the same time overtaxed the heart, it occured to me that if I could find a means by which the muscles could be offered the same resistance as by the use of weights (and still not use weights), that I could gain as much muscle, will-power and vital force in as short a time, and not overtax the heart, which is unavoidable when weights are used.

"In studying anatomy I soon noticed that while all movable parts of the body had muscles to move them one way, they also had muscles to move them back again. It then occurred to me that to use one muscle to offer resistance to another would cause the same development as the use of weights to offer resistance, but with the alternate contractions and relaxations, would help the venous circulation, and instead of obstructing the circulation in the capillaries, would help the blood in its course toward the heart, thereby resting the heart. Therefore, the alternate contractions and relaxations of one muscle under the influence of a stimulus (will-power) to antagonize another, is the principle of my system of physiological exercise."

LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Jan. 22, 1901.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
Chicago, Ill.

*Dear Sir:*—I am glad an opportunity has been given me to add my testimonial to many good ones you already have in regard to the merit of your system of physiological exercise. In two months' time, by conscientiously following the exercises outlined by you, my muscles have been developed to a remarkable degree, as also has my general health been improved. I appreciate very much the individual attention which you gave my case and will say that if there is anybody in this section desiring any information in reference to your system, refer them to me and I shall take pleasure in recommending your exercises in the highest degree. Wishing you success and again thanking you for the benefit I have derived from your system, I am, yours respectfully,

(Signed) F. M. LOSEY,
Sec'y and Treas. Nat'l Foundry and Machine Co.



**ALOIS P. SWOBODA,**

**496 Western Book Bldg., CHICAGO.**



For Toning up the System in Springtime

**White Rock LITHIA WATER**

is unequalled. It contains oxygen giving properties carrying the very essence of Spring to every cell of your being.

Our booklet tells the White Rock story—free.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY
Waukesha, Wisconsin.

**Vapo-Cresolene**

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
Coughs,
Grip,
Hay Fever,
Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever.

***Don't fail*** to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

**ALL DRUGGISTS.**

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York.



Call and investigate personally when possible. Hours, 11 to 5 daily (Fridays excepted).

EVERY WOMAN MAY ACQUIRE

**A Beautiful Figure**

BY THE USE OF MY UNRIVALED

**"NOYLENE"**

(No Mechanical Appliances or Drugs.)

"NOYLENE" positively develops your NECK and CHEST, making the figure Symmetrical and imparting Youthful Contour. When through experimenting, try it. Established 1888. Price, $2.00.

*Send 4 cents postage for Booklet and full particulars.*

**Mme. L. C. MARIE, Specialist,**
*Ladies' Toilet Studio,*
**138 WEST 116TH STREET, NEW YORK.**

☞Note the TREATED SIDE of this Face.

**The habit of Frowning forever cured and**

**Wrinkles Removed**

***At Any Age.***



**"ANTI-WRINKLE SHEETS"**

work like magic while you sleep and facial muscles are resting. They prevent lines from forming. Try them and be convinced. **25c. and 50c. per package.** Daily demonstrations (Fridays excepted). **Advice cheerfully given to all correspondents.**

(TRADE-MARK.)

**AVOID IMITATIONS.**

For large pores and flabbiness my **ASTRINGENT** works wonders. Price, 25c. per package.

**Mme. L. C. MARIE, Specialist,**
*Ladies' Toilet Studio,*
**138 WEST 116TH STREET, NEW YORK.**



Exact size when closed.
1⅞ in. thick.
5¼ in. high.
4¼ in. wide.

# A Real Hand Camera at Last

The POCKET POCO is the smallest complete camera ever constructed. No bigger than your hand, and yet possessing every adjustment requisite to the making of perfect pictures, 3¼ x 4¼ inches—the correct size for magic lantern slides or enlargements.

Equipped with the Rapid Rectilinear lens of double combinations, with iris diaphragm; an automatic shutter, working at adjustable speed; an adequate draw of bellows for all kinds of work; a ground glass for accurate focusing; a perfect finder for snap shot work; an actuated spring-back for the use of plates or films, the

# Pocket Poco

exactly meets an important photographic need supplied by no other camera. **Price complete, $9.00.**

For a detailed description of this wonderful little instrument, as well as all other members of the famous Poco family of cameras, get the Poco Booklet or Poco Catalogue at your dealers, or send for it by mail. **Free.**

**ROCHESTER CAMERA *and* SUPPLY CO., 506 Poco St., Rochester, N. Y.**

# Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured.

**Under the Auspices of the Cincinnati Evening Post Five Test Cases Were Selected and Treated Publicly by Dr. Irvine K. Mott Free of Charge.**

**A University Chemist Acting as Referee.**

Irvine K. Mott, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, well and favorably known in that city as a learned physician—a graduate of the Cincinnati Pulte Medical College, and of the London (Eng.) Hospitals, has discovered a remedy to successfully treat Bright's Disease, Diabetes and other kidney troubles, either in their first, intermediate or last stages. Dr. Mott says: "My method arrests the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidneys, and preserves intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use neutralize the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes in the kidneys."



The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment and prove its merits by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free of charge, the Post to select the cases and the examination to be in the medical department of a prominent University.

Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made in the University laboratory, five out of the twelve were decided upon, the Professor making the examination remarking, "I should say they are all fatal cases." These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott as cured, the final examination being made at the University. The persons treated regained their normal weight, strength and appetite and were able to resume their usual work. Anyone desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the paper by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured, as treatment can be administered effectively by mail.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles, and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M.D., 40 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



I LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER SINCE USING

## MRS. GRAHAM'S QUICK HAIR RESTORER.

Restores original color to gray hair in ten days, making the hair glossy and beautiful. For medium or dark brown and black hair not more than one-third gray.

Clear as water. Guaranteed harmless. Price, $1.00. Druggists, Hairdressers, or by Express prepaid.

Interesting book, "About the Hair," sent free.

**MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM,**
1279 MICHIGAN AVENUE, - - CHICAGO.

# MODENE




IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

*Modene supersedes electrolysis.*

**Used by people of refinement and recommended by all who have tested its merits.**

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases (securely sealed), on receipt of **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

**MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.,**
**Dept. 25, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**Every Bottle Guaranteed.**

☞ We Offer $1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

A Pair of Hose FREE.

A Pair of Hose FREE.



# A New Idea FOR WOMEN

A new shoe for women and a new plan of selling it, by mail, direct from the factory with all intermediate profits eliminated. *No Branch Stores.* No dealers. No expenses to increase the actual cost of making. This means a great saving on every pair of shoes you buy. Instead of buying an unknown shoe from an unknown dealer, you get a well-known shoe from well-known makers. This means absolute satisfaction in fit, quality and style.



## Eclectic Shoes

represent all the goodness that money can put in a shoe. Fashioned after the most beautiful lines of nature, they impart that touch of graceful elegance so much desired by particular women. They are made only of **Mello-Kid**—a young and evenly grained leather—selected because of its softness, durability and permanent lustre—tanned especially for Eclectic Shoes.

The makers' price of Eclectic Shoes is **$3.50 by mail, postpaid. Oxfords, $3.65.** With every pair of Eclectic Shoes will be included **free** a pair of **Eclectic, full-fashioned, German made Hose**, of Egyptian Yarn, Fast Black guaranteed stainless and free from poisonous dyes. Send for the Eclectic Book, showing all styles and giving full directions for self-measurement.

**THE CHAMBERSBURG SHOE MFG. CO., Box 501, Chambersburg, Pa.**

# A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE



Pleases the eye
Tickles the palate
Soothes the soul
Benefits the stomach

*A pleasure that lingers to the very last drop.*

Order from nearest dealer or write to
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.
Established 1786.




Perfect Ageing, Perfect Purity,
Perfect Flavor

combine to make

# Hunter Whiskey

the charm of hospitality
and the tonic of health.

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.




## FOUR FULL QUARTS

of double copper distilled ten year old pure unadulterated **QUEEN CITY CLUB** Rye or Bourbon Whiskey for

**$2.95** EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID

Shipped in plain packages without marks to indicate contents.

☞ ***Your Money back by Return Mail If Not as Represented.***

## From PRODUCER To CONSUMER.

### No Middleman's Profit

We have been selling our **Queen City Club Rye** and **Bourbon Whiskey** direct to consumers for years until now we have on our books over 170,000 customers for this celebrated brand of whiskey, and have never received a single complaint as to the quality of our goods. Some of our customers have been on our books steadily nearly 25 years. **Our Distillery** was established in 1867 and our output for the past ten years has been ten barrels per day. We now have a large enough stock of our ten year old **Queen City Club** Rye and Bourbon on hand to supply all demands and are offering it direct to consumers for the very low price of **$2.95 for Four Full Quarts,** thereby saving the Middleman's **Profits** and **Adulteration.** This Whiskey that we offer for **$2.95** cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

When you get our Whiskey and test it, if it is not satisfactory, return it at our expense and we will refund your money by return mail.

**REMEMBER** we **Guarantee** all our goods to be **Pure Double Copper Distilled;** the Rye from the choicest selected small grain, and the Bourbon Kentucky inspection. If not as represented **YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.**

We have a few barrels each of 15 and 20 year old **Queen City Club Rye** and **Bourbon Whiskey** which we will sell as long as it lasts at the following prices:

4 Full Quarts of 15 year old Queen City Club Rye or Bourbon for **$4.00** EXPRESS PREPAID

4 Full Quarts of 20 year old Queen City Club Rye or Bourbon for **$5.00** EXPRESS PREPAID

We refer by permission to the Union Trust Co. Bank of Chicago or to any Express Company.

*Orders for Colo., Cal., Ariz., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight prepaid.*

**U. S. DISTILLER'S DISTRIBUTING CO.**
**CHICAGO, ILL.**




This little booklet will tell you a number of things about underwear that you never heard of before.

It tells how to secure an amount of bodily comfort that is absolutely unknown to wearers of wool, silk or cotton.

It tells how to be free from colds—tells of an underwear that is more cleanly, more comfortable, and more healthful than any other—the Dr. Deimel Underwear—which is now worn by thousands of intelligent people the year round, who wonder how they were ever satisfied with the prickly, irritating wool, or the cold and clammy cotton. Write for a copy. Free for the asking.




All genuine Dr. Deimel garments bear this trade-mark.

**The Deimel Linen-Mesh System Co.**

**495 Broadway, New York**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—111 Montgomery St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—728 15th St., N. W.
MONTREAL, CAN.—2202 St. Catherine St.
LONDON, E. C., ENG.—10-12 Bread St.



THE NEW STANDARD OF THE WORLD
The EVERETT PIANO

No more convincing argument is necessary concerning the artistic qualities of

**The EVERETT PIANO**

than is furnished by its wonderful achievements in concert and recital fields.

**Gabrilowitsch Nordica**
**Burmeister Shonert**
**Hirschman Cottlow**

and very many other artists of highest reputation use the Everett exclusively and endorse it unreservedly.

That same artistic standing, that individuality, which characterizes these great musicians, distinguishes The Everett as

**The NEW STANDARD of The WORLD.**

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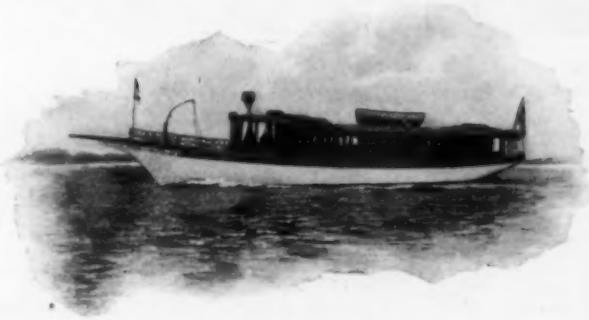
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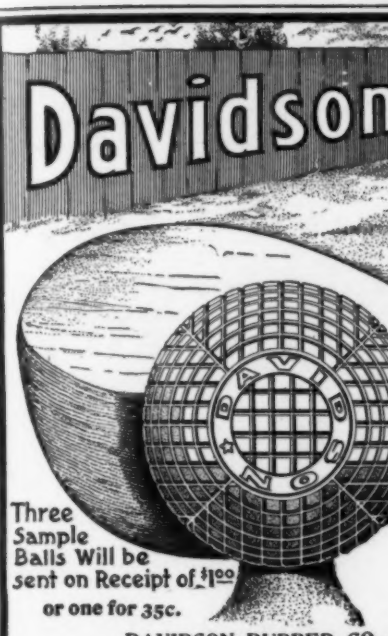


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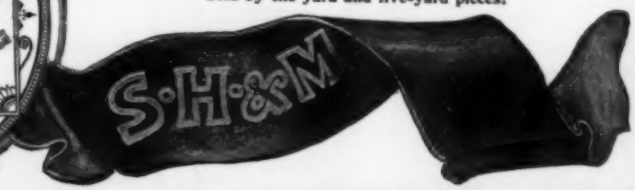






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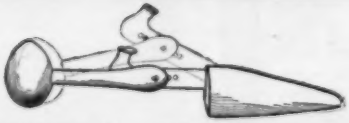
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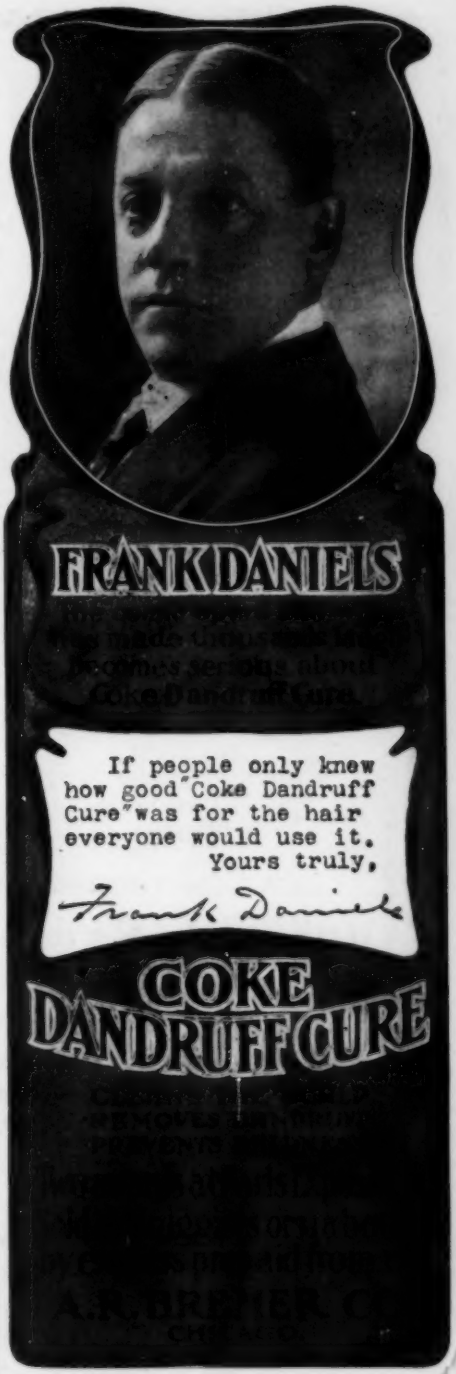
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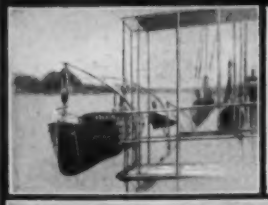
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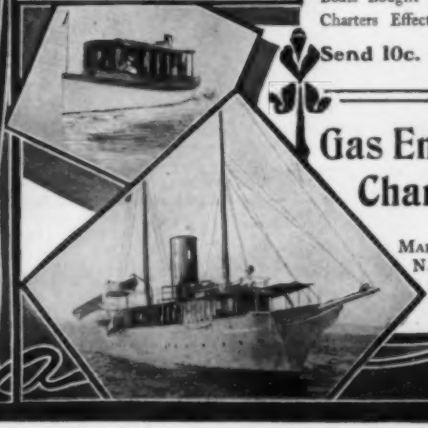


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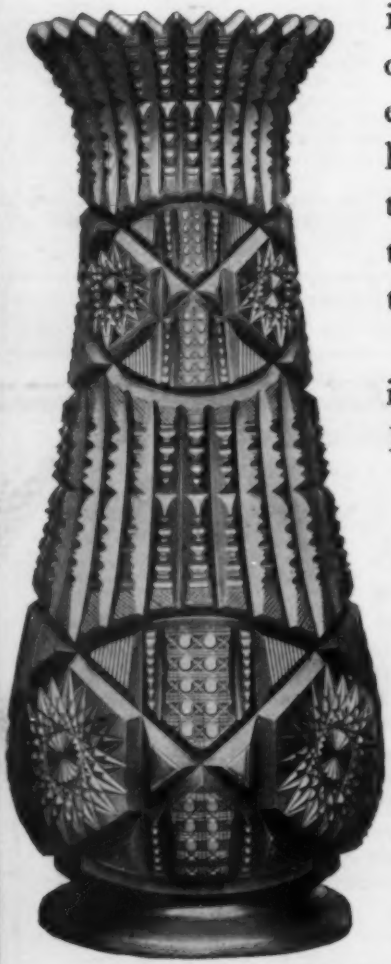
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